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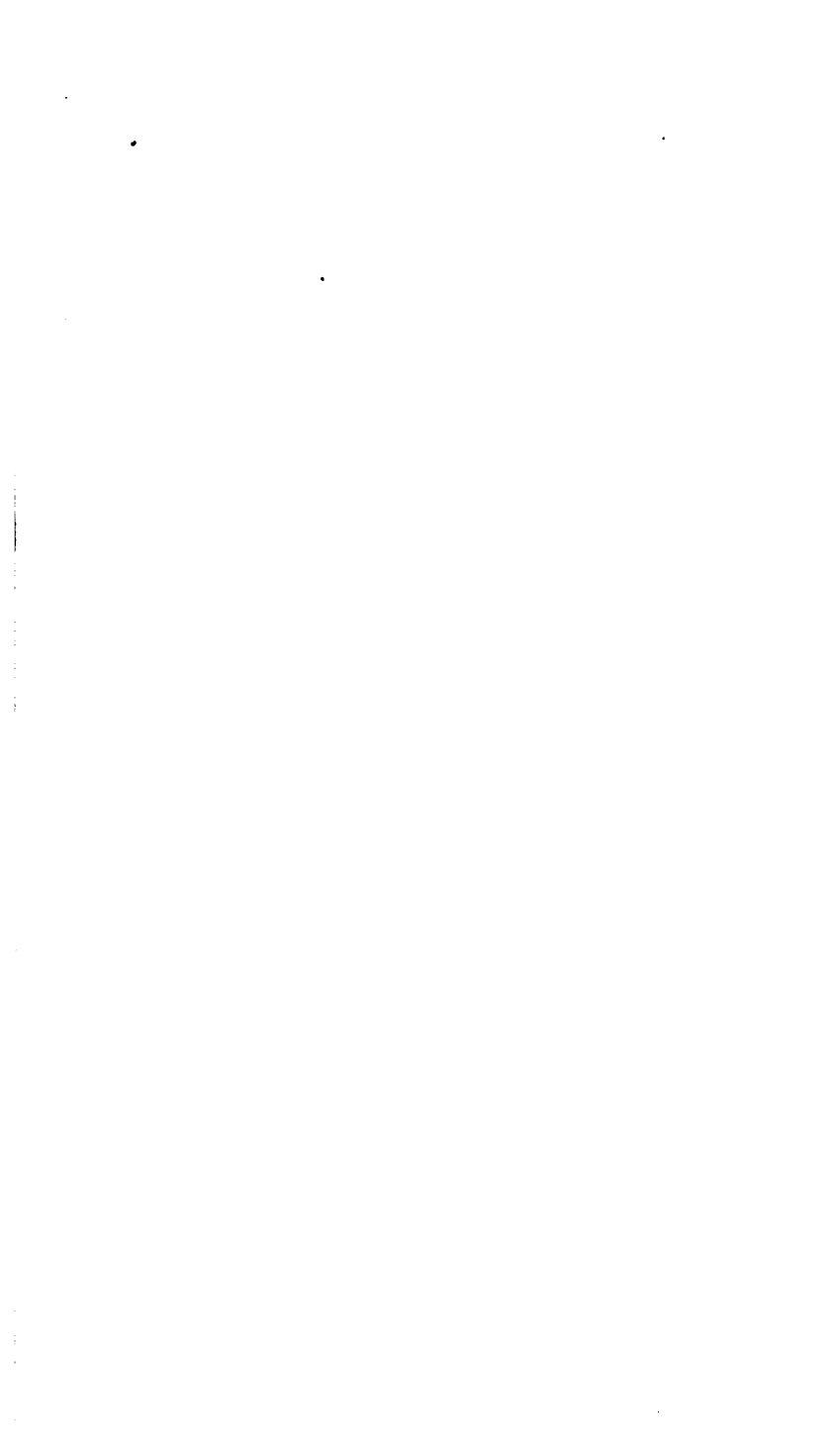
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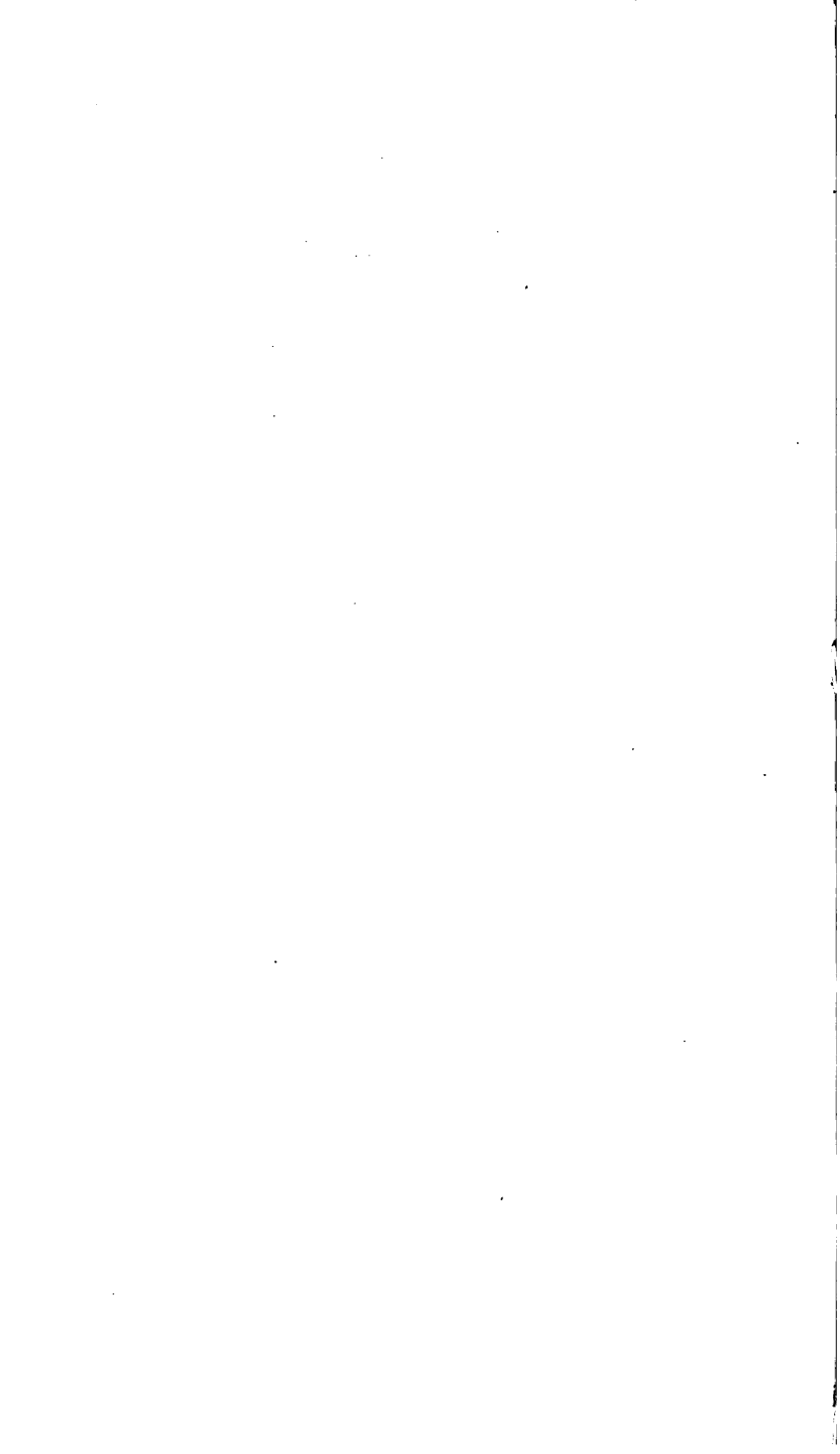


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HIGH LIFE

IN

NEW YORK.

VOL. II

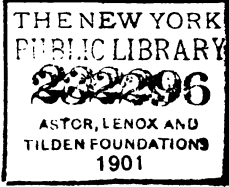
HIGH LIFE

BY

NEW YORK.

VOL. II.

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ROY W
1901

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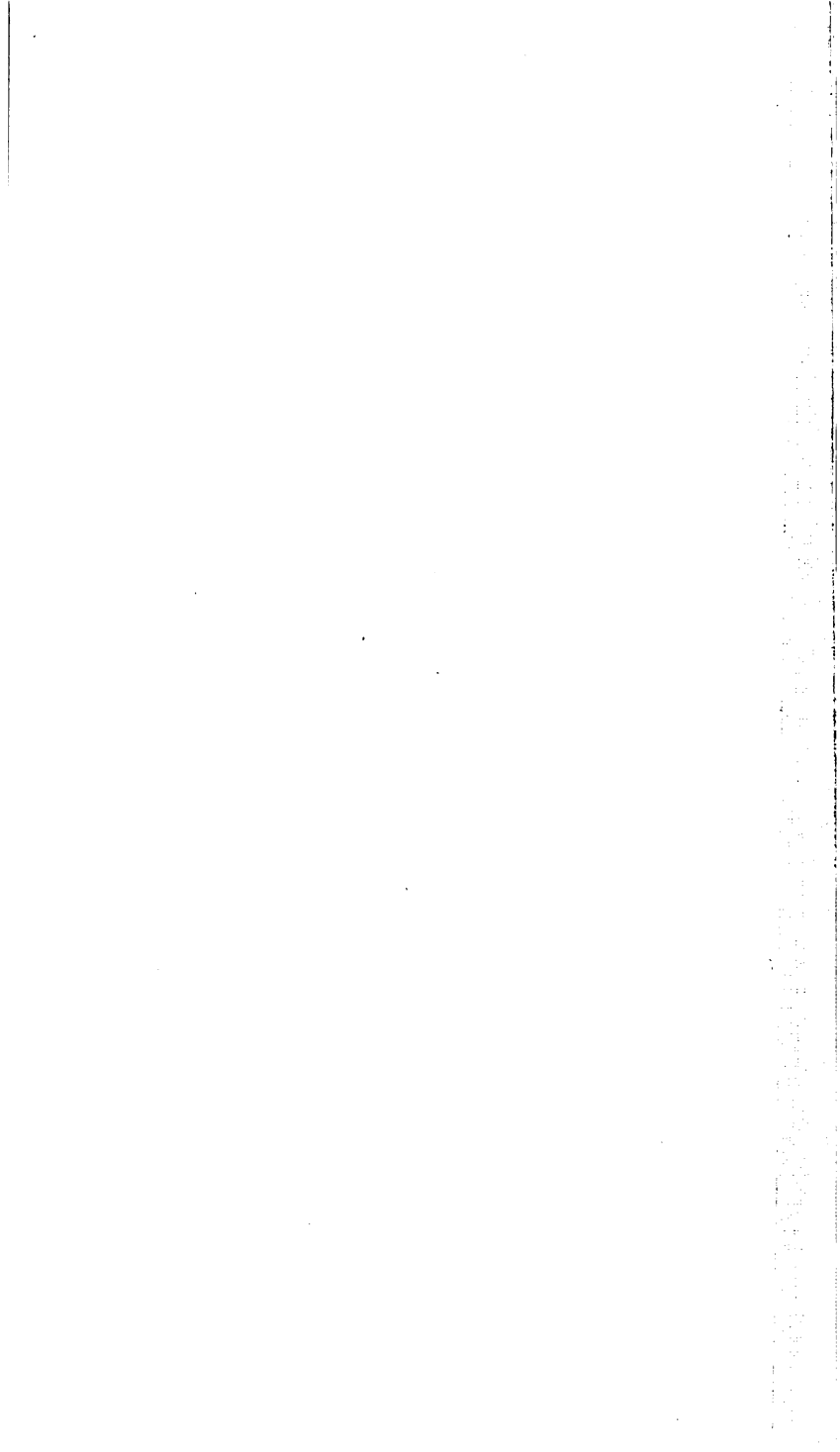
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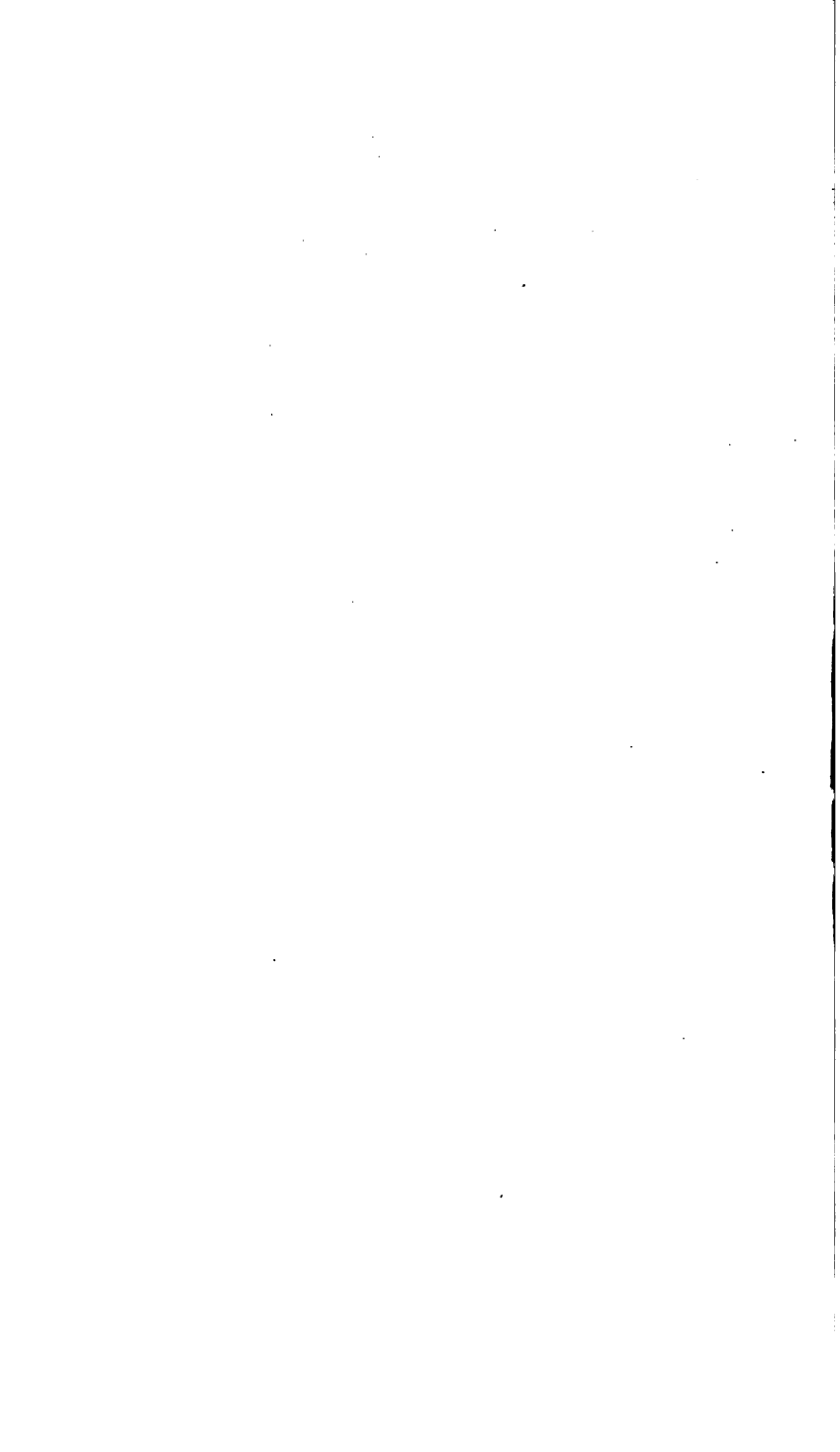
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HIGH LIFE

IX

NEW YORK.

VOL. II.

papers scattered every which way over the floor, to look at.

“Wal,” sez the editor, sez he, “Mr. Slick, what do you think about it? you raly ought to go to Washington, to see the President and the lions.”

I put one leg over t’other, and winked my eyelids for fear he’d see how near I come to crying; and arter a leetle while, sez I—

“I haint no kind of doubt that that are Washington is a smasher of a city; but somehow, if you’d jest as livs, I’d a leetle ruther go hum.”

“Yes,” sez he, “I haint the least doubt on it; but then, if you git out of the city, it don’t make much difference which way you go.”

I see that he’d made up his mind to have his own way; but think, sez I, you don’t git it without another tough pull, anyhow; so sez I—

“I raly feel as if I must doctor a leetle; and when a feller feels tuckered out, or down-hearted, there is no place like hum, if it’s ever so humly,—and nobody can take care of a feller like his own marm. Now I know jest how it’ll be—the minit I git hum, the old woman will go to making root-beer; she’ll sarch all over the woods for saxafax-buds to make tea on, and there’ll be no eend to the snake-root and fennel-seed bitters that she’ll make me drink. I raly feel as if I must go; so don’t you say any more about it,” sez I; “I shall come back agin as bright as a new dollar.”

If there is any thing on arth that holds on hard, it's a York editor ; a lamper-eel is nothing to one on 'em. They'd have their own way, if the Old Nick himself stood afore them as big as the side of the house.

By-am-by, the hull truth come out ; sez the editor, sez he, a speaking as soft and mealy-mouthed as could be, sez he —

“ But, Mr. Slick, you can't write any letters for *us* in Weathersfield ; so jest make up your mind to start right off. You can go hum any time.”

“ But I want to doctor,” sez I.

“ Oh, take a box of Sherman's cough lozengers,” sez he, a smiling ; “ they cured you last winter, you know.” With that, he let off a stream of soft sodder, sez he, “ A man of your talents oughtn't to bury himself in the country, — the members of Congress are all a-tiptoe to see you, and so are the gals in Washington — the Russian elbassador's wife, and all on 'em.”

It warn't in human natur to stand agin this ; so I sort of relented.

“ Oh, you're a joking,” sez I, a hitching on my chair ; “ I don't raly s'pose the Washington gals ever heard of me in their hull lives.”

“ Haint they, though,” sez he.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ I should kinder like tu go, jest to see what Congress people look like. I've a sort of a notion that mebbly I shall run for Congress-man my-

self one of these days. I don't believe there's a feller in all York better qualified. When I come away from Weathersfield, I could lick any feller there, big or leetle; and I've a sort of a notion that I can dress out any of them varmint in the capitol, if they do practice a leetle more than I du."

The editor of the Express, he larfed a leetle easy, and sez he, "Well, Mr. Slick, it's all settled then — and the sooner you start the better."

"I'll think about it," sez I.

Wal, I went back tu the office and sot down, kinder loth tu go so far from hum as Washington City, and yet anxious to oblige the editor of the Express; but all I could du, thoughts of the humsted kept a crowding intu my mind till I couldn't stand it no longer, but kivered up my face with both of my hands and took tu crying like a sick baby. Jest then — while I was a feeling dreadfully — somebody opened the door of my office, and in walked Captin Doolittle with his hand out, and a grinning from ear tu ear as if he was eenajest tickled tu death tu see me agin.

I jumped right up and shook hands with him, while I turned my face away and wiped my eyes with the cuff of my coat, for I felt ashamed to let him ketch me a crying.

But there is no cheating that old coot, he's wide awake as a night hawk.

"Jonathan," sez he, "what's the matter? — you

look as thin as a shad in summer—consarn me! if I don't believe you have been boo-hooing."

"You've lost your guess this time," sez I, a trying to put on a stiff upper lip.

The old feller, he looked in my face, and then agin on the cuff of my coat—then he folded his arm and stepped back and eyed me all over, and sez he at last,

"Jonathan, one thing is sartin, either you've been a crying, or you've told a whopper to your old friend, or—"

"Or what?" sez I, wiping the cuff of my coat on my trousers' leg—"or what?"

"Or your degenerated—degenerated!" sez he, "degenerated from the Weathersfield stock!"

"Wal, I don't seem to understand how you'll make that out," sez I.

"Jonathan," sez he, as arnest as could be, "there was tears in your eyes jest as I come in, and you was ashamed on 'em.—Now, sich tears as a smart, honest young man may feel in his eyes naturally, are nothing to be ashamed on; when he gets to thinking of hum or old friends, or perhaps them that are dead and gone,—the drops that come up unawares to moisten his eyes are wholesome to his natur. I've seen the time, Jonathan, when a minister's prayer didn't seem half so easing to the heart. An honest chap might as well feel streaked about saying the Lord's Prayer; for the tears that thinking of them that we love sets

a going, have eenamost as much religion in 'em as singing and praying, and going to meeting altogether. Prayer, Jonathan, prayer falls upon the natur like the warm sun on a patch of young onions—and tears, gинуine tears that come from tender thoughts, Jonathan, darn me if they aint the rain that keeps the young shoots green. You wouldn't have been scared about my seeing sich tears, Jonathan, and I know you've got tu much grit for any other—you aint the chap to snuffle and cry because things go crooked with you—I'm sartin of that."

"I reckon you may be," sez I.

"Wal, Jonathan," says the captin, a folding his arms close up to the red shirt that kivered his bosom, "there aint but one way of accounting for it. I never would a believed it, but you've degenerated. These Yorkers have larned you to be ashamed of eating onions—it's jest arter dinner time—I see through it all—you've been a thinking of hum, and tried a raw onion for once—your eyes aint used to it now, and that's what makes 'em so red and misty. I've seen the time, Jonathan Slick, when you could a cut up a hull peck without winking; I've seen you crouch one like a meller apple; and now arter living in York, this is the eend on't."

"Come, captin," sez I, a holding out my hand, "don't make a coot of yourself, I can eat a raw onion without winking as well as ever I could. Seeing as you can peak so consarned far into a mill-stun, I may

as well own up, and settle the hash to once. I've been kinder peaked and hum-sick ever since spring opened. I sot down here all alone, got to thinking of old times and things to hum, and that sort of made me cry afore I knew it; that's the hull truth, and I'd jest as livs you knew it as not."

Captin Doolittle, he gin my hand a grip, and sez he, "that's right, Jonathan, own up like a man, I see intu it now—hum-sick as git out—just what I wanted. The old sloop is ready to sail right off—pack up your saddle-bags, jump aboard, and we'll be in Weathersfield in less than no time. Your par and mar, and Judy White, and all the folks tu hum will be tickled eenamost tu death to see you."

I felt my heart jump right intu my mouth, but it sunk agin like a chunk of lead when I thought that I'd eenajest agreed to go tu Washington. "Captin," sez I, "I'm afeared I can't go—I've nigh about promised to go tu Washington City."

"Washington City be darn'd!" sez he, a going intu my back room and a lugging out my saddle-bags; "Washington City can't hold a candle tu Weathersfield this time of the year. You can't think how fresh and green everything looks; the square before the meeting house is as green as grass can be—the lilac trees in front of the humsted are all in full blow—we've had young lettuce and pepper-grass there these three weeks—think of that! with good sharp vinegar, plenty of pepper and salt, and a sprinkle of

young onion-tops mixed in jest as they come from the patch by the eend of the barn,—Gosh, but don't it make your mouth water only to think on it, Jonathan!"

"I swow, captin, there's no standing it; I must go."

"Sartinly you must—the old woman would go off the handle if I should come back without you; and Judy White—. That Judy is a nation harnsome gal, Jonathan. She told me tu jest mention that the orchard over agin the house was in full blow, and every tree chuck full of robins' nests. You can smell that orchard half a mile off, Jonathan; but Judy says it kinder makes her molencholy tu see the trees a budding out so agin, and the birds a singin from mornin to night among 'em, and nobody tu enjoy it but her."

"I'll go, by gouly offalus!—I'll go," sez I, "but what will the editors of the Express say," sez I, feelin all over in spots about goin off so.

"The Express go tu grass!" sez Captin Doolittle, a crowding my pepper-and-salt trousers intu the saddle-bags.

"Jest so," sez I, a helping him strap up the bags —"I'll write a letter hum to say I'm jest a startin, and send it through the Express, and that will let the editors know what I've detarmined on."

"Jest so," sez Captin Doolittle, "and I guess I'll go down to the sloop with the saddle-bags. I ony

jest got in last night, took out the ladin this morning, and we shall be a cuttin down the East river afore sunset; quick work, I reckon; don't you think so, Jonathan?"

"I should ruther think it was," sez I.

"Wal," sez he, a shoulderin the saddle-bags, "write off the letter, and come right down. You mustn't let the grass grow under your feet, now I tell you. Your marm will be about the tickledest critter that you ever sot eyes on, when you git back agin—she's got a hull lot of winter apples saved up yit agin you cum. I wish you could a seen the old critter a knittin away all the long winter evenings tu git you a hull grist of socks made up; she seamed every darned one on 'em clear through, jest because it was for you, Jonathan."

"You don't say so!" sez I, kinder half cryin agin; "now du git out, will you? I want tu write my letter."

With that, the Captin he went off, saddle-bags and all. I sot down and wrote off this letter about the quickest, I can tell you. I shall send it up to the Express office, and if we have good luck, it wont be long arter you git it afore you will shake hands with us.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XVIII.

JONATHAN SLICK RETURNED.

JONATHAN'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK FROM THE ONION BEDS AT WEATHERSFIELD. — JONATHAN PUTS UP AT THE ASTOR HOUSE. — HIS NOTION OF THAT GREAT HEAP OF STONES. — JONATHAN'S IDEAS OF A NEW YORK CAB, AND THE USUAL QUARREL OF A STRANGER WITH CABMEN. — A SENSATION IS CREATED AT THE ASTOR.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

HERE I am down in York agin, as large as life and as springy as a steel trap. Hurra! but don't it make a feller feel as suple as a green walnut gad, to have these stun side walks under his shoe leather once more! I raly felt as if I could a'most have jumped over the housen, eend foremost, I was so glad to git ashore at Peck Slip. Captin Doolittle, he kept his gab a going, a hull hour, a trying to make out it warn't worthy a ginuine Yankee to hanker after the York big bugs so. Now my opinion is, Captin Doolittle ain't no bad judge of onions and other garden sarse, and he did run the old sloop down here as slick as grease, but when he sets himself up to talk about genteel society, he raly is green.

Look a here, par, did I ever tell you what a looking place that Astor House is? If I didn't, jest you suppose that all the stun walls in old Connecticut had been hewed down as smooth as glass, and heaped together, one a-top of t'other, over two acres of clearing, up, and up, half away to the sky, and a leetle over; suppose then the hull eternal great heap cut up into winders and doors, with almighty great slabs of stun piled up for steps, and pillars standing on eend, on the top, to hold them down — bigger than the highest oak tree you ever sot eyes on, and then you have some idee what a whopping consarn that Astor House is.

At fust I felt a leetle skeery at going to board there, for think, sez I, if they charge according to the size of the house, I guess it 'll make my puss strings ache; but, think, sez I agin, the best taverns, according to my experience, all'rs charge the leastest prices, I will give 'em a try any how.

I gin a cuffy on the wharf two cents to go and get a carriage for me, for I meant to du the thing up in genteel style, and cut the hull figger when I once begun. Besides, the cabin was so stived up with onion barrels and heaps of red cabbages, besides the turnips and winter squashes, that I hadn't no room to fix up in till I got a hum somewhere else, and my dandy clothes have got a leetle the worse for wear, and don't cut quite so much of a dash as they used tu. I hadn't but jest time to rub them down a trifle

with a handful of oat straw, that I took from one of the winter apple barrels, and to slick down my hair a few, with both my hands, when the nigger cum back and said he couldn't find a carriage, but he'd got a fust rate cab.

Sartinly that cab was one of the darndest queer animals that ever run arter a hoss. It looked like a set of stairs on wheels, with a great overgrown leather trunk sot on eend half way up, with the lid turned over one side. The horse was hitched to the lowermost step, and on the top step of all, clear back, sot a feller histed up in the air with a great long whip, and lines that reached clear over the hull consarn to the horse's head, and this chap was the driver; but he look'd as if he'd been sot there wrong eend foremost, and felt awfully streaked and top-heavy about it. It raly was curious to watch the chap as he laid his lines on the top of the box and crept down stairs to stow away my saddle-bags, and the hair trunk, that marm gin me. When he'd got through, I jest lifted one foot from the ground, and there I sot in a little cushioned pen, like a rooster in a strange coop, or a rat in an empty meal bin. The feller slam'd tu the door and went up the steps behind agin, then I ketched sight of the lines a dangling over head, like a couple of ribbon snakes a twisting about in the sunshine; and away we went trundling along like a great oversized wheelbarrow, with a horse before, a driver behind, and a poor unfortunate critter like me

cooped in the middle, with a trunk and pair of saddle-bags for company.

Well, on we went, hitch-a-te-hitch, jerk-a-ty-jerk, through the carts and horses till we got out of the slip, and then we kept on a leetle more regular, till by-and-by the horse he stopped all of himself jest afore the Astor House.

“Wal,” sez I to the driver, a feeling in my trousers’ pocket for a ninepence, — for the nigger told me that them new fangled cabs had sot up a sort of cheap opposition to the hacks—so sez I,

“Wal, what’s the damage?”

“Only a dollar,” sez he, a giving my saddle-bags and trunk a jerk onto the steps, and eyeing my old dandy clothes sort of supercilious, as if he thought it would be a tough job for me to hand over the chink. I begun to rile up a leetle, but arter a minit I happened to think that no ginuine gentleman ever gits mad with sich a ruff-scuff, so I jest looked in his face, and sez I,

“How you talk!”

With that I gin him a quarter of a dollar, for I didn’t want to be mean; but the varmint begun to bluster up as if he wanted to kick up a tantrum. I didn’t seem to mind it, but the critter hung on yit for a hull dollar, like a dog to a sassafras root, and when some waiters cum down and took away my things, he follered, and ketching hold of the saddle-bags, said

the things shouldn't go till he'd got his pay. With that I went up to him agin, and sez I,

“ Make yourself scarce, you etarnal mean coot! or I'll give you the purtyest specimen of Weathersfield sole leather that you ever sot eyes on,—one that 'll send you up them wheelbarrow steps of your'n swifter than you cum down, a darn'd sight. You needn't look at me,—I'm in arnest, and I'll du it, or my name aint Jonathan Slick.”

Oh human natur'! how the varmint wilted down when I said this; he took off his hat, and sez he,—as mean as a frozen potater,—says he,

“ I didn't know as it was you.”

“ I rather guess you didn't,” says I.

The feller seemed to feel so sheepish that it sort of mollified me, and so I up and gave him another fourpence-ha'penny. With that I went up the steps, up and up till I cum to a great long stun hall that reached tu all creation, with a kind of a bar-room at one eend. It was a sort of a stun side-walk shut up in a house, for lots of men were talking and walking about as easy as if they'd been in the street. I went up to the bar-room, where a chap sot with sour looks, as if he felt to hum all over, and says I—

“ Do you take in boarders here?”

The chap looked at me from the top of my head to the sole of my foot, as if he'd never seen a full-sized Yankee in his life; and after fidgiting about, says he—

“Yes, we du sometimes, but mebbly you’ve mistook the place.”

“I reckon not,” says I. “How much du you charge a week? I paid two dollars and fifty cents down in Cherry Street, but I s’pose you go as high as four dollars, or say four fifty.”

The feller looked sort of flustered: so think, says I, I haint got up to the notch yet, so I’ll give one more hist.

“Wal, sir, it goes agin the grain; but seeing as it’s the Astor House, per’aps I might give as high as five dollars, if you’d throw in the washing. I aint hard on clothes, say a shirt and three dickeys, with a pair of yarn socks a week, and a silk hankercher once a fortnight. I shall have to be a trifle extravagant in that line.”

The feller grew red in the face, and looked as if he was tickled tu death at gitting sich an offer. Think, sez I, I hope to gracious I haint made a coot of myself, and bid up too high. I got so consarned before the chap spoke, that I sort of wanted to git off edgeways. There was a great day-book a lying by him, and sez I—

“I see you trust out board by your books; but I’m ready to hand over every Saturday night; so per’aps you’ll take less for cash.”

The feller sort of choked in a larf, and sez he, —

“That ain’t a day-book, only one we keep for folks that come here to write down their names in.”

Think, sez I, I guess I'll write my name, and then he'll see that he's got hold of a cute hand for a bargain, and may dock off a trifle on that are five dollars.

“ O,” sez I, “ that's it! well, give us hold here, and I'll write my name right off for you.”

The feller handed over the pen. I stretched out my right arm, turned the cuff of my coat over, floured off a long tailed J, till the ink spattered all over the book; then I streaked along to the S., curled it up harnsomenly, and finished off with a K that would have made Mr. Goldsmith, the writing master in Broadway, feel awk'ard if he'd seen it.

I wish you could a seen that Astor House chap, when he read the name: he looked as if he didn't know what to du, but at last he stepped back, and he made a bow, and sez he, —

“ Mr. Slick, we are glad to see you at the Astor House, and we hope you'll stay with us as long as you remain in the city!”

I made him a snubbed sort of a bow, for I didn't want him to think I was over anxious to stay till we'd clinched the bargain about the board, and sez I,—

“ Wal, now about the price of your fodder; I s'pose you'll dock a leetle on that offer of mine. It's an all-fired hard price, now ain't it?”

“ Oh,” sez he, “ never mind the board, Mr. Slick, we shan't be hard with you on that score. The man

will show you a room, and I hope you'll feel yourself quite to hum with us."

With that a feller cum up to look at the big book, and then he whispered to another, and it wasn't two minits afore a hul squad of fellers cum around as if I'd been a bear set up for a show, at a copper a head.

One of the chaps he cut up stairs like all possessed, as if he was a going tu bring up somebody else, so I begun to think it about time for me to cut stick: so I hollered arter a waiter, and told him to take me up where he'd put my trunk. The chap went ahead, and I follered arter.

I tell you what, it wants a steady head to navigate through all them long entry ways, and up them stairs, around and across every which way, as I did, till I came to a room door up at the tip top of the house. My head went around like a fly trap. When the door was shut I was so dizzy, I opened the winder, and looked out tu see if the cold air wouldn't du me good. O gracious me! didn't it make me ketch my breath to see how high up they'd stuck me. The clouds seemed to be purty close neighbors. I looked right straight over the biggest trees in the park, as if they'd been black alder bushes, and my nose come jest about on a line with the City Hall clock! It sartinly did make me feel a leetle skittish to look down into Broadway. The men went streaking along like a crowd of good sized rats a going out a visiting, and the gals that went sidling along under

their parasols, were the darndest harnsome little fine-fied things I ever dreamed of. It seemed as if all the wax dolls had broke loose from the store winders, an was a walkin out to take the air with each on 'em a toad-stool to keep the sun off. Takin the hul together, men an gals, coaches, cabs, trees and horses, it was about the funniest sight I ever sot eyes on.

It was worth while to look down on the front of the housen too, only one felt all the time as if he was a goin to topple down head fust. The winder to my room wasn't none of the largest, and a round vine, all cut out of the solid stun, was twistified round it on the outside; and a heap of the same sort stretched along the right and left side like a string of purty picters hung out for show. Think, sez I, if any body would look up and see me a standing here, they might see the true profile of Jonathan Slick cut off at the shoulders and hung in a frame, a live picter without paint or whitewash. I wish to gracious some of them York artists would paint me jest so, for I raly must a looked like a picter while I stood in that winder, but it made me worse insted of better, so I hauled in my head.

Arter I'd gin myself a good sudsing in the wash hand basin, I unbuckled my saddlebags and thought I'd fix up a leetle, for somehow my clothes seemed to smell sort of oniony arter sleeping so long in the sloop cabin. Since I've been hum, my hair has grown about right, only it's a leetle sun-burnt; but that don't show

much when I've combed it out slick with a fine tooth comb, and rubbed it down with a ball of pomatum, scented with winter green. I parted it straight down the middle, like some of the gals afore class meeting ; and I slicked it down with both hands, till it glistened like a black cat in the dark.

Arter I'd purty near satisfied myself with that, I sot tu and put on the red and blue checkered trousers that marm cut and made arter my dandy clothes made in York. They are a ginuine fit, except that they strain rather severe on the galluses, and pucker jest the leastest mite about the knee jints ; but they aint so coarse for all tow, nor the cam-colored coat neither. The cotton dicky that you and Judy fixed up for me, curled up around my chin and under the ears about the neatest ; they looked as good as linen, every mite ; and when I twisted that checkered silk scarf, that Judy giv me for a keep-sake arter she got mollified about my going to York, around my neck, and let the long ends, fringe and all, hang down sort of careless over my green vest, criscrossed with red streakes, I ruther guess you haint seen a chap of my size dressed up so in a long time.

You know that great harnsome broach that I bartered away the apple sarse for in Hartford last fall. Wal, I was jest a sticking that into my shirt bosom, and a thinking what a consarned harnsome feller was a peaking at me from out of the looking-glass, when somebody knocked at the door. I stopped to twistify

my dicky down a trifle, and to shake a leetle speck of essence of wintergreen on my hankercher, and then I went to the door.

One of the chaps that I'd seen down stairs was there; he didn't say nothing, but made a bow, and gin me a piece of stiff paper about as big as the ace of spades, with "Fanny Elssler" printed right in the middle on it.

Wal, think, sez I, "what on . . . does this mean? I haint seen a door yard fence nor a post since I come to York, but this ere eternal name was stuck up on it, and now I'll be choked if it haint chased me up here into the tip top of the Astor House." As I was a thinking this, I kinder turned the paper in my hand, and there, on t'other side, was a heap of the purtyest leetle fined writing that I ever did see. It was as plain as print, and as fine as a spider's web, but I couldn't make out a word of it, to save my life.

I never was so frustrated in my born days, but arter thinkin on it a jiffy, I seemed to understand it, and was sartain that somebody had writ a new fangled sort of a letter to Fanny Elssler, and had sent it to my room instead of her'n.

I run out into the entry way and hollered "hellow!" to the chap like all natur, but he'd made himself scarce, and so I went back agin. I swanny, if I knew how to fix it. I didn't want the pesky critter's letter, and then agin, I didn't much want to go and carry it

to her, for fear she'd take me for one of them long-haired, lantern-jawed coots that hanker round sich foreign she critters like lean dogs a huntin around a bone. But then agin, I raly had a sort of a sneaking notion to see her, if I could as well as not. So I up, and went to the looking-glass and gin my hair a slick or two, and took a sort of ginerall survey, to be sartin that I was according to gunter.

There wasn't no mistake in that chap, I can tell you. Every thing was smooth as ambergrease, and my hair was so shiny and slick that a fly would a slipped up if he'd ventured to settle on it. I ony jest pulled the corner of my new hankercher out of my coat pocket a trifle, then I put my hat on with a genteel tip upwards, and down I went, chomping a handful of peppermint drops as I went along in case my breath hadn't quite got over the smell of fried onions that Captin Doolittle gin me for breakfast aboard the sloop.

"Look a here," sez I to a chap that I cum across in one of the entryways as I was a trying to circumnavigate down stairs, "you don't know whereabouts Miss Elssler lives, now du you?"

"Yes," sez he, a stopping short, "she has the large parlor in front, jest over the great entrance, on the second floor."

"What! she don't live here in the Astor House, does she?" sez I.

"Sartinly," sez he.

“ You don’t say so ! ” sez I.

“ Yes I *do* say so,” sez he, a larfing.

“ Wal, now I cum to think on it, I guess you du,” sez I; “ but I say now, you hadn’t jest as livs as not go and show me the door, had you ? ”

“ Oh, I haint no particular objections,” sez he, and with that he begun twistifying down stairs and around and across, and I arter him like the tail to a kite, till by-am-by, he hauled up close to a room door, and arter saying, “ this is the room,” and giving a bow, cut off, before I’d time to ask him how his marm was.

Your affectionate son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XIX.

JONATHAN SLICK AND FANNY ELSSLER.

A LIVE YANKEE AND THE PARISIAN DANSEUSE! — FANNY SENDS HER CARD, AND JONATHAN MAKES A CALL. — DOWN EAST YANKEE AND FRENCH-ENGLISH RATHER HARD TO BE UNDERSTOOD. — JONATHAN QUITE KILLED OFF BY FANNY'S CURCHIES AND DIMPLES. — A LITTLE SORT OF A FLIRTATION. — AN INVITATION TO SEE FANNY IN NATHALIE, WHICH IS ACCEPTED.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

I SWOW I thought I should a choked, my heart riz so when I see that I'd got to go in alone, and when I took hold of the chunk of brass that opens the door, I felt the blood a biling up into my face like hot sap in a sugar kettle. I kinder half opened the door, and then I kinder shut it agin; arter ketching a good long breath, I give the door a rap, and begun to pull up my dicky, sort of careless to let 'em know I wasn't scared nor nothing, and then I rapped agin.

Gracious! before I took my fist away, the door opened softly as if it slid on ile, and there stood a woman, sort of harnsome, and sort a not, with a leetle cap stuck full of posies stuck on the back of her head,

a looking me right in the face, as cosey as if she'd been acquainted with me when I was a nussing baby. I put my foot out to give her my primest bow, but think, sez I, mebby it aint Miss Elssler arter all; she looks too much like an old maid for that; so I gin my foot a jerk in and my hand a genteel flourish towards her, and sez I—

“ How do you du marm ? ”

She looked at me sort of funny, and her mouth begun to pucker itself up, but sez she, “ How do you du ? ” a biting off the words as short as pie crust.

“ Purty well, I'm obliged to you,” sez I, “ Miss Elssler aint to hum, is she ? ”

The critter looked at me as sober as a clam in high water, but yet she seemed to be kinder tickled inside of her, and turning her head round she let out a stream of stuff to somebody inside. It wasn't talking, nor singing, nor scolding, nor yet was it crying, but some sort of sounds kept a running off from her tongue as soft as a brook over a bed of white pebble stuns, and about as fast tu. She kept her hand a running up and down as if she'd half a notion to beat time to her own new fashioned singing, till all tu once, up come a critter from t'other eend of the room, all dressed in white, as if she'd jest cum out of a band-box, with all-fired harnsome black hair slicked down each side of her face, with a hull swad of it twisted up behind, with a golden pin stuck through the heap, like one of marm's spindles spiked through a hunk of flax.

The head of the pin was as big as a shag-bark walnut, and some sort of stun was sot in it that was like a gal's mind, no two minits alike—now it was red, now yaller, now green, and agin all these colors seemed jumbled together and a flashing inside of it till you couldn't tell which was which. I swanny, if it didn't glisten so that I eenamost forgot that it was stuck in a woman's head, and that she was a looking into my face as mealy-mouthed and soft as could be.

“Has the gentleman mistook the room,” sez she.

The words were sort of snipped off, but oh gracious warn't they sweet! 'lasses candy and maple sugar was in every syllable. It seemed as if the critter had been fed for ever on nothing but mellow peaches and slippery elm bark, she spoke so soft. She kinder smiled tu, but it was nat'ral as could be. Think, sez I, mebbly the coot has led me into the wrong goose pen, but there aint no help for it now. So I jest walked a step for'ard, and sez I,

“How do you du marm?”

“I kinder guess there aint no mistake worth a mentioning. If Miss Elssler aint to hum I'll make tracks and cum agin, it aint no trouble. I'd jest as livs as not, but I guess I'll leave this ere letter for fear she may want it. Some etarnal coot brought it up to my room, but I suppose the critter didn't know no better—some of these York chaps are green as young potatoes, don't you think so, marm?”

I didn't wait for no answer, but handed over the

new fangled letter, and was a going right off agin, but she looked at the letter sort of astonished, and then at me, till I didn't know what to make of it. Arter a minit, sez she, —

“ Why dis is de card for Mr. Slick, one of de Editors of d'Express, who has just arrived ; certainly he could not be so rude as to send it back again ? ”

Oh gracious ! think, sez I, “ Jonathan Slick, if you haint broke your onion string now ! ”

“ Was the gentleman out ? ” sez she, looking at the paper and then at me agin.

Think, sez I, “ You'd better ask his marm,” for I'll be darn'd if he can tell that, or any thing else. I aint quite sartin if he knows jest this minit which eend his head's on. But there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip in sich places as York. In less than half a jiffy I reached out my hand, sort of easy, and took the paper out of her hand, and then I gin her a smile, as much as to say, aint I a careless shote ? and, sez I,

“ Now I swanny, did you ever ! Well now who'd a thought it,” and with that I began to feel in my vest, and dug my hands down into my trousers' pocket, as if I'd give the wrong paper, and had lost something else, and wouldn't give up till I'd found it. I didn't seem content till I'd pulled out my yaller hankercher and shook it, and then I stopped still, and sez I,

“ Now if this don't beat all, aint I the beatermost feller for losing things ? Howsomever, it's well it aint

no worse. I can write another almost any time. Jest tell Miss Elssler that Mr. Slick has called in to thank her for her harnsome little keepsake, and that he's felt awfully wamblecropped when he found out she wasn't to hum."

The woman that come to the door fust, she looked at the other, and begun gabbling away; and then the black-haired one, sez she,—

"Oh, Mister Sleeke, pardon! pardon! I am so sorry to keep you so long standing. I did not know! walk in, walk in. I am most happy to see gentlemen of de press—most happy of any to see Mister Sleeke." With that she stepped back and made the purtyest leetle curchy that ever I see; it was like a speckled trout diving in a brook, jest enough to give a curve to the water and no more.

"Oh dear!" think, sez I, "Jonathan Slick, if you havn't been a weeding in the wrong bed agin. That critter is Fanny Elssler as true as all creation; no woman on arth could make sich a curchy but her." I guess my face blazed up a few, but I seen that there was no backing out, so not to be behind hand in good manners I stepped back, put out my foot with a flourish that made the seams to my new trousers give; then I drew my right heel into the hollow of my left foot, and kept a bending for'ard all the time with a sort of deliberate gentility, till my eyes had to roll up the leastest mite to keep sight of her'n. Then I drew up agin easy, like a jack-knife with a tough spring, and

finished off with a flourish of my hand up to my hat and back agin; that last touch left me standing perpendicular right before her, as a free-born citizen of America ought tu.

“Miss Elssler,” sez I, “how do you du? You haint no idea how tickled I am to see you.”

That, and the bow of mine, did the bisness for her. I never did see a critter act so tickled—the dimples kept a coming and going round that sweet mouth of her’n like the bubbles on a glass of prime cider. Her eyes were brimfull of funny looks, and she grew narnsomer every minit. Her face raly was like a picter-book; every time I took a peak it seemed as if she’d turned over a new leaf with a brighter picter painted on it.

She went along towards a bench all cushioned off, that looked as if it was tu good to be sot on, and there she stood a waving that white hand, as much as to say, set down here Mr. Slick, and don’t be particular about gitting too fur off from them square pillars, for I shall set agin them myself.

I made her a kind of a half bow, and then, arter giving my hand a wave to match her’n,—sez I—

“Arter you is manners for me.”

The critter understands what good manners is: her black eyes begun to sparkle, and the smile came around her leetle mouth thicker and faster, like lady bugs round a full blown rose. I begun to feel to hum with her right off, so when she sot down and

looked into my face with them sarcy mischevous eyes of her'n, and hitched up close to the square cushion, sort of inviting, I jest divided my coat tail with both hands and sot down tu. But when I got down I'll be darned if I knew what on arth to talk about; I stretched one of my new boots out on the carpet, and then crossed t'other over it, and then I did it all over agin, but still I kept a growing more and more streaked, till by-am-by I jest sidled towards her, kind of insinnevating, and sez I—

“Wal, Miss Elssler, what's the news?”

“E—a de what,” sez she, a looking puzzled half to death.

“Oh nothing partic'lar,” sez I. “I swow, Miss Elssler, you've got a tarnal purty foot—git out, you critter you!” and with that I gave my yaller hankercher a flirt, and upset a fly that had lit on the tip eend of her leetle fined silk shoe. Arter I'd finished his bisness, I folded up my hankercher and wiped my nose, and then put it in my pocket agin. Then I begun to think it was best to take a new start, and sez I—

“Its ruther pleasant weather for the season, don't you think so?—beautiful day yesterday, wasn't it?”

She give me one of her sweet smiles, and sez she—

“Yes it was, indeed. I was on board one French vessel in the harbor yesterday, and was so delighted.”

“ What sort of a consarn was it? ” sez I, “ a sloop, mebby? ”—

“ Oh no, ” sez she, “ it was a *La Belle Poule*. ”

“ Oh, ” sez I, “ they don’t call them sloops in France, I s’pose; but I say, Miss Elssler, have you ever been aboard a regular Yankee craft, say a Connecticut river sloop, or a two-mast schooner from Down East? them’s the genuine sea birds for you! Now my Par’s got one a lying down to Peck Slip that ’ill take the shine off from any of your Bell Pulls or Bell Ropes either, I’ll bet a cookey. I should raly like to show you the critter; I’m sartin Captin Doolittle would go off the handle, he’d be so tickled. Supposing you and I go down some day and git a peep at her, and take a glass of cider and a cold bite in the cabin? Now, what do you say? ”

“ Oh, I shall be very happy; ” sez she, yet I thought she looked kinder puzzled, and so to make her feel easy about it, sez I—

“ Don’t be oneasy about the trouble, it won’t be no put out to Captin Doolittle, he’s al’rs on hand for a spree. Supposing we set day after to-morrow, it’s best to give the old chap time to slick up a leetle, ” sez I.

“ Any time that pleases Mr. Sleeke, ” sez she, a bowing her head.

I wish to gracious, Par, you could hear how the critter talks! She nips off some words and strings out others, like a baby jest larning. The way she draws

out, "Mr. Sleeke," is funny enough, you'd think she'd been greasing her tongue to do it fust rate.

Wal, arter we'd settled about the sloop, there come another dead calm, and I begun to feel awk'ard agin, so I got up and went to a table that was a'most kivered over with tumblers and chiny cups, stuffed full of posies, and taking one of 'em up, I stuck my nose into the middle on it, and giv a good snuff. By the time I got through, Miss Elssler she cum and stood close by me, a looking so tempting, that I bust right out, and sez I—

"I swan, Miss Elssler, its eenamost as sweet as your face."

She looked at me agin, sort of wild, as if she wasn't used to have folks praise her, so I choked in, and sez I—

"Are you fond of posies?"

She chewed up some soft words that I couldn't make out, and then sez I agin—

"You've got a swad of 'em here, any how. Some of your beaus sent them to you, now, I'll bet something."

"Oh," sez she, a larfing, "dey were all flung on de stage last night, — de new York gentlemen dey are *so* gallant."

I said nothing, but kept a darned of a thinking. There wasn't a ginuine prime posey among 'em, nothing but leetle fined roses, and buds, and leaves, and white posies tied up in bunches, jest sich leetle

things as a feller might give to a young critter of a gal that he took a notion tu, but no more fit for sich a smasher as Miss Elssler than a missionary psalm book. She begun to untie one of the bunches, and stuck a few into her bosom, and then she twisted the ribbon round a harnsome red rose and a heap of green leaves, and puckering up that sweet mouth of her'n, she gin it to me with a half curchy. Gaury! didn't my heart flounder, and didn't the fire flash up into my eyes! I pinned the rose into my shirt bosom with my new broach, and then I looked at the posies that lay on her bosom so tantalizing, and sez I—

“ Oh dear! how I wish I was a honey bee—I guess I know what bunch of posies I'd settle in.”

She didn't seem to know how to take this, and I was eenamost scared into a canption fit to think what I'd been a saying. Think, sez I, now Jonathan, if you haint done it! I ruther guess you'd better cut dirt, and not try agin; so I took out my watch, and sez I—

“ Goodness gracious! it's time for me to be a going. Don't forgit, our bargain is clinched about the sloop, will you now, Miss Elssler?”

With that I edged towards the door, and arter making another prime bow, I went out, feeling sort of all-overish, I can't tell how. I kinder think she wasn't very wrathy arter all, for she curchied and smiled so, I guess there wasn't much harm done.

The minit I got to my room I was all in a twitter

to find out what was on the paper Miss Elssler had sent to me, for I hadn't found out yet. Every word that I could make out was, Madame ma Selle Elssler, and something that looked like compliments spelt wrong: you can't think how I was puzzled. I turned the paper upside down, and up, and every which way, but if the rest wasn't writ in some sort of hog Latin, I hadn't no idee what it was, for I couldn't make out another word, so at last I chucked the paper onto the mantel-shelf, for I wouldn't hold in no longer, and sez I, all alone to myself, as wrathy as could be, sez I,

“Madame ma Selle Elssler, and be darned! for what I care; I wish to gracious she knew how to write coarser.”

By-am-by I took up the thing agin, for it made me feel sheepish to think I couldn't make out to read as much Latin as a gal could write, arter going to grammar school so long, but it wasn't of no use; so think sez I, I'll jest go down to the bar-room and see where the critter is going to be sold, and what madam it is that's going to knock her off. So down I went, and sez I to the man, sort of easy, sez I,

“So you're going to have an auction here, aint you?”

The chap looked up, and at fust he didn't seem to know me agin in my fix up, but arter a minit he smiled, and sez he,

“ Dear me, Mr. Slick, is it you agin? An auction! No, not as I know on.”

“ Oh!” sez I, and with that I begun to twistify the square paper about in my fingers, and at last I seemed to be a reading it as arnest as could be, all the while a leaning sort of easy towards him, as if I’d forgot he was there. He kept a eyeing it kinder slant-indicular, till at last, sez he —

“ That’s purty writing, Mr. Slick — a lady’s I should think?”

“ Mebby you’ve seen it afore,” sez I, a trying to look careless, and as if I’d read every word on’t a dozen times. “ Ruther scrumptious leetle curlecues them are, don’t you think so?”

With that I handed over the pesky thing, kind of nat’ral, as if I didn’t raly think what I was a doing, and he seemed to read it off as easy as water.

“ Oh yes,” sez he, “ this is her *own* hand-writing; a great compliment, Mr. Slick. I know of many a fine feller that would give his ears to git sich a card from ‘ the Elssler.’”

“ Oh,” sez I, “ if she has a notion for ears, she’d better bargain with them Baltimore chaps that we’ve heard on. She’ll get prime ones there, as long as beet leaves, but I’m afeared she’ll find ’em ruther scarce here in York; the sile aint rich enough for ’em.”

Here the chap bust out a larfing, and haw-hawed till it seemed as if he’d go right off the handle. He tried

to choke in, but that only made him top off short with a touch of the hooping-cough. Arter a while he wiped his eyes, and sez he —

“ Very good, Mr. Slick! very good indeed! But of course you accept the Elssler’s invitation to the theatre to-night?”

“ To the theatre,” sez I, “ so she goes off there, does she; well, a feller may see the fun without bidding, so mebbly I’ll go.”

“ Jest inquire for the Astor House box, and it’ll be all right,” sez the chap, and with that he took up the thick paper, and, sez he,

“ How neatly they do turn off these compliments in French, don’t they?”

“ In what?” sez I.

“ In French,” sez he.

“ Oh!” sez I, and more and more I was anxious to find out what the French gal had writ to me.

“ How beautifully she’s turned this sentence about your talents,” sez he.

“ Yes,” sez I, all of a twitter inside, but cool as a cucumber for what he knew. “ Yes, purty well, considering, but look a here now, I’ll bet a cookey you can’t turn that into fust rate English as soon as I can, and I’ll give you the fust chance tu.”

The chap larfed agin, and sez he, “ If you’d a said fust rate Yankee, I should a gin right up to once, but I ruther think I can cum up to you in English.”

“ The proof of the pudding is in eating the bag,” sez I.

“ Wal,” sez he, “ I can but try;” so he looked at the paper, and read it off jest as easy as git out.

“ Miss Elssler’s compliments to Mr. Jonathan Slick, and hopes that he will do her the honor to accept a seat in a private box at the theatre this evening, where she performs in Nathalie and the Cachuca.” Then he went on with a grist of the softest sodder that ever you heard on, about my talents and genius, and the cute way I have of writing about the gals, that put me all in a twitteration; but he read so fast that I couldn’t ketch only now and then a word sartin enough to write it down, and if I could it would make me feel awful sheepish to think Judy White would ever see it, so the least said, the soonest mended.

“ Wal,” sez I, sort of condescending, when the chap had got through, “ I give up beat — you’ve done it as cute as a razor. I raly could a parsed the words as you went along. Mebby you might have tucked in a few more long words, but all things considered, it ain’t best to be critical, so I guess I may as well agree to owe you the cookey.” With that I went to my room agin.

Your affectionate son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XX.

JONATHAN GOES TO THE EXPRESS OFFICE.—HIS OPINION OF ZEKE JONES AND THE BROTHER JONATHAN NEWSPAPER.—EXPLAINS HIS ABSENCE, AND ENTERS INTO A NEW AGREEMENT WITH THE EDITORS.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

ARTER I'd made a visit to Miss Elssler, I went up to my room as I was a telling you, and begun to think over what we'd been a talking about, and it made me feel sort of streaked to think she took me for one of the Editors of the Express, when I was eenamost scared to death for fear they wouldn't print my letters agin, arter I give them the mitten so slick and went off to Weathersfield. I didn't suppose the critters ever knew what it was to be humsick, as I was in this tarnal place, and was afeared they might rise right up agin having anything to do with me. But think sez I, there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip, and putting on airs of independence, and talking right up to these newspaper chaps; so I on with my hat and cut across towards the Express Office, detarmined to du up my chores in that quarter without chawing over the matter any longer.

Wal, I streaked it along about the quickest, like a string of onions broke loose at the leetle eend. I begun to feel awful anxious jest as I got in sight of the office, and the feeling made me slack foot and ketch breath, I can tell you. As I went by the corner in a sort of a half canter, with my hands in both pockets—for I felt kinder ashamed of the streaked mittens marm knit for me when my yaller gloves wore out, they didn't exactly gibe with my other fix up,—the people stopped and stared like all possessed.

“If that aint Mr. Slick!” sez one;—“Sure enough,” sez another, “so it is.” “Didn't I tell you he wasn't dead?” sez another.

With that I chirked up a leetle, and sez I to myself, sez I—Who cares if the Editors of the Express be mad, cause I cut stick when they wanted to send me off to Washington, when it was as hot as all natur, and jest planting time? If my letters were good for any thing, they'll be glad on 'em agin; and if they aint, why I'll let 'em see that I'm a true born ginuine American, dyed in the wool, and that I can up stakes, and go hum agin in the old sloop, as independent as a cork-screw.

Arter I'd hung about the eend of the office a leetle while, I got up pluck and walked right straight ahead into the office. I begun to feel to hum the minit I opened the door—every thing looked so nat'ral. There was the leetle counter, jest like old

times, and the pigeon holes stuck full of newspapers, and a pile of white printer's paper a lying up in one corner, and there sot the clark, a rale genuine cute leetle Yankee; he was a writing on leetle scraps of brown paper, and a looking as if all creation would stop if he didn't go ahead.

I jest give a peak in for a minit, and streaked it up stairs, to see if I couldn't find somebody there. I wish you could have seen how the work hands stared and looked at one another when I went in; but I didn't stop to say nothing to nobody, but up I went, through a room chuck full and brimming over with 'prentice boys, and there in a leetle room, about as big as an undersized calf pen, sot the critter hissself, eenamost buried up in a pile of newspapers. It raly did my heart good to look at him, he'd grown so chirk and hearty, it seemed to me as if he must a fattened up two inches on the ribs since I'd seen him.

"Gracious me," sez I to myself, "I kinder wish I'd stuck to, and tried to tucker it out last year, and mebbly I should a had something to fat up about. Now I wonder what he's a reading that tickles him so."

Jest as I was a thinking this, the Editor of the Express he looked up and see me a standing there, as if I'd been a growing on that identical spot ever since last summer. Gauly offilus! but didn't the newspapers fly, when he was sartin who it was. I see that he was eenamost tickled to death to see me agin.

“ I hain’t lost my chance here yet,” sez I to myself, and so I walked right straight up to him and held out my fist, mitten and all, and sez I —

“ How do you du ? ” — jest so.

“ Why Mr. Slick,” sez he, “ where did you come from ? ”

“ Right straight from hum,” sez I, “ but how du you git along about these times — every thing going along about straight, I s’pose ? ”

By this time he seemed to think that there was something that he ought to git mad about. You’d a thought he’d swollered a basket of cowcubmers all of a sudden, he looked so frosty.

“ Now for it,” sez I to myself.

“ Mr. Slick,” sez he, a looking as parpendicular as if he’d eat tenpenny nails for breakfast, and topped off with a young crowbar, “ Mr. Slick, I’m happy to see you in York agin, but what on arth was the reason that you left us in the lurch about them letters from Washington ? ”

“ Did you ever have a touch of hum-sickness ? ” sez I, a straightening up and putting my hands in my pockets, till the tip eend of my nose eenamost come on a level with his’n.

“ I ruther think I have,” sez he, a hitching up his shoulders.

“ And the ager too ? ” sez I.

“ Don’t mention it,” sez he, jest a shaking the leastest mite all over with thinking about it.

“ Awful sort of a chilly animal, that ager, aint it ? ”
sez I.

“ Dreadful ! ” sez he.

“ Didn’t it seem as if you’d have to take up all
your bones for ’salt and battery on one another, afore
they’d keep still ? ” sez I.

“ A most,” sez he, a larfing.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ I didn’t ketch the fever and
ager.”

“ What did you ketch then ? ” sez he, sort of im-
patient.

“ Oh, I felt kinder as if I should git it, if I didn’t
go hum and doctor,” sez I.

“ But that wasn’t quite reason enough for your
goin’ off so,” sez he.

“ Wasn’t it ? ” sez I, “ but that wasn’t all ; I got
a letter from Par, and he wrote that Marm was
ailing, and that he was getting down in the mouth,
and didn’t feel very smart himself, and there wasn’t
nobody to weed the onions—only Judy White—
and she seemed sort of molancholy, and so ——”

“ Oh, I understand,” sez he, a cutting me off short
in what I was going to say. I guess he took notice
how the blood biled up in my face, for he went
right to talking about something else, as nat’ral as
could be.

So arter confabulating a spell about things in
general, the Editor of the Express he begun to poke
around among the newspapers agin, and to hitch

around as if he'd jest as lief I wasn't there. I pulled out my mittens, for it was cold enough to snap a feller's ears off, early as it was. So I put 'em on sort of deliberate, and begun to smooth up the red and blue fringe on the top, jest as if I wanted to go, and yet didn't feel in much of a hurry.

By-am-by I got up, and sez I, "Wal, good day,— I s'pose it's about time for me to be a jogging."

"Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Slick," says he, a fumbling over the newspapers all the time.

Think, sez I, "If you have any notion to print my letters, it's about time to come up to the scratch tu once;" but he kept on a reading, and sez I, a sliding back'ards towards the door,—

"I shouldn't be in such a pucker to go, but I want to stop at the office of the Brother Jonathan to see Zeke Jones, from our parts. He's a prime feller, Zeke is; one of them sort of chaps that make one proud of human natur. We used to be as thick as three in a bed afore either of us took to literature. I haint seen him since, but his stories are the clear grain and no chaff, genuine all over, and enough to bring the tears into a feller's eyes once in a while, I can tell you. The critter 'll go right off the handle when he sees me, he'll be so tickled," sez I, "and I haint no doubt but he can get the editors of that creation large paper to print some of my letters for me."

"There," think, sez I, "if that don't bring him

up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, I don't know what will."

Sure enough, I hadn't but jest got the words out of my mouth, when the chap he spoke up like a man.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, "don't think of sich a thing as writing for any paper but the New York Express. I can't bear the idee of it a minit. You raly can't think how bad we felt for fear you was dead when we didn't git no more letters from you arter you went to Weathersfield. Now what do you say to staying in New York, and going ahead agin? Supposing you pull off your mittens and take hold now?"

I seem'd to sort of deliberate a spell, for I didn't want him to think I cum to York a purpose to stay; so arter a while sez I,—

"Wal, I'll think about it. Par is a getting old, but I guess he'd about as lief do the foddering and help marm about the chores as not this winter, and mebbey Captin Doolittle will board there and help about when he hives up for the winter. But I don't jest know how to manage it. I hain't no go-to-meeting clothes, that are quite up to the notch. The knees of my dandy trousers bust out the fust time I got down to weed onions in 'em, and I feel rather unsartin how this new fix of mine would take the gals' eyes in Broadway."

"Oh! don't stand on trifles, Mr. Slick," sez he,

“ editors never do,”—and with that he took a squint at my trousers, as if he was mightily tickled with the fit of 'em and wanted to get a pattern. This sot me in conceit of 'em a leetle.

“ A feller might see that with half an eye, any how,” sez I. “ But now I come to think of it, this ere suit of go-to-meeting clothes that I've got on aint to be sneezed at, now are they? Marm spun and made them for me afore I cum away from hum. She cut 'em by my dandy coat and trousers, and got a purty scrumptious fit. So mebbly they'll be jest the thing. Every body in Weathersfield took to cuttin their clothes arter mine,” sez I, sort of bragging,—because, you know, with some folks it's best to put the best foot for'ard, and pass for all you're worth, and sometimes for a leetle more, tu.

It's all a mistake for a man to think tu well of himself; but the experience I've had here in York tells me, that a man, to make others think well of him, must make the most of himself, and of all his imperfections. “ A good outside for the world, and a good heart within,” was one of the best lessons you larned me, par, when I left Weathersfield for York. So sez I to the editor, standing as straight as a broomstick, and striking my hand upon my hat, and then putting both in my pockets, to appear sort of independent,—

“ If you think they'll du, why I don't care if I hitch tackle with you agin; but if the notion takes

me to cut stick for Washington or Weathersfield some of these days, I ain't sartin but you'll find me among the missing, but howsomever, I'll give you a try at a few letters; but I've got my hand out, I can tell you. Stringing onions and writing letters on genteel society, ain't the same thing by no sort of means. So now that's all settled, I'm off, like shot off a shovel."

With that I shook hands with the Editor of the Express, and made tracks for the sloop about the tickledest feller that ever you did see.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXI.

JONATHAN VISITS MR. HOGG'S GARDEN AND GETS A BOUQUET. — PUZZLED ABOUT THE IMPROPRIETY OF PAYING FOR THEM. — PURCHASES A RIBBON AND STARTS FOR THE THEATRE.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

THE minute I got to the sloop I took off my coat, for I didn't seem to hum enough in the Astor House to write there. I sot down in the cabin, and stretching out my legs on a butter-tub, I turned up my ristbands and wrote off the letter that I sent you t'other day on the top of an onion barrel, without stopping once, I was so tarnationed anxious to let you know how I was a getting along.

I had to bite off short, for a chap come aboard the sloop with Captin Doolittle to bargain for the cargo of cider and garden sarse. I was afeared that they would want to overhaul my writing desk, and so made myself scarce, and went up to the Express with the letter stuck loose inside the crown of my hat, editor fashion.

I left the hull letter with the clark, and axed him

where on arth a chap could git a smashing bunch of posies, if he took a notion to want sich a thing. He told me to go right straight up to Mr. Hogg's, clear up town along the East river, and said that I'd better git aboard a Harlem car, and it would carry me right chock agin ^{it} ^{at} ^{the} ^{top} for a ninepence.

"Wal," sez I, "the expense aint nothing to kill, so I guess I'll ride."

With that, I got into one of them allfired awk'ard things, that look like a young school-house sot on wheels, and running away with the scollars stowed inside; and arter shelling out my ninepence, we sot out up Centre street, through the Bowery, and all along shore, till we stopped short nigh agin the Astoria ferry, clear up town. Arter searching around a little, I found Mr. Hogg's gardin, and went in. A great, tall, good-natured looking chap cum up to me as I was a peaking about—a feller that made me feel humsick in a minit, he looked so much like our folks.

"How do you du?" sez I, "I'm tickled to see you; they told me that you keep posies about these ere premises, but I don't see no signs of 'em."

"Oh," sez he, as good as pie, "come this way, and I guess we can find as many as you want."

"Wal, that'll be a good many, for I'm a hard critter on mary-golds and holly-hocks," sez I, "and I want a smashing heap on 'em."

With that, Mr. Hogg, insted of taking me into a

garden, jest opened the door of a great, long, low house, with an all-fired great winder covering the hull roof, and sez he,

“Walk in.”

I guess I did walk in, for the house was chuck full of the harnsomet trees and bushes that I ever sot eyes on, all kivered over with posies, and smelling so sweet, that a bed of seed onions, jest as it busts out in a snow-storm of white flowers, aint nothing compared to it. Didn't I give good long snuffs as I went in! This idea, to my notion, of posies amongst big trees and bushes, are like wimmen folks and young ones in the world of human natur. If they arn't good for something else, they are plaguey harnsome to look at, and the world would be awful dark and scraggy without 'em. Some wimmen may be bad enough and hateful as henbane, but consarn me! if I wouldn't rather love thorn bushes than none at all.

There was one tree that took my eye the minit I went in; it hung chuck full of great big oranges, and, tell me I lie right out, if there wasn't a swad of white posies a busting out through the great green leaves in hull handfuls, all around on the same limbs where the oranges were a growing! Think, sez I, this raly is a genuine scripture lesson, spring and fall a gitting in love with each other, and hugging together on the same bush; oh, gracious! how the parfume did pour out from the middle of that tree!

I felt it a steaming up my nose and a creeping through my hair, till I begun to feel as sweet as if I'd been ducked all over in a kettle full of biled rose leaves.

Mr. Hogg he went along among the great high rows of bushes sot in a heap, one on top of t'other almost to the glass ruff, with a good sized jack-knife in his hand, and then he cut and slashed among the green leaves and red roses, and piled up a bunch of posies about the quickest! Yet I wasn't satisfied, he didn't seem to pick out the rale critters, but tuck in the leetle fined buds, but jest as if he couldn't guess what I wanted 'em for.

"Oh, now you git out," sez I, when he handed over a hull swad of posies done up in a grist of leaves; "you don't mean to put me off with that ere! why, it aint a flee-bite to what I want. Come now, hunt up a few hollyhocks, and marygolds, and poppies, and if you've got a good smashing hidaranger, purple on one side and yaller on t'other, tuck it in the middle."

Mr. Hogg he stood a looking right in my eyes with his mouth a leetle open, as if he didn't know what to make of it.

"The season is over for those things," sez he, "and I haint got one in the hot-house."

"Wal," sez I, "du the best you can, all things considering, only tuck in the big posies, and enough

on 'em, for I'm going to give 'em to a sneezer of a harnsome gal—so don't be too sparing."

With that Mr. Hogg sarched out some great red and yaller posies, with some streaming long blue ones a sticking through them, and arter a while he handed over something worth while—a great smashing bunch of posies as big as a bell-squash choked in at the neck.

Arter I'd examined the consarn to be sartin that all was ship-shape, I made Mr. Hogg a bow, and, sez I,

"I'm much obliged to you,—if ever you come to Weathersfield in the summer time, marm will give you jest as many, and be tickled with the chance. She beats all natur at raising these sort of things."

He looked at me sort of arnest, but yet he didn't seem to be jest satisfied, and after snapping his thumb across the blade of his jack-knife a minit, he spoke out, but seemed kinder loth.

"We generally sell our bokays," sez he, arter haming and hawing a leetle while.

"Wal," sez I, "mebby I shall want one some of these days, and then I'll give you a call—but any how I'm obliged to you for the posies all the same."

I wanted to offer him a fourpence for the trouble of picking the posies, but he looked so much like a gentleman and a Weathersfield Deacon, I was scared for fear he'd think I wanted to impose on him if I offered money. So I made him another bow, and

went off, while he stood a looking arter me as if I'd been stealing a sheep. I have wished since that I'd offered him the fourpence, for he kinder seemed to calculate on something like it. I stopped into a store and bought a yard of wide yaller ribbon, and arter tying it round my bunch of posies in a double bow knot, with great long eends a streaming down, I took the critter in my hand, and cut dirt for the theatre, for it was a gitting nigh on to dark.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXII.

JONATHAN GIVES A DESCRIPTION OF THE THEATRE, PRIVATE BOXES, DROP-SCENE, ETC. — HIS IDEAS OF MISS ELLSLER'S DANCING, AND DANCING GIRLS IN GENERAL. — JONATHAN MISTAKES WILLIAMS IN HIS COMIC SONG OF "OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS TO SELL," FOR AN AUCTIONEER WHO IS KNOCKING OFF, "LA BELLE FANNY," TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. — JONATHAN IS INDIGNANT THAT SHE IS NOT HIS, AFTER SO MUCH HARD BIDDING, BY WINKS, ETC. — HE FLINGS HIS BOUQUET AT FANNY'S FEET. — JONATHAN'S VISIT BEHIND THE SCENES, AND HIS IDEA OF THINGS SEEN THERE. — GALLANTS FANNY HOME TO THE ASTOR HOUSE.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

THE man who keeps the door at the Park Theatre didn't seem to know me at fust, but the minit I writ out my name the hull length, and handed it over, curlecues and all, and told him I wanted the Astor House box, he was as perlite as a basket of chips. He handed me over to another chap, who took me up stairs and along a dark entry way, till he ended in a harnsome leetle pen, all curtained off with red silk, with purty mahogany frames that slid up and down over a sort of a red pulpit cushion that run round the front side.

The feller, he shut me up, and I sot down on one of the chairs in the box, and took a gineral survey of the theatre. From where I sot, it looked as if somebody had laid down an allfired big horse-shoe for a pattern, and then built arter it one tier of seats above another till they got tired of the fun, and topped off with a young sky all covered over with golden picters and curlecued work.

There was a consarned great curtain hung down afore the stage, with a sort of an Injun mound in the middle, and a house built on top of it. A lot of painted fellers hung about the front of the curtain, niggers and Injuns, some a setting down, and some a standing up, and looking like human meat-axes gone to sleep. One feller that was squat down; with his back leaned agin a post, had something that looked like a bunch of prime onions with the tops on, stuffed inter his bosom, and he held a kind of a short handled frying-pan in his hand as if he meant to cook some and have a smart fry, as soon as he could git tu a fire.

I hadn't sot long when the men begun to stream into the theatre like all possessed, with a small sprinkling of the feminine gender, jest enough to take the cuss off and no more.

In less than no time the house was jammed chuck full and running over, till I raly felt as if it was wicked to keep so much room all to myself, when the rest was stowed and jammed up so close that you

couldn't a hung up a flax seed edgeways between 'em ; but, think, sez I, every one for himself — I know when I'm well off, and that's enough. So I leaned over the cushion, and let one hand hang a leetle over the edge, as independent as if the whole theatre was mine.

By-am-by the curtain begun to roll up, and I'd like to have larfed right out to see them painted chaps du themselves up and curl over the roller — fust their feet doubled up, then their legs and hips and shoulders — then the roller took a slice off from the bottom of the mound, and turights, the hull was twisted up into a beam, and hitched to the ruff — goodness gracious knows how ! I don't.

Wal, when the curtain was all rolled up snug, there raly was a picter worth looking on behind it. There was a great high mountain with rail fences cutting across it, and bridges and trees, that made a feller feel oneasy to git into the shade, and oxen and cows and folks a driving 'em, going along the road, that run around slantindicular to the top, and there, jest at the foot of the hill, was a purty leetle house half kivered over with grape vines and morning glories, that made me think of hum till I could a bust out a crying as well as not.

All to once there was a toot horn sounded up among the rocks, and then — oh creation ! what a grist of harnsome gals cum a dancing and larfing and

hopping down the mountain, all with curls a flying and posies twisted among 'em, and white frocks on, and ribbons a streaming out every which way,—and *sich* feet! I swanny it made me ketch my breath to see 'em a cutting about under their white petticoats.

When they got down onto the flat before the house, the way they cut it down heel and toe, right and left, down outside and up the middle, was enough to make the York tippes, the darned lazy coots, ashamed of themselves. It was down east all over! —they put it down about right, with the gинуine Yankee grit. I felt all in a twitter to git down and shake a toe with them. It would be worth while to cut a double shuffle among so many harnsome gals, with a hull pen chuck full of fiddles a reeling off the music for you. I'll be darned! Par, if I don't believe it would make the blood streak it through your old veins about the quickest, though you be a Justice of the Peace and a Deacon of the Church.

Arter a while, a feller cum' up that looked just like a tin pedler out of work—a sneaking critter with a face like a jack-knife, and a white hat on turned clear up on the sides till the front and back was pinte'd like a butter scoop. He begun stepping about and making motions with his arms, till the gals cut up the hill to work agin, like a coop full of chickens scattered by a hen hawk.

The chap was a strutting about as crank as a

woodchuck, when in come Miss Elssler a hundred times harnsomer than she was to hum, wheeling a wheel-barrow with a churn in it.

Gauly oppalus! but wasn't she a sneezer! The rest wasn't no more to compare with her than a dandalion is to a cabbage rose. On she cum a teetering along as genteel as a bobalink in a wheat lot. She had on a straw hat, curled up at the sides, that made her harnsome face look so cunning; besides this she wore a sort of a new fashioned jacket with short sleeves, that showed a pair of the roundest fattest arms, all sort of tapering off to the hand—a purty leetle fined hand as white as curd, and that looked eenamost as soft too. With the hat on and the jacket, you might have took her for an allfired harnsome boy, but there was no mistake about the rest. Mary Bebe couldn't raise a bigger bump than she had on. Arter all, the boy's and gal's clothing pulled about an even yoke on her. She had on a short petticoat that showed a purty considerable chunk of understandings, that tapered off into a pair of feet, that looked as if they couldn't be hired to keep still on no account. Take her for all, I can't but allow, that she was a smasher in the way of beauty, and her manners were sartinly very genteel.

The minit she cum on, the folks in the theatre begun to stomp, and yell, and kick up a darned of a fuss; with that she dropped her wheel-barrow as if it had been a hot potater, and begun to curchy, and

smile, and put that consarned hand agin her heart, till I begun to ketch breath like a pair of bellerses.

It took nigh upon three minits afore the consarned fellers would stop their yop ; but when they did choke in a leetle, she ketched up the wheel-barrow and scooted up the mountain with it, a teetering and sidling along like a young colt when they are a breaking him to the bit.

The tin pedler chap, he poked on arter, and gin the wheel-barrow a boost once in a while as chipper as could be. It made my dander rise to see the chap a hankering arter her so. If she wanted to take a shine to a Yankee, why couldn't she a found a feller worth a looking at ? But sometimes it does seem as if these gals couldn't tell bran when the bag's open—the brightest on 'em. I say nothing, but it seems to me that she might a gin one peak up to the Astor House box. I guess it would have made that chap sing small if she had.

Wal, arter all, the critters both came back agin. The gal had a red ribbon in her hand, and she'd lost her straw hat somewhere in the bushes. It raly did beat all how she tanteralized that he coot with the ribbon ; fust she made as if she'd give it to him, and jest as he gripped it, away it slipped through his fingers and she flurished it now on one side his head, and now on t'other, as if it had been a streak of lightning she was a playing with. It tickled me

eenamost to death to see how darned sheepish the critter looked when she sort of hovered about him with the ribbon, now a sticking that tarnal sweet coaxing face into his'n so pert, and then darnsing off as easy as git out, with the red ribbon a streaming from her fingers so sarsy.

Oh gracious! I'd a gin something to have been in that feller's shoes; I swan if I wouldn't a give her a buss right before 'em all—I couldn't a help'd it if all creation had been at the door, and I swan, Par, I believe you'd a up and give her a smack tu if you'd been by, old as you be. The sight of her tarnal sweet winning ways was enough to rile up the blood in a feller's heart, if he was as old and frosty as Mathusalier.

I don't wonder that the fellers stomped and clapped their paws, — I'm afeard I let out a young arthquake myself in that way. I tried to hold in, but it wasn't the leastest might of use. That gal is like a sky-rocket, she busts right on a feller and takes away his senses with the blaze. I settled right down, like a cabbage sprout in a hot sun.

Arter a while, the gals all come down from the mountain agin, and begun to cut up their tantrums; then a harnsome man with a cap and feathers on, and clothes all kivered with silver and gold and precious stones, come tipping along, leading a great strapping woman as tall as all out-doors, and dressed off in green like a bull-frog. They went into a leetle sort of a

cubby house with glass winders, and sot down to see the rest dance.

Didn't they cut the dashes though! helter skelter, hurra boys! they went at it like a flock of sheep at salting time. By-am-by, they all give out, and my gal, Fanny, she stood up with the leetle Yankee as if she was a going to dance a jig. She'd put on another petticoat streaked yaller and blue, but insted of running up and down, the streaks were a foot wide, and run round and round like the hoops of a barrel. She'd lost her hat, and a swad of the shineyest black hair that ever I saw on a gal's head was kinder slicked down on the sides, and twistified up in a knot behind her harnsome shaped head, and then topped off with a bunch of red roses and a pink ribbon that hung streaming down her back, about as long as marm ties your cue, Par, when you go to meeting.

Wal, the leetle chap he begun to dance fust, and I thought I should a, haw-hawed right out to see him strain and exart himself, while she stood by with her tarnal cunning head stuck a one side, so tickled, that the tee-hee fairly bust through, and made her larf sort of easy all over, but he didn't seem to know that she was a poking fun at him.

When the chap got through, Miss Elssler she jest sidled up as softly as a snow storm—gin her foot a twirl, and took a sort of genteel dive as if she was a going to swim in the air. Oh dear, didn't she swim, too! It was like a bird on an apple tree limb in

spring time, or a boy's kite a sailing and ducking to a south wind. She didn't kick about, and shuffle, and all that, as I've seen 'em do; nor did she pucker and twist and sidle, like the darned lazy varmint that I've seen among the fashionable big bugs; but she was as chirk as a bird, as quick as a grasshopper, and as soft as a mealy potatoe with the skin off.

By-am-by she broke off short, and spread out her hands, and curchied to the chap, sort of sarsy, as if to say, "Beat that if you can!"

Then the feller he tried agin, and then she, turn about, till at last she let herself off like a fire cracker on the fourth of July. One foot flew up into the air like a bird's wing, and whiz! — off she went like a she comet kicked on eend. Then she sort of let her foot down by degrees, as a hawk folds its wing, and sloped off easy, a spreading her hands to the feller, and curchyng so sarsy, as much as to say,

"Try and beat that, now du! all over agin if you can."

The critter sneaked off as if he couldn't help it; then the show went on, all of 'em talking in signs like deaf and dumb folks. But it would take a week of Sundays to tell you all. To give you the butt eend, she was married to the harnsome chap that run off with her; and out she cum all in white, with diamonds in her hair and on her neck, and her frock shone with 'em like a snowball bush kivered with dew in the arly summer. Goodness gracious! wasn't

she a beauty without paint or whitewash, and didn't she dance! The folks stomped and yelled like a pack of Injuns, when the chap give her a grip round the waist, and she stood on one toe with t'other leg stuck out, and her head twisted toward his bosom, a twittering like a white swan that would a flown clear off, if the feller hadn't held on like all natur. It raly seemed as if you could a seen the white feathers a ruffling up, she was so eager to fly away.

Consarn that chap! — darn him to darnation, I say! It made me riley to see him a holding on her as if there warn't nobody in creation but himself. I'll be hanged and choked to death, if it wouldn't a done me good to have licked him on the spot. The mean finedied varmint! It was lucky the curtain went down ca-smash as it did. It give me time to kinder think what I was a doing, or he'd a ketched it.

I'd eenamost forgot about the auction, for arter the Astor House chap read the card, I begun to think there was some mistake; but by-am-by out come a queer looking chap, as chirk as a catydid, and he begun to sing off a lot of men and women folks to auction.

Think, sez I, goodness gracious! if anybody but me bids off that harnsome critter, I shall go off the handle; I sartinly shall. He'd knocked off an old maid and a widder, and an Irishman, and was jest a crying up an old bachelor, when I made up

my mind to bid on her any way, if I had to sell the old sloop, garden sarse and all, to toe the mark.

I knew the sloop and cargo wasn't mine, but that gal had got into my head, and I didn't seem to know right from wrong. I forgot Judy White, and all the gals on arth, for the time being. The feller kept a singing out and a knocking on 'em off, but I didn't hear nobody bid, so I s'posed they did it by winking. They tell me that's the fashion at the big York vendues. At the very tip eend of the batch, he up and said he'd got the best one yet for the young men to bid on, a gal jest eighteen, and then he run on with a lot of soft sodder about her,—but I can't write what he said, I was in such a twitteration. Think, sez I, it's Fanny Elssler as sure as a gun, and I'll be darn'd if any of them chaps out-wink me! So I got up and bent for'ard clear over the cushion, and the way I snapped my eyewinkers at the auctioneer was awful savage, I can tell you.

“No more bids,” sez he, a histing his fist, “no more bids,—going!” Here I winked like all natur. “Going!” I snapped my eyes till they a'most struck fire, and I stuck out my fist to arms length and my breath seemed to stop short, I was so dreadful eager. “Gone!” sez the chap, a stepping back and a lifting his hand as if he didn't care if I shook to death, and then he made a bow to the folks in ginral, and sez he,

“Yours, with one eye out.”

I sallied back, and clapped my hand to my eye, for at first I thought mebby it was out, I'd winked so etarnal arnest; but there it was, safe and sound, and some etarnal wall-eyed coot had got that harnsome critter away from me. At first I was mad enough to bite a tenpenny nail in tu without chawing; then I began to feel dreadful wamblecropped, and eena-most boo-hooded out a crying. In the eend I made up my mind that it was a mean cheat, and that I'd have the gal in spite of all the one-eyed fellers in all creation; "for," sez I, "it aint the natur of things that a critter could wink with one eye as fast as I could with both winkers under full steam;" so I jest made up my mind to look out the auctioneer, and stick up for my rights.

There was another play, but I felt so down in the mouth, that I up and went right straight off in sarch of that auctioneer, but nobody seemed to understand who I wanted, till, arter wandering around like a cat in a strange garret ever so long, I asked the man at the door; and he said the chap had gone hum, but that he'd be there agin to-morrow night.

"Wal," sez I, "I'll come and see him agin, and he'll find out I aint to be imposed upon, if I am from the country."

With that I went back to the Astor House box, jest in time to see Fanny Elssler, the critter I'd been bidding off, out on the stage agin.

There she was, all dressed out in yaller silk, with

heaps on heaps of the black shiney lace a streaming over it, a hopping about and twistifying round like a love-sick yaller-hammer hankering arter a mate. She had a rattle-box on each hand, and she gin a rattle at every new twist, and sometimes it was rattle, rattle, rattle, as swift as lightning, and then twist, twist, twist; now her head eenamost bumped agin the floor, and the hump on her back stuck up higher than ever; then her arms went curlecueing over her head, and the rattle-boxes gin out a whole hail-storm of noises, and then she'd stick her arms out at full length and sidle off, dragging her feet along kind of easy, till I raly didn't know what she was a doing, till I looked on the piece of paper the man gin me, and saw that she was a doing up a Cachuca; but if it wasn't dancing, it sartinly was fust cousin to it, or I aint a judge of catfish. But then who knows but Cachuca is French for dancing? I don't: any how, she sartinly cachukied it off like all natur, and no mistake.

By-am-by, she give her foot a flirt out and her arms a flourish upwards, and off she was a going like a trout with a fish-hook in his mouth; but the folks begun to holler and yell, and take on so, that she had to cum back whether or no.

She cum back sort of modest, a curchying and a smiling, and looking so consarned harnsome and mealy-mouthed, that I thought the men would bust the ruff right off from the theatre, they stomped and

yelled, and made such darned coots of themselves. All to once, down cum a hull baking of posies, all around her, as thick as hops. But there wasn't none of them a priming to the one I had stuffed, stem downwards, in the crown of my hat.

I jumped up, and gripped the consarn with both hands, and when the rest had got through, I drew back both hands with a jerk, and it whizzed downwards with the yaller ribbons a streaming out, right over the row of lamps, and the pen full of fiddlers, till it fell ca-swash right down to Miss Elssler's feet.

Gauly offilus! didn't she give a jump! and didn't the folks in the theatre set up another pow-wow, that a'most lifted the ruff off the theatre! The chaps seemed to have a notion what a bunch of posies ought to be when mine cum down amongst the mean leetle bunches that they'd been a throwing, and sent them a streaming every which way.

Miss Elssler, arter the fust jump, looked tickled a'most to see such a whopper a lying there, so tempting and sweet; and I ruther guess she took a squint, and sent one of her tarnal killing smiles towards a good looking sort of a chap, about my size, that sot with a checkered vest on a leaning over the Astor House box. I say nothing, but Jonathan Slick haint been to husking balls and apple cuts ever since he was knee high to a toad, without knowing the cut of a gal's looks when she's taken a shine to you, or wants you to see her hum.

I gin her a sort of a knowing squint and a half bow, jest to let her see that she needn't feel uneasy for fear that I shouldn't toe the mark; and then I sot still, but awful impatient, till a chap cum in and picked up a hull armful of the posies. He had to git down on one of his marrow bones and boost hard at the whopper that I flung; and when Miss Elssler took 'em all in her arms, and curchied over and over agin, that bunch of mine lay right agin her bosom, and spread out so as a'most to kiver her harnsome white neck. Jest as she was a going off on one side, she gin another of her tarnal sweet squints up to where I sot, and then stuck that harnsome face of her'n, down into my posey so tantalizing, I swan, I couldn't stand it no longer, but up I got, and in less than no time I coaxed the door-keeper to show me the way back of the theatre, where the critter was.

The chap took me along that entry way, up stairs by the Astor House box, and through a leetle narrow door, and there he left me on the top of a lot of stairs that looked as if they'd take me down into sumbody's cellar. Sich a tarnal, dark, pokerish set of things I never did see, that's a fact. But I'd got the steam up, and there aint no whoa to me at sich times, —so down I went, hickle-te-picklety, head fust, among the paint-pots, and boards, and slabs, and smoky lamps, and arter wandering about like the Babes in the Wood, I cum ca-smash right into a room

chuck full of the darncing gals that I'd been half in love with all the evening.

Oh gracious! it made me sick to think what a tarnal coot I'd been a making of myself. Some of the critters that I'd thought so darned harnsome were as old as the hills, and as homely as a sassafras root, close tu. The paint and white-wash was an inch thick on some of their faces, and most on 'em were a cutting about the room as awk'ard as a flock of sheep jest arter shearing time — and these were the light purty critters that had a'most drove me off the handle, they looked so harnsome and taking a leetle way off! I swow, but it a'most sot me agin all the feminine gender, to think I'd made such a shote of myself as to take such a shine to them as I had.

The room was chock full of folks. There were old men and young ones, and all sorts of critters dressed off, jest as I'd seen 'em in the play; but they didn't look no more like the same critters, close to 'em, than chalk's like a new milk cheese. That darn'd leetle Yankee chap was there, and while I was considering whether it was best to scrape acquaintance or not, the identical auctioneer that had knocked off the old maids and widders, and Fanny Elssler into the bargain, stood right agin me. I felt my dander rise the minit I sot eyes on him, so I went up to the Yankee chap, and sez I, —

“ You can't tell me who that chap is, can you ? ”

The Yankee looked round, and sez he, —

“ Oh, yes, that’s Billy Williams, a good hearted comical chap as ever lived. Don’t you know him, sir? I thought every body knew Billy Williams.”

“ I don’t know jest yet, but I guess I shall afore long,” sez I, a looking pitchforks and hatchel teeth at the auctioneer; and with that I walked right straight up to him, with my hands dug down into my trousers’ pockets, as savage as could be, and sez I, —

“ How do you du, sir? I’ll jest speak a few words to you, if you haint no objection.”

“ Sartinly,” sez he, as easy as all natur, and with that he got up and walked out of the room, and I arter him, till we cum out onto a sort of an eternal big barn floor that was shut out from the rest of the Theatre by that whopping curtain that I’d seen the t’other side on it. There was a hull regiment of empty hay lofts — or what looked just like ’em, great naked rafters and posts, with rows of smoky lamps stuck on ’em, and what looked like pieces of board fence daubed over with all sorts of paint, and the wind come a whistling and croaking among them all, till my teeth a’most begun to chatter in my head.

I was so busy a wondering what on arth those awful dismal premises could be used for, that I forgot the auctioneer, till he turned round as good natured as a sucking pig, and asked what I wanted of him.

“ Look a here,” sez I, as wrathful as could be for the cold, “ I want the gal that I bid off in the Theatre

to-night, so you jest hand over and save trouble, that's all."

The feller he stared at me like a stuck pig, and then he bust right out a larfing in my face as if he meant to make fun of it all, but he'd got hold of the wrong chicken for that sort of corn, and I give him to understand as much afore he'd done with me.

"Now," sez I, "look a here. It aint of no use for you to try to bamboozle me with your haw-hawing. I want the gal that I bid off—I don't care how much the change is. I'll hand over the chink the minit you'll go to one of them pesky lawyers and git the deed drawn out. I'm sartin that I outwinked every chap in the theatre, and darn me if I give up to any of 'em!"

"He stared at fust like a calf's head jest dressed, and then he bust out a larfing, till I was mad enough to kick him on eend till he flew up into one of the empty hay lofts.

"Come," sez I, "do you mean to toe the mark or not? I'm getting awful tingley about the finger eends, I can tell you."

"Now," sez he, a sobering down a little, "did you take me for an auctioneer, in rale arnest?"

I begun to feel sort of unsartin what to say, and insted of speaking right out, I circumnavigated a leetle, for a sort of a notion cum over me, that mebbly, arter all, it wasn't nothing but make-believe, and that

I was jest on the pint of making a consarned coot of myself.

“Wal, now, you did it up as cute as a razor, didn’t you?” sez I. “It was eenamost enough to make a feller think that you was in arnest, wasn’t it? but then I aint quite sich a green horn as some chaps that cum from the country, and I know what’s what. I haint seen anything that tickled me so much as that — that ——”

“Comic song,” sez he.

“Oh,” sez I, as quick as wink, “you needn’t take a feller up afore he’s down. I was jest a going to say that you raly are a sneezer at saying over them comic songs, and sartinly you do look as nat’ral as life. In course, I knew there warn’t no wall eyed critter a bidding, and thought I’d jest see if you was as cute a looking critter close to. More than that, I’ve got a notion to take a peak at the fixins back of the curtain close tu, — so s’posing you and I jest walk among them hills, and housen, and trees, that looked so plaguey cool and shady.”

I kept on a talking so, that he needn’t see how tarnal sheepish I felt, arter making sich a coot of myself as to believe he’d sold Miss Elssler in rale arnest.

“Why,” sez he, as good natured as could be, “here you are right in the midst of all the trees and hills and houses that you saw in front.”

“ Oh, now, you git out ! ” sez I, “ I aint green enough to swaller that, any how.”

He looked round at a pile of old wooden partitions, daubed over with paint, and a standing edgeways, and sort of slantindicular under the naked rafters and hay lofts, and sez he —

“ I’m in arnest now — this is all the scenery that you saw from the front. You stand on the stage, jest back of where I sung my comic song, and that is the curtain.”

“ What, that old sloop sail ? ” sez I. “ How you du talk ! I sniggers ! but I can’t believe it.”

“ Jest go to the curtain, and look through the edge there,” sez he.

And with that he went with me, and pulled back the edge of the curtain, and I gin a sudden peak through. Sure enough, the theatre was right before me, chuck full of folks, jest as I’d left it ; and the pen full of fiddlers was a streaming out the music right under my nose, till I couldn’t hear myself think. When I turned round agin, and see how awful dark and chilly every thing looked, and found myself wandering with Mr. Williams among a hull univarse of posts, and boards, and lamps, and painted cloth, I felt chilled through and through, as if I’d got ketched in a rain storm, and had found kiver in a saw-mill. Nothing but a rickety old barn, or a lot full of white pine stumps, could look half so dismal.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ if this is the theatre, I pity the

poor critters that's got to get a living in it, any how."

"It's bad enuf," sez Mr. Williams, a twisting up his face, sort of comical, and yit looking as if he'd bust out a crying if you said two words more; "it's bad enuf, but then we put the best side out."

"I should think you did," sez I, a looking round; but jest that minit I got a squint at a gal, a streaking it through the posts and boards, all kivered over with a cloak, but there warn't no cheating me in the critter. I knew in the dark who it was — nobody on arth but Miss Elssler could walk so teaterish. My heart riz in my mouth, and without stopping to say good night, I cut away from Mr. Williams, and pulled foot arter her, like all possessed. She was jest a going out of a dark entryway that led out doors, when I ketched up with her.

"How do you du, Miss Elssler?" sez I, all in a twitter; "shall I have the pleasure to see you hum?"

With that I crooked my right elbow, and looked right straight down into the darndest consarned, harnsomet pair of eyes, as arnest as could be, for I was awfully afeard of gitting the mitten; but she looked up and see who it was a standing there, with the blood a biling up into his face, and a trembling all over, he was so arnest; and then she up, and give me one of them tantalizing smiles of her'n, and sez she, as nat'ral as life, sez she —

“ Oh, Mr. Sleek, I am so pleased to see you again,” and with that she laid them purty white fingers of her’n on my coat sleeve, jest as if I had been her twin brother. Gracious goodness! how the blood did tingle and cut about up my arm, and all around the vicinity of my life engine, the minit that etarnal purty leetle hand touched my arm; but when I helped her down them dark steps, and had to put my arm kinder round her waist, to keep her from slipping up, I never did feel so all overish in my hull life. It seemed as if I could a danced on one toe with her to all etarnity, and never felt a hungry nor a dry. There was a coach stood close to the steps, right by the back door of the theatre, and a feller stood by it a holding the door open. Miss Elssler kinder staggered a trifle as I went to help her in, so I lent her the leetlest mite of a genteel boost, and got in arter her, jest as if I was tu hum. The inside of the carriage was chuck full of posies, and there I sot right in the middle on ’em, with that consarned harnsome critter, a smiling, and a talking her soft sodder, right in my face till I got to the Astor House. Gaully offilus! wasn’t I as happy as a bee on a red clover top! You don’t know nothing about it, Par!

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXIII.

JONATHAN GETS OUT OF LOVE WITH FANNY ELSSLER. — DOCTORS THE AGUE IN HER FACE, AND LEAVES HER. — RECEIVES AN INVITATION FROM HIS PUSSY COUSIN TO A THANKSGIVING DINNER, WITH A THREE CORNERED NOTE FOR LORD MORPETH. — JONATHAN'S OPINION OF TRAVELLING LORDS AND DEMOCRATIC HOSPITALITY.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

WHEN I'd seen Miss Elssler hum arter the theatre, I couldn't shut my eyes all night a thinking about her. She seems to get into a critter's head like a glass of Cousin Beebe's cider, and dances about there till everything else is kicked out. Her handsome face seemed to be a bending over mine and smiling into my eyes through the dark all night, and if it was to save my life, I couldn't get a wink of sleep. Sometimes it seemed as if she was a whirling round and round with one toe on the bed post, a spreading out her hands so tempting, and flying about jest at my feet. Then again, it seemed to me as if she was a standing in a corner of the room and holding her finger up, jest to tantalize me, larfing in her sweet, cunning way, and a cutting up all sorts of tantrims,

jest to keep me awake all night. I got up arly in the morning, but it wasn't of the leastest mite of use my trying to do anything but think of that consarned critter; so arter trying to write a letter, without making out anything for two hull hours, I slicked up and went down to Miss Elssler's room, detarmined to give up to once, and not try any more, but jest stay with her till it was time to go to the sloop, and take a cold cut as we'd agreed on.

I felt in a tarnation twitter, for all she'd asked me to cum; but I knocked at the door and walked straight in as if I'd been tu hum. Miss Elssler was a half lying on that settee that I wrote to you about; her head was boosted up with pillows and cushions with tassels to the arms, and them consarned leetle feet of her'n jest peaked out from under a great red shawl that she'd flung over 'em. She ris up sort of quick as I cum in, and kinder tried to smile, but oh! gracious, how her face looked! I cut right off short with a jerk in the bow I was a making, and stared at her with all the eyes I'd got in my head. She'd got the ager, and that harnsome face of her'n was puckered and twistified up till it looked as if she'd been fed on crab-apples for a hull month.

Her cheeks were swelled a trifle and as red as a piney, and her eyes kinder sunk in till you couldn't but jest see 'em twinkle, and when she started herself to larf, her mouth tipped up at one corner and down at t'other, till it cut across her face slantindic'lar, and

made her look all one side every time she squinched her face. I swow, but it made me feel wamblecropped to see her. I begun to think there wasn't much chance for a cold bite aboard the sloop that day; but think, sez I, there's no harm in doctoring, any how. So I thought over all the cures Marm has for the ager, and arter calling a waiter, I told him to bring up about a peck of hops biling hot with vinegar.

When the chap cum back, I tied a hull swad of 'em in a pink silk long shawl that I found a lying on a chair, and crossed them over the critter's face, and tied the shawl in a double bow knot on the top of her head; but the hops were rather hot I reckon, and she squalled out like all natur till I took 'em off, and sent the waiter off for a ginger plaster and a bag of hot ashes. Arter she'd tried them a few minits, they seemed to molify the ager quite considerable; but as the pain went off, her face begun to swell and puff up, like a baking of bread wet up with turnpike emptins, and I see that there warn't no chance left of her going to Captin Doolittle's cold bite, nor nowhere else for a long spell.

By-am-by that old maid, that I'd seen before, she cum in, and begun to look pitchforks and darning-needles at me, as if she thought my room was as good as my company, so I up and went off, jest stopping to make a leetle chunk of a bow at the door, to let the old maid see I hadn't forgot my manners, if she had.

I cut for my room, feeling a leetle streaked to

think how I'd been a follering round arter Miss Elssler. I'd been a hankering arter that critter for nothing on arth but her harnsome face and fined manners, when a trifle of cold could transmogrify it so tarnally. It made me feel cheap, and I couldn't help it.

Marm al'rs said that harb tea was a cure-all, but raly I never should a thought of taking it to get rid of a lovesick fit, and arter all I'm afeard that Miss Elssler's face will get cured up afore I git over the tantrum that it's sot me into.

Wal, when I'd got to my room agin, there was a letter on the mantel shelf, sealed with a great whopping bunch of wax, and stomped down with a round "O," as big as a cent, with a rooster stuck right in the middle of it. I broke the consarn open, and found out it was an invite to Thanksgiving Dinner to cousin Jason Slick's. Arter writing a hull page of soft sodder, the pussy coot let the cat out of the bag. There's an English Lord a putting up here, and he wanted me to ask him up to his house to dinner, and said Lord Morpeth would sartinly come if I asked him, because we were both kinder of literary together.

Now, if there's anything on arth that I do despise, it's a ginuine true born Yankee a hankering arter the big-bug Lords that come over here, on'y jest because they've got a long tail to their names. For my part, I haint no idee of demeaning myself in that way,

anyhow. If a Lord behaves himself like folks, he's as good as a Yankee any day; and he ought to be treated jest as well; and I don't think the most genuine republican amongst us ought to be ashamed to ask him to take pot luck or a glass of drink, if he likes it.

As long as they treat us according to Gunter, when we go to see them on t'other side of the water, it is no more than the fair thing if we take turn about, and do the genteel by them a trifle. We ought to feel streaked, with all our land and barns full of grain, if we can't give a foreign chap something to eat and drink without grudging on it, and then again, without being tickled to death because they don't feel too much pomposity to eat it.

Jason had sent a leetle fined letter inside of mine, doubled over and twisted up at the corners like an old-fashioned cocked-hat, and smelling as sweet as a garden pink root in full blow. It was directed in leetle fined writing to 'His Highness the Right Honorable Lord Morpeth Howard Member of Parliament, &c. &c.' Think, sez I, this English chap needn't be consarned that his kite wont sail high among the Yankees for want of a long tail to it, if they all tuck the *etceteras* onto his name so strong as cousin Jase does.

But I hadn't no idee of being waiter to my pussy cousin, anyhow. If Jase has a mind to send his invite to a Lord, done up like a cocked-hat, let him

be his own nigger, or else send it by the post-office, —I wasn't a goin to do it for him, nor tuch it. No Lord, that is any great shakes, will think the better of an honest Republican for acting as if he was scared to ask him to eat dinner, or tickled to death if he didn't feel tu much stuck up to come with plain Yankee asking.

I made up my mind, that if Lord Morpeth took a notion to eat Thanksgiving with Jase, he'd be jest as likely to get his paper cocked-hat from the Post Office, as anywhere. So, as I was a going through the Park, I took the consarn between my thumb and finger, for fear of siling it, and tucked it through a slit in the post office, made a purpose for city letters; and off I went, a tickling myself eenamost to death with thinking how the post office clarks would giggle and stare, and snuff up their noses to see such a pinted critter directed to a Lord, and a smelling so sweet, with a long tail of names curled up in all the corners, —and Lord Morpeth, tu, wouldn't he set our Jase down for a shaller pated coot? I've a kind of a sneaking notion that it's as like as not he would, but that's none of my business. In this country, a feller aint to blame for his relations, that's one comfort.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXIV.

DESCRIPTION OF COUSIN JASON'S EQUIPAGE.—FIGURE CUT BY MRS. JASON SLICK AND HER DAUGHTER.—MANNERS OF A NOBLE LORD.—THE DINNER.—JASON BOASTS OF HIS BIRTH, HERALDRY, AND COAT OF ARMS.—JONATHAN CREATES GREAT CONSTERNATION BY PROCLAIMING THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY AS A SHOEMAKER.—MAKES A SPEECH.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

WAL, next day was Thanksgiving, and down come another letter to say that Lord Morpeth was a coming, and that Jase was a going to send down his span fired new carriage to the Astor House, arter Lord Morpeth and I afore dinner time; and he gin me to understand, that if I could keep the carriage a spell afore the Astor House steps, where folks could get a chance to see the new fixings and horses, there wouldn't be no harm done to nobody,—the darned mean pussy coot! When a feller tries to make me do a mean thing, I'm awful ugly, my Yankee grit is up in a jiffy, and I'm jest like a skeery horse that al'rs backs up hill when you want to lead him down.

Afore this I'd been on a cyphering voyage through my purse to see if I couldn't afford to go down to

Lynde & Jennings, and buy a new narrow collar'd coat and some other dandy consarns, seeing I was a going to dine with a Lord; but when this letter cum I detarmined to go in the old fix up, jest to let this Lord and my pussy cousin see a ginuine Yankee, that wasn't ashamed of hisself in a homespun coat and trousers.

Howsomever, I gin myself a purty good sudsing, and shaved as close as a Wall street broker; besides I did some extra fixing to my collar and hair, and paired off my finger-nails harnsomely, and scrubbed the yaller from off my teeth with the corner of a brown towel that I found in my saddle-bags; for there aint no reason that I know on, why a true born American shouldn't wash up and keep a clean face and a stiff upper lip, if he does weed his own onions and wear a humspun coat. A chap may live in a land of Liberty, and let these lords know it tu, without swellin like a toad to outshine the British, or going slouching about, as if we put a tax on soap and water, jest as they do on winder glass.

For my part, I didn't mean to let Lord Morpeth think that we give so much soft soap here in York without keeping enough to wash our own faces on thanksgiving day.

When I was fixed up about tu the right notch, down stairs I went, with the eend of my checkered silk neck-hankercher a tucked under my streaked vest, my hair slicked down on both sides, my face a shining

like a new pin, and my boots blacked up till they glistened like a gal's eye.

I tucked up my yaller silk hankercher clear into my coat pocket, for I didn't feel like showing all out tu once; and I put my new mittens on sort a careless, and streaked the blue and red fringe up as I went down the Astor House steps through a double row of dandies, that had swarmed out of the stun hall above to see my pussey cousin's carriage and horses, that stood a glistening jest afore the house.

There the carriage stood right in Broadway, about the dashingest consarn that ever I sot eyes on. The wheels were a good ways apart and black as a minister's coat, and a great harnsome box swung over 'em, shut up tight, and a glistening in the sun till it a'most blinded a feller's eye-sight to look on it. There was a door on each side as big as them in the pulpit of our meeting house, with a whopping square of glass in the top and bottom, all figgered off with gold; and then crouchonts, and lions, and roosters all pictered out in gold tu, and looking nat'ral as life, for all they were so yaller and jammed down in a heap, till it seemed as if the lions would roar right out, and the rooster give a *coo-co-doo-dle-do*, if any body went to tuch them.

Behind the hull consarn, was a great wide flat stair, with two pussy fellers a standing on it,—each on 'em holding to a yaller tossel fixed tight to the coach, and dressed out like folks in the theatre, with

great high boots, and topped off with a wide rim of white, wide white cuffs to their coats, and white ribbons and beaus twisted round their hats.

Right in front was a seat with a great square cushion on it, and all hung off with the finest kind of boughten cloth and piles of heavy yaller fringe, with the golden lions, and crouchants, and roosters pictered out, and a glistening among the folds, till it a'most outshined the sun, — and that was purty bright for November.

A tall feller dressed out like the chaps behind, sot on this heap of gimcracks, with a great long whip stuck up by his elbow, and a holding in two tremendous harnsome black horses that stood hitched to the carriage, under a hull net of black shiney leather, golden buckles, and deers' heads cut out in chunks of gold, and sot on to the blinders, and the saddle-trees, and every place an inch square that they could be poked in.

If there is a critter on arth that I take tu, it's a good horse; and I couldn't help but be proud of them smashing animals as they shook their heads up, so sarsy as if the sun hadn't no business in their great eyes that had fire enough in 'em without its help, and pawed on the ground with their fore-feet — the mettlesome varmint! — like a couple of harnsome women, chuck full of music, and crazy to dance it off.

When the chaps saw me a coming down the Astor House steps, one of 'em jumped down and opened the

door and let out a hull grist of steps down to the ground, all kivered over with the brightest kind of carpet, till it looked as if somebody had been a flinging hull baskets full of posies all over 'em for me to stomp down with my shiny boots if I wanted tu.

Jest as I was a thinking whether it was best for Lord Morpeth to come before I got in myself — for I didn't want to du nothing that wasn't according to Gunter, if he was a Lord — a feller come down the Astor House steps dressed off to the nines, with a harnsome cloak slung across his shoulder, and one side of his hat tipped up jest enough to show a hull swad of curly hair a frizzling round his ears.

He had a leetle dab of hair a curling jest under his nose, and another leetle peaked consarn up in a pint from his chin.

When this chap come down the steps, the other varmint that stood behind the carriage in his white topped stompers give a dive to the arth, and stood a one side the door which t'other one held open. Think, sez I, this is Lord Morpeth as sure as a gun! so I haul'd back my foot from the fust step, for I was jest a going to get in, and I stepped back as the chap come up, and arter making him a half bow — for I never give off the extra touches in a bow on'y to the harnsome gals — sez I,

“Walk in, Lord Morpeth, and I'll foller arter.”

The feller looked at me sort of supercilious, and I could see the dab of hair on his lip curl the leastest

mite scornful, as if he smelt something that didn't agree with him. He didn't make a bow, but stepped back as if he didn't jest know what to du.

I give my mitten a short flourish towards my hat, and arter stepping back agin, sez I—

“Arter you is manners for me. Make yourself to hum, Lord Morpeth.”

The chap looked at me agin, and then he went close to the feller that held the door, and said that Lord Morpeth couldn't go jest yit, but that we'd better go on and he'd come by-am-by; and with that he went up the steps agin without as much as saying, ‘git out,’ to me.

Gawrie! but wasn't I wrothy to have that crowd of York dandies see me slighted so by a lord. There they stood, a puckering up their faces like monkeys in a show, and there I stood feeling as mean as the meanest among 'em; but arter a minit my dander risright up.

“Darn the critter!” sez I, a'most out loud, and a pulling my mitten up so wrothy that a hull swad of frieze gin away in my hand. “Does the stuck up varmint feel above riding with an honest Yankee, because he haint got no title? I'll be licked if a lord ever gits a speck of good manners from me agin, consarn the hull biling on 'em!”

With that I gin an allfired jump and settled down in the carriage, as savage as a young arthquake, and sot down on one of the harnsome cushions kivered

over with silks and figgered off with blue and white roses, that kivered the two seats, and sort of sprangled up over the sides and ruff of the carriage. A narrow fined border squirmed all around the cushions, around the doors, and into all the corners, and the hull consarn made a chap feel as if he was shut up in a band-box, lined with silk, and with a chunk of the sky, white clouds and all, shut over him for a lid.

I was so allfired wrath, that without thinking on it, I histed my boots agin one of the cushions, jest as its nat'ral tu, when a feller's so mad he can't help it, and left a purty considerable smooch of blacking amongst the blue and white posies, that sot them off ruther more than cousin Jase would like, I calculate.

Them carriages do cut dirt so soft and easy, like a streak of greased lightning, that there is no knowing how fast a feller gets along. It didn't seem more than a half a jiffy when we drew up co-wallop right afore Jase's house. Down got the two varmint in white topped stompers, open went the door, and out I jumped.

I didn't have to ring at the silver knob, but the door swung open of itself, or seemed tu, and in I poked, as independent as a clam in high water, but not afore I'd ketched a squint at that shaller little Jemima, a peaking out from behind the winder curtains to see who was coming with me.

A chap took my hat and things in the entry way, and asked me what my name was, sort of low, as if

it was something I ought to be ashamed of; and the minit I told him, he went to the door of the keeping-room and bawled out—

“ Mr. Jonathan Slick ! ”

I went in, and there sot our Jase, in a great armed chair, as red and pussy as a turkey-gobbler, jest afore Christmas. He got up, and cum for'ard, but looked nation wamblecropped when he see that there wasn't nobody with me. That wife of his'n cum up, with her fat hands stuck out, and asked how I was, and why Lord Morpeth didn't cum; and Jemima, she stood a giggling worse than ever, and a tossing them yaller curls of her'n about on her shoulders, and cousined me off to kill.

I told Jase how Lord Morpeth had sarved me, but he didn't seem to mind that, arter he found out that he was a coming by-am-by, so we sot down. I took a sort of a survey of the premises. Now if there is anything that makes me mad, it's to see a chap a selling off his harnsome things when they git a little siled or out of fashion. I couldn't no more sell a cheer or a table that any of my friends had eat off from, or sot on, than I would strike my granny. Jest think how you'd feel to see grand par Slick's arm'd chair sold at Vandue, or the chest o' drawers that marm kept her “ leetle things ” in when I was a baby, bought in by the neighbours. It makes me feel wamblecropped only jest to think of it, and yet there wasn't a single thing in the two great rooms that I went into at

Cousin Jases', that had a place where it was the last time I was there. Everything looked spick-span new, and I haint no doubt that the hull house had been transmogrified and titivated up jest cause a lord was coming to eat dinner there. The carpets were a'most all red, with a vine of pink and yaller a running crinkle-crinkle all over 'em, as if somebody had been a scattering a hat full of butter-cups and meadow pinks all over it, the whole consarn giving under your feet like a flat meadow lot thick with a fall arter-growth.

Great smashing looking-glasses were set into the wall from top to bottom between the winders, and a hull dry-good store of red silk curtains, sot off with yaller bordering, fell in great heavy winrows from over a couple of long spikes, feathered off at the eend, and a glistening with gold, and kivered both eends of the room all but the looking-glasses and winders. A whopping great picter of Jase a setting in his easy chair, and reading a book, kivered with velvet and gold, was hung over one mantletree shelf, and over t'other sot his wife, all feathers and flowers, and silks and satins, with her red pussy face a shining among the whole, and all pen'd up in a gold frame, as wide as a slab, and a glist'ning like all natur.

Cousin Jase had gone into the fine arts to kill, arter he got hopes of a lord. There was Jemima's shaller head cut out in marble, a kind of half swarry, with .stun curls a hanging like icicles down her back,

and a stun post to stand on, a rolling up its eyes to a corner of the room; and there were two funny sort of women, with wings that looked as if they'd been made of gold at fust, and then touched off with a thin coat of blacking, that made a sort of amalgamation critters, black and gold, stood each side of the looking-glasses, a holding back the silk curtains that would have fell ca-swash over the whole eend of the room if it hadn't been for them; then out on the carpet was tables made out of black shiny stuff, and the whole round tops kivered over with picters that seemed as if they were polished down clear into the black wood; and all around was benches and foot-stools of the same black wood, sprigged off with gold, and cushioned off with red silk, besides the settees that had high backs and high arms at one eend, but curlecued down at the back, tapered off to a square bench on t'other, and sot out like the stools with thick red cushions.

Right over the pictered tables was a sort of a golden tree, chained to the ruff, and kivered over and over with chunks of glass that shone like tears in a gal's eye, when she gits the grit up.

Besides all these, was tu great round silk cushions, as thick as mother's cheese tub, a sitting right squat on the carpet, and tassled off to kill, with a mess of other things that I hadn't a chance to look at afore the door was pushed open by the help that stood in the hall; and there stood a tall man, with a blue coat on, and gilt buttons, each on 'em pictered off like our

ten cent pieces, on'y instead of the Eagle, there was a Lion, and a some kind of a one-horned animal, a pawing up hill arter a sort of a cap with pints to it.

Afore I saw these pictered buttons, I kinder thought the chap must be Lord Morpeth himself, for he come in sort of softly, and yit independent, like a feller that felt himself to hum any where, but yit didn't want to walk over other folks, as them big bug foreigners al'rs du; but on a second peak I see that it wasn't the chap that I'd seen at the Astor House, and besides that he was shaved clean, and hadn't a speck of hair, only on his head and eyebrows, and that was a little mite gray; so, think sez I to myself, that other chap was the Lord, and this is his waiter, cum to tell Jase that the big bug has gin up cumin. For no Lord that can git dye stuff or buy a wig, would ever come a visiting with gray hairs in his head. You wouldn't ketch one of our York tippies at that, let alone a genuine Lord.

I never saw Jase so wrothy as he was when he ketched sight of the feller, for he got a peak at the buttons the fust thing, and sez he, —

“ By gracious! if his lordship haint sent word to say he can't come!”

With that he went to the door, and sez he to the man, sez he, —

“ Wal, sir, did you bring a note for me, or what? ”

And then he strutted right in the door-way, as pussy and pompous as a prize pig jest afore killing

time, and there stood the tall chap, jest afore him, a looking right into his red face, with a pair of eyes as black and keen as a weazle's, yit sort of easy and good-natured, as if he couldn't think what the matter was. He took off his hat sort of easy, and kinder bent his head a leetle, and sez he, —

“ Is it Mr. Slick ? ”

He spoke so soft and humble that it seemed to mollify Jase ; he stepped for'ard and waved his hand about as big as cuffy, and sez he, as condescending as could be, sez he, —

“ Put on your hat, my good fellow ; I've been a poor man myself. What word did his lordship send ? don't be afeard to speak ! ”

The chap looked at Jase, and I could see his mouth pucker up the leastest mite in the world, and his eyes begun to twinkle as if he'd choked back a smile from his lips that was detarmined to break through somewhere. He bowed his head a little, and then he handed over a piece of square pasteboard jest like that Miss Elssler gave to me.

Didn't my pussy cousin look as if he'd fell through a thin place in the ice ! He wilted right down, and looked as sneaking as a turkey gobbler ketch'd out in a rain storm ; but when he see that Lord Morpeth didn't seem to know that he'd mistook him for a waiter, he walked into the room a spreading his hands and a sending out a storm of excuses, and welcomes,

and friendships, like a junk bottle of cider letting off steam.

Lord Morpeth, he walked along into the room jest as if he'd been to hum, and then Jase he spread himself agin, and made him acquainted with his wife.

Lord Morpeth made a little slow bow, and Mrs Jase Slick she gin her turban a toss, spread out the skirts of her velvet frock that was jest the colour of a wild cherry, and then arter sticking out her fat foot, she began to fold up her jints, till she threatened to settle down on the carpet all in a heap, before she'd a let out all her kinks agin. Jemima she come up and begun to flourish out her foot, and show her curls, and her teeth, and twitter about, while Lord Morpeth was a bowing to her. I swow, it made me grit my teeth to see what tarnal coots the whole consarn were a making of themselves! Then cum my turn. I stood a leaning agin the mantle-shelf, detarmined to show this Lord that all the Slicks on arth warn't darned eternal chuckleheads, if some of them was. I'd a seen him in Guinea, and further yet, afore he'd a got one speck of a bow more than he give me.

Wal, Lord Morpeth he bowed his head ruther sparing of his neck, and I stood right straight up, and gin him as good as he sent, and no more on it, by hokey; yet there was something about this critter that took my notion amazingly; he didn't seem stuck up a bit, nor yet as if he wanted to poke fun at us, but sot down on one of the curlecued settees, and

begun to talk about the weather, and things in general, jest like our folks. Miss Slick, she sot down by him, and purty soon let him into the state of things here in York. She went into a fit of the dreadful suz, to think Lord Morpeth didn't ride up in the carriage — it was a dreadful thing to walk in the streets among the common people — her daughter Jemima had once brushed the skirt of her tunic agin a mechanic, as she went down Broadway, and they felt it their bounden duty to keep her from walking ever since, — Jemima was so delicate, so very literary, so —. Here Jemima, who sot on a bench close by the settee, turned up them eyes of her'n and gin a sigh that made the pucker come to Lord Morpeth's mouth agin, and when Miss Slick got up and handed over some vases that she said Jemima had writ the minit she heard that Lord Morpeth had come to this country, the tickle bust into his eyes, and he went to the winder with the paper in his hand, jest as if he wanted to read it over agin. Miss Slick she stretched up and looked at Jase, and Jemima, and me, nodded her head, as much as to say —

“ That's clenched the business. If Lord Morpeth don't take a shine to my darter arter reading that, I want to know, that's all! ”

Jase he twirled his great gold watch key, and peaked at Lord Morpeth from under his eyebrows; and Jemima, she stuck her head a one side and tried

to look as if she couldn't help it, till Lord Morpeth he come back agin from the winder, a looking as meek as a gray cat with a dab of cream on her whiskers, jest as if he hadn't been tickling himself to death behind the curtains there; and I, consarn me! if I didn't feel as mean as a frozen potater, to think my name was Slick.

Miss Slick she spread herself out on the settee agin beside Lord Morpeth, and give him another dose of soft sodder, till I raly felt sorry for the poor critter. She held up her two chunked hands, and rolled up her eyes like all natur, when he told her which side of Broadway he come up; but Lord Morpeth said the west side was the most crowded, and so he took t'other.

“ On'y jest to think, Jemima,” sez Miss Slick, “ Lord Morpeth come up on the east side of Broadway, dear me ! ”

Jemima she lifted up her head, and looked a whole biling of 'lasses candy at Lord Morpeth, and said she shouldn't wonder if it would be all the fashion to walk that side arter that.

Lord Morpeth bowed agin, and looked as meek as new milk, and kinder acted as if he'd jest as lives talk about something else, but my pussy she cousin stuck to him like a dog to a briar.

“ Now, my Lord,” sez she, a laying her flat hand on to his'n, rings and all, “ now arter reading my darter's poetry, jest give us your opinion; we

shouldn't think of ever letting her print anything, on'y we've heard that it's getting to be the fashion for English lords and ladies to be sort of literary, and Jemima is so full of poetry, and writes so sweet and soft a hand! — don't you think so, my Lord?"

"Very soft," says Lord Morpeth, as sober as a deacon, but yet giving a sort of a sly squint at Jemima, where she sot a puckering up her mouth and half shutting her eyes, and a shaking for'ard her yallar curls, till they eenamost touched her lap, and a trying to look like a love-sick robin on an apple tree limb.

"Oh, you can't form no idee, you can't indeed," sez Miss Slick, "without you hear Jemima read them herself, but she's so modest, so sensitive, — but mebbly she'll be persuaded by your lordship."

Lord Morpeth give another squint at the stuck up leettle varmint, and sed, "he was afeard to urge the young lady agin her feelings."

"Oh, but she'll do it to oblige you, I'm sartin she will," sez Miss Slick agin; "and here's our literary cousin, he will persuade her, I am sure;" and with that she cum across the room and put her hand on my coat sleeve, and sez she, "Now do, cousin!"

"Oh, you go to grass!" sez I; "if Jemima there has a mind to make a coot of herself, she can do it without my boosting her along." Lord Morpeth kinder give a start, and looked at me like all natur, but yet he didn't look mad.

“ Why, Cousin Slick ! ” sez my pussey she cousin, a dropping her hand as if it had gripped a hot potatoe.

“ Oh dear ! ” sez Jemima.

Jase he let his watch-key drop, and turned as red as a tomato. “ What on arth do you mean by that, Mr. Jonathan Slick ? ” sez he.

“ Wal, I reckon I mean jest what I say, ” sez I, a dropping my hands into my trousers’ pocket ; and a crossing one boot over t’other, as I leaned sort of slantindicular, with my shoulder agin the mantle-tree. “ If there’s anything on arth that makes a man sick of all the femine gender, it’s the eternal hankering which some on ’em get to show off, and trot themselves out, afore the men folks, jest to show that their stockings have been in a dye-tub, and that what they are lacking in brains, is made up by impudence. I wouldn’t marry a gal that could get up afore a stranger, before a hull room full on ’em, and shake her curls about, roll up her eyes like a pious hen, and squinch her face over a lot of poetry, whether it’s her’s or anybody else’s. I swow, I wouldn’t marry her if her heart was a solid lump of gold, and every hair of her head strung with diamonds. That’s my opinion, and Cousin Jemima’s welcome to it, sich as it is.”

I wish you could a seen Jase and his wimmen folks when I burst out with that speech. Didn’t they turn red and white in streaks ? I ruther guess so !

And Lord Morpeth! I never seed a feller's face brighten up as his did. Jase put his arm through mine, and asked me to slip into the hall a minit.

"Look a here, cousin, this is ruther too bad," sez Jase, eenamost crying; "you ought to make apology to his lordship for speaking so afore him — what'll he think of American manners?"

"What'll he think?" sez I, "darn me if I care what he thinks! if he's a genuine nobleman — one that's got good English common sense — he wont think the better of us for trying to make believe we're a notch above what we raly be, and he'll like my human natur better than your soft sodder, by a jug full. If he expects the hull nation of America to pucker and twist itself out of all nat'ral shape jest to jibe with his notions, he *ought* to be disappointed, and that's the long and the short of it; and if he believes that we want to see our wimmen folks to be spitting out poetry and varses afore strangers, or that the ginuine wimmen of America want to du sich things, he'd better stay tu hum and read Mrs. Trollope's books. Now, jest hold your gab, Jase," sez I, 'as he was a going to speak again, "I'm in the right on't — if we want to give these English lords a true idea of us, act out human natur, and give me a warm, honest welcome, but less soft soap."

As I'd spoke up, jest so, the bell rung, and a hull grist of big bugs got out of some carriages at the door and come in. There was three or four harnsome

wimmen and gals dressed off in silks and satins, with the dresses all fringed off round the bottom and a hugging tight up to them white necks as close as the skin to an eel, and a showing off the wide shoulders and leetle tapering waists about the best of any dresses I ever sot eyes on. The men folks had on span white gloves, and looked as if they'd jest come out of a band-box. While Jase was a blustering about from one to t'other, I jest cut stick for the other room, detarmined not to have any more jaw with the critter if I could help it. Miss Slick, and Jemima, looked sour enough to turn new milk: but Lord Morpeth he cum right up to me and begun to talk as if I'd been his twin brother. He asked me about every thing on arth, and more too; all about the way we raise onions and garden sarse, how much hay our Weathersfield meadows give to an acre, and all about our district schools, meeting houses, and the old blue laws of Connecticut. When I told him that a man was fined five dollars for bussing his wife on the sabber-day, arter he'd been away to sea four years, Lord Morpeth he larfed right out, as nat'ral as could be. Then I took turn about and asked him a few pozers about Old England, and he answered right up like a man that understood things, for all he was a lord. I raly took a shine to the critter, though I'd made up my mind agin it, tooth and nail, and while he was a talking I took a good squint at his head and face.

He aint so over harnsome, not quite so good looking as a sartin chap I could tell you on if I wasn't so mealy-mouthed, but then he's got an all-fired big head, high up over the ears, and one that looks chuck full of brains as an egg is full of meat. His eyes aint great black starers like some folks's, but as bright as diamonds, and as sharp as a hull paper of cambrick needles, and they know how to look right straight through a feller without finching the first glance.

Purty soon, the gals and them chaps I'd seen in the hall cum a pouring in, and then there was no more talk with Lord Morpeth; he had to be led around like a race-horse by Miss Slick and Jemima, and I cum in for my share of the fun, for arter he and I got so thick together, they begun to think what I'd said was according to gunter, and sot it all down for eccentricity of genus instead of ginuine common sense; howsomever, I did not care so long as all was ship-shape agin with 'em, for I hate to get a woman a pouting with me, for if I'm ever so right, it makes me kinder ugly.

THE DINNER SCENE.

We hadn't but jest got settled down when the great wide looking-glass that I've told you of, seemed to slide back of the curtains to the lower eend of the

room, and by gauly! there was another room further on, with a table sot in it all kivered over with silver plates, and soup dishes, and Cheny ware, with one of them trees of gold and glass all lighted up, and swung to the wall, a glittering and flashing, and pouring down the shine over the heap of silver things, till it made a feller ketch his breath on'y jest to peak in.

Lord Morpeth he gin his arm to my pussy she cousin—Jase gin his to a harnsome gal that stood close to him, and I crooked my elbow up to Jemima, for I kinder wanted to make up for what I'd sed about her reading—poor critter! she aint to blame if she is a little shaller. The rest on 'em followed on, two and two, and arter a little we all sot down round the table, with six great strapping fellers, with blue and white regimentals on, and gloves on all their twelve hands, a standing up behind our chairs. I can't give you no idee of what we had to eat, for they called every thing by some darn'd jaw-breaker of a name, and kept a carrying things on and off and giving a feller clean plates all of solid silver, till it a'most made me dizzy with seeing them a flashing about so in the critters' hands. They had all sorts of mince meat with hard names tucked to it, and fish kivered with gravy, and butter, and every thing else, and sich a darn'd heap of things that I can't begin to tell you all. I tried to take a bite of every thing, but it wasn't of no use—I was purty well filled up

afore the puddings, and pies, and custards cum on ; and arter they were carried off, I thought we'd all made a purty good Thanksgiving dinner, considering it wasn't tu hum, and I can't tell when I've felt so big and pussy ; but jest as I was a thinking we'd got about through, the fellers went to work and swept the hull table clean as could be, and by-am-by on they cum agin with silver baskets full of grapes, and oranges, and prunes, with a grist of fust rate apples, and hull bunches of raisins that made a feller feel wrathy because he'd eat enough, they looked so tempting a hanging over the sides of them silver baskets, and a looking so meller in the light that cum a shining down from the consarn overhead.

When the wimmen folks had jest eat a few grapes, and mebby a chunk of orange or so, Miss Slick she got up and off they went into t'other room, but yet a looking back sort of longing, jest as Eve did when the angel made her quit the garden of Eden, poor critter !

The minit the wimmen folks had made themselves scarce, the servants begun to cut about like all possessed, and a hull regiment of decanters and cider bottles with sheet-lead caps to 'em, marched onto the table, and arter 'em cum another regiment of glasses, some of 'em round and bulky with short stems and kinder dark green, some white as ice, and then agin some that was short and slender, cut on in squares, and red as a gal's lip, besides the long necked cider

glasses that stood poking up among the rest, like a down-east general, and his officers ready to lead on the red and green militia agin the hull squad of bottles and decanters, till one side gin up beat. The helps gin the first shot, for each on 'em took a bottle, and pop, pop, pop, went the corks—then the red, and green, and white glasses marched up, and cum off chuck full and a brimming over with plunder. As for me, I sent up a long necked feller and took a swig at the cider, and Lord Morpeth he went dead into the green glasses, but they put me in mind of an old maid's goggles, and I couldn't take a notion to 'em till arter I'd drunk too hull glasses of the cider, and then I didn't seem to care what I drank out on. By-am-by, some one called out and wanted a toast. I never heard of topping off a Thanksgiving dinner with toast afore, but it made me think of hum, and so I thought I'd have one tu.

“Look a here,” sez I to the chap that stood back of my chair, “you may make me a toast tu, but none of your dry stuff now, but make it as marm used to,—you remember Jase?”—sez I, “half a pint of hot milk with a chunk of butter, about as big as a piece of chalk, melted in, and then the hull soaked up with slices of toasted bread—hum made is best—one slice laid on top of t'other. Now you git out, and make some right off,” sez I to the chap, sez I.

“Look a here, Jonce, what are you about?” sez

Jase, a poking his elbow sort of sly into my ribs. "It aint that we mean, we're a going to drink a toast."

"Wal," sez I, "I haint no arthly objection, but if the feller makes it according to rule it 'll be ruther tough to swaller without some chawing."

"I tell you," sez Jase agin, "we are a going to drink a toast to Lord Morpeth in wine."

"Wal," sez I agin, "I haint no objection, if Lord Morpeth likes toast and wine, it's his idee of what's good, and I can't help it; but as for me, hand over a bowl of ginuine toast and cider with the bread crumbled in, Weathersfield fashion, ruther hot, and sweetened well with 'lasses, that's my notion. Lord a massey! how marm does mix them critters up, it's enough to make a feller's nose tingle to think on it,—aint it, cousin Jase?"

It warn't of no use a speaking to him, there he stood a strutting over back with a glass in his hand and a singing out, "Our noble guest, Lord Morpeth!" like all possessed. Every critter at the table, excepting Lord Morpeth and I, jumped up with glasses in their hands, and begun to drink like a patch of seed onions after a six weeks' dry spell; but Lord Morpeth and I sot still and looked as if we didn't know what possessed the critters; but the minit they sot down, up he jumped like a house a fire, and the way he cracked jokes and said smart things, made the fire fly from every bôdy's eyes round the table.

I swanny! if he didn't take me a'most off the handle, with his consarned sweet voice and harnsome manners. It raly was eenamost as good as a play, to hear him reel out the common sense and soft sodder about this land of liberty and old England. When he sot down, it was as much as I could du to keep from going right up and giving him a hug, if he was a lord. Arter this we mixed in the talk altogether, like lemon, and sugar, and brandy in a punch bowl, as sociable as so many chickens in a coop, till by-am-by, Jase he begun to swell up and talk to Lord Morpeth about the Slicks, and the crouchants, and lions, that belonged to the family coat of arms, as he called it; he gin us all to understand that the Slicks warn't a family to be sneezed at by any of the English Lords, and gin out some purty broad hints about a barron-night, and a lord, that gin a start to the name ever so long back in England; then the consarned shote branched out into a sarmon about ancient birth, and pure blood, a running from one generation to another, without being siled by any thing low since the Slicks cum to this country, jest arter the Pilgrims, and a hull lot of the darndest stuff that ever a transmogrified hand-cartman thought on. I'd topped off my cider with two or three glasses of hock, the feller called it, and it made me feel dreadful smart, and I felt jest like tackling Jase in his own camp.

“Look a here, cousin Jase,” sez I, “what on arth

do you want to make out that we Slicks are any thing but jest what we be, for aint it a darned sight more to our credit, Yankees as we are, and Republicans as we ought to be, to own it at once, that we had to hoe our own row up, and found it a purty tough one? Now you know well enough, for all your crouchongs, and lions, and roosters, — that you've picked up, lord-a-massy knows where — that you begun life, or any how begun to save up chink, fust by a horse cart on Peck Slip, and that wife of your'n went out a nursing other folks's children till arter you married her, and that aint no disgrace to her nor you neither, so long as you don't try to make out that you're something more than you raly be. It is too bad, you're trying to make out that you're a English big bug, when you can prove yourself as good a nobleman as any that ever lived, by going back to our grand-par, the brave old shoemaker, that swung his lapstone over his shoulder when the Revolution broke out, and jined the patriots when their struggle was dark as the grave. The old man never gave way once, but fought like a lion when fighting was to be done. He clung to his companions in good and bad luck, and though he fought, and marched, and suffered with the toughest of 'em, never once gin out or got discouraged, but arter a long day's march would unsling his lap-stone, take out his rusty tools, and hammer and stitch away half

the night long, to make up shoes for his tired and sore-footed feller soldiers, whenever he could find a scrap of sole leather or a piece of cow skin to make up!"

I was a going on, but Lord Morpeth he got up, and sez he, "Let us drink to the memory of Mr. Slick's ancestor, the 'brave Shoemaker.'"

Jase looked sort of ugly about what I'd said—but I couldn't help that, and when Lord Morpeth jined in, the hull biling on us got up, and another squad of wine glasses was put into action. When the rest had sot down, I felt as if I couldn't break off so, but I thought it wouldn't do no harm to give 'em a short specimen of Weathersfield chin music, seeing as there was a lord to hear me.

"Now," sez I, "it's of no use denying that we Yankees do think a good deal of noble birth and pure blood, and all them ere things that the English have boosted up their throne with so many hundred years; for my part, I du feel a kind of love and reverence for a family of any kind, whose blood has run pure from one generation to another, through brave men and good women, till it beats full of warm ginerous human natur in the heart of a true nobleman, whether he has a title or not. It gives a man something to be proud of, something to guard and keep himself good and honourable for. A man must be mean as pusley, and meaner yet, who could do a small action while he knew that his blood had been

kept pure as spring water, by a hull line of good men, all a sleeping in their graves."

"But, arter all," sez I, "what is the nobility of Old England more than that which we Yankees have a right to?"

"Was William the Conqueror, that they brag so much about, any thing to be compared to our Washington? Was his conquest of Old England, half so great, or so tough a job as the tussle we had to get New England into our own native land? Now, the whole truth is, blood is like wine, the older it is, the stronger and clearer it grows. If it warn't for that, we Yankees that had forefathers in the Revolutionary war, have as good a right to brag about our pure blood, as the greatest and oldest line of proud England." Here I stopped jest long enough to make a bow to Lord Morpeth, and on I went agin. "I say," sez I, a stretching out my arm, "there aint a true born American on arth, if he owns the truth, that haint English grit and pride enough about him to feel a kind of respect for an English nobleman, if he behaves himself like folks; but if he don't," sez I, "we've got a right to dispise him more than we do one another when we act mean; for he not only disgraces hissself, but all the forefathers that he ought to be proud on, and a man that can do that must be mean as 'git out,' and meaner tu, a darned sight! Now," sez I, a looking at Lord Morpeth, "we Yankees and the English are purty much alike, for all. If they've

got their lords, and dukes, and princes, haint we no military captins, and ginerals, and deacons, and squires, — rather small potatoes compared to the English, but yet it shows a sort of native notion we've got arter sich things, and don't du no sort of harm one way nor t'other. Now," sez I, " in a few hundred years from this, we Americans shall have a sort of republican nobility of our own. I aint sartin about the titles, but by-am-by, when the ' tea party ' and the battle of Bunker Hill lies clear back in our history, as William the Conquerer's does among the British, Cousin Jase there, wouldn't have to make up a story about his British ancestors; for the pure blood of this ere country will be that which goes right back to the Revolutionary war. All Yankee noble-men will have to sarch for their titles on the pension list of this ere very generation; and the old man that now draws his twenty dollars a month, will be the founder of a line, jest as noble as any that ever sprung up in the heart of Old England! That's my ginuine opinion. Now," sez I, " if we Slicks wanted to make out that we are any great shakes, it aint no very hard job to du it. I aint by no means sartin that we, any on us, ever had any forefathers afore the old Shoemaker, that we've jest been a telling on; but he was a hull team, and horse to boot. When the ammunition gin out at Bunker Hill, he flung away his gun, and went to storming a hull regiment, tooth and nail, on his own hook, till in the eend he was

shot down dead with a piece of the old lap-stun in his hand, that he gripped liked an Injun, arter his teeth was sot, and his fingers stiff and stun cold. Old England, I must own, has got a grist of noble families and great men, that are an honour and eternal glory to it, but the blood that biled up in that old man's heart, was as red, as brave, yes, and as noble tu, as ever poured itself out on the side of Old England, in the time of William, or any other Conqueror ! and if I ever set up for a big bug, and put picters on my carriage door, I kinder think that I shan't be much ashamed to have Jonathan Slick's coat of arms, a ' hand gripped hard on a lap-stun ; ' for, consarn me ! if we, any on us, ever get to be much, it will be through the old Shoemaker, and I aint ashamed to own it."

With that I took another swig at the hock, and was a going on agin, but all tu once my head began to whirl round like a top. The table began to spread itself into half a dozen, and it seemed as if the glass consarn over head had got a hull family of leetle ones around it, dancing jigs and pouring out the shine all over the room — and then the wine bottles, and the decanters, and the grapes, and apples, and raisins, seemed to get onsteady, and more on 'em kept a starting up. Then the waiters in regimentals grew taller and taller, and I'm consarned if Lord Morpeth hadn't a half a dozen chaps, a looking like so many twin brothers, a dodging up and down all around

him, awful onsteady though, for lords. Then, arter all, the floor begin to rise and pitch up and down, till I was obliged to give up, and so I sot down, and held onto my chair with both hands, and called out 'Whoa!' like a house afire, for it seemed as if every thing was a getting upsot; and between you and I and the post, Par, my ginuine opinion is, that all the chaps in the room had got about half seas over, except me. I was as stedly as a judge, and sot up parpendicular and independent, jest as a true born Republican ought to, detarmined to set that English Lord and the rest on 'em a good example. It wasn't no wonder, though, that they got a leetle how-come-you so, for they all drank wine, but I only took that sparkling white cider and hock, for I was detarmined not to make a shote of myself. Yet it made me feel so bad to see how they went on, that I got a'most sick thinking about it.

Arter a while, we all went back into the keeping-room, and there the wimmen folks sot on them red benches, all in pimlico order, drinking coffee out of some leetle fined cups, but I'm afeard they didn't set up so straight as young ladies ought tu in company—their heads did seem to set rather unsartin on their shoulders every time I looked at 'em.

I drunk off a cup of coffee, jest to oblige Jase, and then I begun to be kinder sociable with a young gal that sot by Jemima, while Jase took Lord Morpeth

round to look at his marble head, and the two whopping picters of himself and wife.

Arter he'd gone the rounds — as we Editors say of a prime article — Lord Morpeth made his bow and went out. I begun to feel myself kinder as if I'd like to take a snooze, and so I jest gin one smashing bow at the door for all, and arter getting my hat, I follered Lord Morpeth out. It was tarnal cold, and I begun to chirk up a little, when I see that Jase's carriage stood there. Lord Morpeth stepped back when he see me close to him, and moved his hand as much as to say — Git in ; but I stepped back, and sez I, “ I guess I've been taught better manners than to help myself fust,” — so with that he got in, and I arter.

We had a good deal of talk in the carriage ; and when we both got out, Lord Morpeth shook hands with me as if I'd been his twin brother, and asked me to come and see him to his room, for he wanted to talk with me about picters and the fine arts, and things in general.

I gin his hand an allfired grip, and sez I, “ Lord Morpeth, you can depend on this chap, for he'll tell you the truth, and no soft sodder. I didn't take much of a notion to you at fust, for I aint a chap to run arter you because you're a lord, but I like you in *spite* of that, for you are a darned good hearted, smart critter, and lord or no lord, that's enough.

With that I shook hands agin, and went up stairs to bed. Fanny Elssler didn't keep me awake that night, I reckon. That hock is tarnal sleepy stuff,
Par.

Your loving son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXV.

JONATHAN IS LAID UP WITH THE AGUE. — KINDNESS RECEIVED AT THE ASTOR HOUSE. — A VISITOR. — JONATHAN'S NOTION OF A POLITICIAN IN PETTICOATS.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

SOMEHOW or other I ketched a dreadful bad cold the night arter I made that speech at Cousin Jase's, or else I took this ere swelled face from Miss Elsaler. I don't know how tu account for it, but for nigh about three days I've been about the sickest critter you ever sot eyes on.

I raly begun to think that I never should git well agin, the darned ager hung on so. I don't think you ever see so cross a critter as I've been since I got here up in the Astor House. It raly made my blood bile to see the coaches go by the Astor House, chuck full of harnsome gals, and I stuck up here a trying to cure this darn'd jaw of mine. I wish you could a seen me one one day, jest arter I got sick. If my ebenezzer didn't rise up about right, I don't know nothing about it, that's all!

Wal, one day the copper-colored nigger that takes care of me come a running into my room, and sez he,

“ Mr. Slick, there’s a lady down stairs what wants to speak to you.”

“ You don’t say so ! ” sez I, a taking off the handkercher that I’d tied up my face with, and a tucking it away, hops and all, in my trousers’ pocket.

“ What on arth shall I du,” sez I, “ with this allfired pussy face of mine? Look a here, you nigger, you,” sez I, “ haint you got no kind of doctor-stuff that’ll take down this ere swelling in less than no time? I’ll give you a fourpence-ha’penny in hard chink, if you’ll do it — I will, by gauly! for it raly seems to me as if I should give up, if a purty gal was to see me a looking so like an allfired chucklehead.”

The nigger, he begun to scratch his wool; but it wasn’t of no use, his trying to fix me up; he didn’t know of nothing on arth that would take the kinks out of my jaw, — so I sot down and did all I could to make my mouth come ship-shape a leetle; but one corner on it would keep a jerking up toward my ear, and t’other kept a wandering down my dickey; the more I tried to pucker it down about straight, the more it would keep a twisting up slantindicular, till by-am-by I got wrathy, and sez I, “ Darn the thing to darnation! I aint fit to see nobody, and I wont, so there! Go down, you cuffy, and tell the gal that I’m sick as all natur.”

“ Shan’t I tell her that you aint to hum?” sez the nigger, a looking sort of knowing; “ that’s the genteel thing.”

“ Look you here, you snow-ball,” sez I, “ don’t you go to telling any of your lies about me, I don’t stand it no how.”

“ Why,” sez he, “ it aint no lie, Massy; de ladies say so when they aint fixed up about right.”

“ Hold your yop,” sez I, sort of wrathly; “ I wont hear a single word agin the gals! It’s my ginuine opinion that when a feller will set still, and hear them run down, there is something a gitting awful mean about his own human natur. Nobody ever says a word agin the wimmen folks, only them pesky critters that are as mean as all creation themselves, and want to make the most taking and harnsome things on arth as low as they be, jest as a tarnal, fat, year old shote will git into a clover patch and trample down all the green leaves and purty red posies, without having gumption enough to know how sweet they can smell, or how much honey is dying under his huff. Now, loek a here, cuffy! did you ever see a bumble-bee a flying around a clover patch, first a sticking his head down into the middle of one posey and then into another, a kivering his purty yaller bosom up with the red leaves, and a humming his wings over the round tops, till they kinder seem to shake and grow harnsome, while he’s a getting away the honey? Wal, now there’s a good deal of ginuine human natur about that ere bumble-bee; insted of tearing up the posies, or filling them chuck full of pison that makes ’em kink up and die, long afore it’s their nat’ral time,

he jest drinks up all the honey he can git in an honest way, and leaves the posey with its cup all full of sweetness, to drink up jest as much dew as it can git, and to be harnsomer a tarnal sight than it was before. Now, you nigger!"—

I was a going on to let off a hull heap more of these here kind of notions—for when I git tu talking about the wimmen folks my heart is always chuck full, and I can't help it from running over—but there stood that etarnal coot of a nigger a scratching his wool, and a twisting his great blubber lips about as if he couldn't make out what in natur I was talking about. With that I begun to feel dreadful streaked to think I'd been a talking sich things to a cuffy; and I begun to think that Scriptor was about right when they tell us not to fling pearls to the hogs. So sez I to the nigger, sez I,

“You git out, and tell the gal that I'll cum and see her jest the very minit my jaw gits well.”

Wal, cuffy, he hadn't but jest got down stairs when somebody knocked sort of softly at the door, sez I—

“Cum in.”

With that the door opened, and a kind of a frosty looking old maid, as impudent as git out, cum a sidling inter the room with a heap of tracks in her hands. She had on a darn'd old bonnet that looked like a sugar-scoop half jammed up, besides a sort of a calico frock, and a great vandyke with goose's fur all round it, that looked as dirty as if the poor goose had

took a ducking in a mud puddle jest afore they skinned him.

“ I ruther seem to think that you’ve missed your way, and got into the wrong box,” sez I, a getting up and sidling back to the winder, for she cum a poking the heap of tracks at me as independent as a militia trainer.

“ Aint your name Mr. Slick ? ” sez she, a taking a good long squint at my pussy face, — “ Mr. Jonathan Slick, of Weathersfield ? ”

“ Wal,” sez I, “ folks sometimes call me that ere name for want of a better, and I don’t make any fuss about it, for it raly don’t make much odds what they call a chap, if they don’t call him late to dinner, you know, marm.”

“ Wal,” sez she, “ Mr. Slick, I’ve heard a good deal about you, and I want to sell you one of my books.” With that she gin the tracks another flourish, and sez she, “ Nothing but a wish to save my country from destruction, and to enlighten human kind, would make me ask any body to buy my books, but I du think if this ere land is ever a going to be regenerated, we wimmen have got to do it.”

“ You don’t say so ! ” sez I, and it was as much as I could du to keep from snorting out a larfing right in the critter’s face ; but I choked in, and sez I, “ Wal, I hadn’t no idee that this free land of liberty was a going to be upheld by an old maid with a handful of tee-total tracks,—but it aint no use of

buying them, for I've gin up smoking, and haint drunk a drop of New England rum since I treated Captain Doolittle, ever so long ago."

"They aint tee-total tracks," sez she, a pussing up her mouth, and a trying to look big.

"Oh, then you are a sort of a she missionary, aint you?" sez I; "but it aint of no use—I raly don't feel tractable this morning; so you'd better go down stairs, and see if you can't reform some of them stuck up critters there."

With that she took one of the tracks out of the bundle, and poked it at me in spite of all I could du, and sez she, "I aint no missionary, nor tee-totaler, nor nothing of that sort, but I'm a free-born woman ready to die in the cause—I'm the very woman, that by my writings agin Martin Van Burin, turned the hull State of Pennsylvania agin him, and made it go for General Harrison, log cabins, and hard cider.

"How you talk!" sez I, a beginning to feel my grit rise, to hear any thing in the shape of wimmen kind talk sich eternal nonsense.

"Yes," sez she, a spreading her hands and a rolling up her eyes, "I gained Pennsylvania for General Harrison, and when that great State went agin Van Burin, every thing went agin him; so that, arter all, I gained the hull country—I, sir, I! by my individual pen. Tell me that wimmen can't du nothing! just read my letter here to the President, and see how I've used him up about the Navy. I was raly glad when

I heard that you have got intu a political paper, Mr. Slick,—for between you and I, we can make this Administration tremble to its foundation; so now jest buy one of my books, and then we'll set down and put our heads together about the state of things here in this city."

I raly couldn't but jest keep my dander from gitting up, while the eternal humly coot was a talking. At fust I tried to be perlite to her, because she was a woman; but at last, think sez I to myself, if wimmen forgit their own places, they can't blame us if we forgit them too; so I jest put my hands down in my trousers' pockets, and stuck one foot for'ard, and then sez I—

"Look a here, marm—if there is any critter on the face of the arth that I raly could die for, it's a true gинуine woman. I don't much care whether she's harnsome or humbly, so long as she understands and acts up to woman's natur; but, according to my idee, a woman's place is her own house, a taking care of the children and a darning her husband's stockings.

"I haint nothing agin her knowing every thing that she can find time to larn; 'cause if she's married, that will make her husband take to her as a sort of a friend as well as a wife, and she'll know how to bring up her sons to be true gинуine patriots and honest men. The more she knows, the more modest she ought to be; 'cause the more any body larns, the more they begin to see how much there is that they

don't know nothing about, and that ought to make them feel humble.

“ As for politics, I don't believe wimmen have any right to meddle with them, more than a cat wants trousers ; and to tell you the rale ginuine opinion of Jonathan Slick's heart, I don't believe there ever was a woman that ought to be respected as such, that ever took to politics ; they do well enough for your sort of half wimmen, half alligators, like that darned old English critter, Miss Martineau, and Anna Royal, and some sich crazy coots as I won't say nothing about—present company being al'es excepted, you know : but I've al'es took notice that harnsome gals and rale taking wimmen never git into politics ; it's only them sort of she cattle that can't get married, and are detarmined to git into notice for something or other, that ever take to regenerating their country, as you say.

“ If you want a fust rate tract-distributor, she-politician, or a leader to any of the *ante* societies, git a batch of old maids and sort 'em out ; send some on 'em up to the capitol to give lessons to members of Congress—send some more into the grog-shops with tee-total books—and a good many round among sich houses as honest wimmen don't like to be seen in ; they do a darn'd sight of good, I haint no doubt ; and as for them last, a man must be an etarnal coot, and fool into the bargin, if he don't think a bold face and a bundle of tracts is enough to keep any woman's

character good, let her be seen going where she will. Don't you think so, marm? if I may be so bold," sez I.

With that I drew my foot back, and made her a prime bow, jest to sort of mollify her a leetle, for she begun to look as mad as a March hail storm, and it raly was curious to see how wrathy she twisted that long neck of her'n about under the sugar scoop bonnet. At last she gin herself a flirt, and sez she —

"Mr. Slick, you aint no gentleman."

"Wal, I don't know as ever I sot up for one," sez I, a larfing; "and I'll tell you what it is, marm— it sort of strikes me that you she-politic wimmen don't very often come across what you call gentlemen! They don't put on their best go-to-meeting manners only when they think the wimmen can understand 'em, no more than they put on their Sunday coats to feed the hogs in. I kinder guess that some wimmen folks that I can tell on don't *ever* come across *gentlemen*."

With that she strutted up, and sez she, "Mr. Slick, you forgit that I'm a lady."

"I don't know as a chap can forgit anything he never knew," sez I; "but if you ever was one, you must have forgit it yourself long afore you begun to run round the streets with politic books; and when a woman forgets herself, she can't blame men folks for not remembering better than she can. But I'll tell you what, marm, it aint easy work, this ere, of talking

when a feller's mouth cuts through his face cate-cornering as mine does, and when he has to tuck away his biled hops in his trousers' pocket: so, if you haint no objections, I'll jest tie up my jaws and call up the nigger to show you the way down stairs. I'd be as perlite as could be, and do it myself with all the pleasure on arth, but this ere jaw of mine does ache so like all possessed."

With that I stomped sort of impatient on the floor: up come cuffy agin—and the way the coot bowed and scraped, and rolled up his eyes to the she-politician sot me a larfing till I thought my pussy face would a bust. She kinder stopped, as if she wanted to say something more, but I held on to my jaw with both hands, and rocked back'ards and for'ards as if I couldn't help it: so by-am-by down stairs she went with her tracts, and cuffy arter her, a grinning like all natur. The minit she got away, I shot tu the door and put the key in my pocket, for fear that the next one would be the Old Nick himself.

You haint no idee how nation perlite this ere keeper of the Astor House is tu me! If he aint a born gentleman without help from a tailor, I never sot eyes on one. It would du your heart good tu see how he takes tu me, and how much time he gets tu attend tu the hull regiment of boarders in this great stun house of his; and the minit he found out I was sick, up he cum, full chisel, to the room where I sot, and it raly would have tickled you and marm to see

how awful perlite he was. I raly don't know when I've seen a feller that's took my notion so, he's a ginuine critter every inch on him. When I told him how peskily my tooth ached, he went off and sent a nice nigger woman to take care on me. He sends me the newspapers every morning.

Give my love to Marm, the dear old critter, and take some yourself. In sickness and in health I am all the same.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BROTHER JONATHAN, A DARNED
GREAT NEWSPAPER DOWN IN YORK.

DEAR GENTLEMEN SIRS,

I s'POSE your letter came down from York like a streak of chalk, but I've got kinder out of the literary world since I cum back hum here, and I didn't hear a word about it till the 22d of April, jest as all Weathersfield had got their robes made and their caps sot for t'other world.

I'd been out to work all day in the onion patch, and toward night I thought it wouldn't do no harm to take a ride and git the kinks out of my back. So I jest went to the barn, and arter saddling the old horse, and measuring out some rye from the bin, I went into the house for some bags, and concluded I'd go to mill, and take the way back by old White's, jest to see how Judy got along arter the last singing school.

Wal, I took a short cut through the orchard, and it made me feel kinder chirk to hear the robins a singing in the apple trees, and to see the young buds busting out all over my head, and the grass a sprouting under my feet, all on it a looking fresh as a gal's lip,

and greener than a hull meetin-house full of Millerites. The peach trees in the back yard had jest begun to blow out; they warn't in full blow yet, but seemed to be kinder blushing all over at their own back'ardness; and that are old pear tree by the well, looked as if natur had shook a flour bag all over it, and yit the old critter wasn't in full blow more than the rest on 'em. I wasn't dry, but the air smelt so tarnal sweet, and the water in the bucket, that was a little leaky, kept a falling drop, drop, drop, down the well, so kinder tempting, that I couldn't help ketching hold of the well-pole as I went by, and after tilting the bucket on the curb, I tipt it down and took a drink that raly did me good.

Wal, I went through the yard, and opened the back kitchen door to ask marm for the bags, and there she sot, close by the table, with her linsey woolsey apron on yit, jest as she'd washed the morning dishes. Her old gray hair was sort a rumped up under her cap, and her steel spectacles had slid half way down her nose, she was bending so arnest over the big Bible, and reading the Prophecies of Daniel. Poor old marm, she looked dreadful womblecropped, as if she'd jest made the discovery of a new mare's egg in the Bible, and was waiting to see what sort of a critter it would hatch out.

“Marm,” sez I, “if you'll give me the bags I'll go to the mill, the last grist must be purty nearly out by this time.”

Marm sot still, looking at the Bible, and didn't seem to know as I was talking. She shook her head kinder awful, till the specs rattled on her nose, and then she groaned out something consarning fire and brimstone and the eend of all things; and she wiped her eyes with her apron, as if she felt dreadfully and couldn't help it.

"Marm," sez I, "what on arth ails you? you'll make me boo-hoo right out, if you look so melancholy and take on so."

Marm give a jump, and looked up sort a skeery, and sez she, "Oh, dreadful suz! Jonathan, is it only you?"

"Wal, I reckon so," sez I; "where's the bags?"

"Oh, Jonathan!" sez she, "are you ready for the eend?"

"Yes," sez I, "I guess I be; I ruther calculate these two strings are tough enough to tie up the eend of any bag on these ere premises."

Marm shook her head agin, and her face was as solemncholy as a gal that's got the mitten, and sez she, "Jonathan," sez she, "have you ever calculated on the beast with the horns?"

"Wal," sez I, a putting my hands in my pockets, "I can't say that I ever calculated much on them critters; if you and par want me to take 'em, I don't object to the old oxen, but I'd a leetle ruther have the black steers, if you'd jest as lives."

Marm shook her head worse than ever.

“Wal,” sez I, “the old oxen will do, so chirk up and tell me where the bags are.”

With that I went up the back stairs and found the things myself, and was going out when she called arter me, and sez she, “Jonathan, Jonathan, don’t go on so — oh dear me, poor unregenerate critter, what do we want of another grist; have you forgot Miller and his promise?”

“Goodness gracious, no,” sez I, a swinging my bags over the old horse, “how could I forget him — he’s as clever a critter as ever lived, and he promised to give this grist a tarnation bolting; I told him how mad you was about t’other.”

With that I got out the horse, hitched up the bags to make ’em lie even under me, give the bridle a shake and jogged on, wondering what on arth had sot marm up so. Jest as I was a turning down the lane toward Squire White’s, I looked back, and there she was a standing by the winder, with both hands up, and her cap knocked a one side like a crazy critter. Jest then par come across the corn lot, where he and old uncle White had been a ploughing, and I told him what a tantrum marm was in about the oxen and the grist.

Par shook his head, and sez he, “Consarn that Miller! she’s been a brooding over the varmint’s nonsense this ever so long, till she couldn’t sleep a nights, and now as it’s jest coming on to the 23d of April, I s’pose she’s broke out in a new spot.”

“Darn the old scamp to darnation!” sez I, “it’s jest got through my head what ails marm; the sneaking old varmint, he ought to be sung to death by screech owls, and knocked into the middle of next week by crippled grasshoppers!” With that I rode along, and par went hum, a looking jest as if he was ready to bust out a crying or a swearing, he didn’t care which.

Wal, I was purty much womblecropped all the way to the mill, for somehow it made me feel sort of all-overish to think how near the time had come. I wasn’t raly a skeered, but every thing looked pokerish all around. The mill was shet up, so I stood up my grist at the door, and got on to the old horse agin, detarmined to ride into town and see if I could find any thing to chirk me up. Jest as I got agin the post office, a chap hollered out that they’d got a letter for me from York, post paid and all. I turned up and laid the bridle on the old horse’s neck, while I broke open the letter and read it. By gauley! didn’t it make my heart jump right up into my mouth! But yet I felt a leetle uneasy about it. I wanted to come like all natur, but par hain’t been willing to hear a word about York never since I took sich a shine to Miss Elssler, at the Astor House, and I was afeard that he’d say no to it. Then there was marm and Judy White both on ’em set agin York, and hating Miss Elssler like rank pison; howsomever, I’m purty good grit when I set out in arnest, and I

rode along thinking the matter over till I got to old Mr. White's. Judy come out with her calico sun bonnet on, and looking good enough to eat.

"Come, Judy," sez I, "jump on behind, and go hum with me; marm has got a fit of the dreadful sort, about that tarnal old Miller's bisness, and I want you to chirk her up a leetle, if you can."

Judy run up to the fence, so I made the old horse side up while she took off her check apron and spread it on behind. "Come up," sez I agin to the old critter; he got so close to the fence that he a'most smashed my leg agin the boards, and then shied agin; but Judy White is clear grit and no mistake — she give a jump and cum down square right on the crooper with one arm round me. The horse shied agin; Judy kinder slipped a leetle, and she hung on to me closer yit, and larfed till you couldn't tell which made the sweetest noise, she or the robins in old White's orchard. When I turned to ketch her, them pesky red lips of her'n were poked right agin my face; the harnsome varmint hung onto me with both arms like all natur, and every time she larfed out, that tempting breath of her'n come right over my mouth. Consarn the critter, I eenamost gin her a buss afore I knew it, and when the tee-hee bust out through them lips agin, I had to stop her mouth for fear she'd scare the horse.

"Now you git out, Jonathan!" sez she, a righting herself agin in no time; "aint you ashamed?"

That stubborn old varmint begun another double shuffle, right there in the street, and it was all I could do to hold him in, so I hadn't no time to mollify Judy with another buss. The critter wouldn't speak a word all the way hum, but there she sot, with one arm round me kinder loose, as if she'd a kept herself on some other way if she could, and a holding on her sun bonnet with t'other hand, till one couldn't git the leastest peep at her face. It was purty near dark when we got hum. The cows stood by the gate a lowing to be milked. The old hens, setting ones and all, come round as hilter skilter, as if they were eenamost starved to death, and when we got into the kitchen, there stood the table jest as it was left arter breakfast covered with dirty dishes; the strainer lay in a leetle wad in one of the sarsers, and the cat was a licking off the cream from a pan of milk that stood on a chair by the cheese-room door. Marm had gone off and shut herself up in the out room, with a Bible and a hull heap of the "Midnight Cry" newspapers.

I swanny, it eenamost made me boo-hoo right out to see how the things lay about the house. There never was a neater critter on arth than marm; but the hull premises raly looked more like a hog pen than any thing else. Judy and I went to work like good fellers — she forgot to be mad and tackled to, washing dishes and gitting supper, while I went out to milk. Marm wouldn't come to supper, and par eenamost choked with every mouthful he eat, and yit

he looked more than half wrathful, as if he'd about as much trouble to keep his dander down as to hold up the tears that every once in a while kept a dropping from under his eyes down the side of his nose.

I guess you never sot eyes on so melancholy a set of critters as sot round our kitchen till midnight, for marm wouldn't go to bed, and we were afeared to leave her up alone in the out room, with that pictur of the horned beast a staring her right in the eyes. When the old clock struck twelve, we heard the out room door shut to, and by-am-by marm come where we sot in the kitchen, dressed out in a great long consarn like an overgrown nightgown, with white shoes on her old feet, and that gray hair of her'n a hanging down her back; I swow, it made me ketch my breath to see her!

I haint got the heart to write all the shines marm cut up that night and all day the Sunday arter — it seems like pokin fun at one's own marm — as she went from one room to t'other, a ringin her hands and a cryin her eyes out, because we wouldn't put on the robes she'd made for us, and go right up to heaven without making a fuss about it. I thought it wouldn't do no harm to try and rile her up to thinkin of something besides the horned beast.

“Marm,” sez I, all tu once, “I can't think of fixing up for t'other world yit, no how. I've jest got a letter from York, and if you're so detarmined

on going to heaven, I ruther guess York's the place for me."

Marm jumped right up from her knees, and sez she, "Jonathan, what *du* you mean?"

My heart riz, it was the only sign of gumption she had made for a hull day. Par looked up, and his chin kinder quivered, for he thought I was poking fun at the old woman, and Judy White, she sidled up to me, and sez she, all in a twitter, "Jonathan, you aint in arnest now?"

"If I was, would you give up and let me go?" sez I.

Darn the harnsome critter, how mad she looked! "No I wont nor touch tu!" sez she, and afore I knew it, she bust right out a crying, and went out of the room.

I didn't foller her, for marm had got down on her knees agin, and was a looking through her specs at a tarnal big thunder cloud that cum a rolling its blackness in knolls and furrows all over the sky, as if the world had raly cum to an eend, and all the niggers in creation was a going up fust.

Marm's face was as white as a taller candle, and she was enough to scare anybody out of a week's growth, a kneeling there in that white gown, and her old hands a wrenching away at each other, like a crazy critter. Thinks I, I'll try and rile her up agin, but it wasn't of the leastest use, she wouldn't git up from the winder, but knelt there stock still —

with her head flung back'ards, and the lightning a blazing over her steel specs, and the grizzley hair that hung away down her back. I swan to man, it made my hair stand on eend to look at her. By-am-by the thunder come a rolling and tumbling through the clouds, as if somebody was a blasting rocks up above; and the lightning come a streaming out agin in great blazes of fire, till it seemed as if all natur was turned wrong eend up, and all the brick kilns, coal mines, and founderies on arth were a playing away in the clouds, and a groaning and hissing through the rain that come down in pailsfull, and a scaring folks to death.

“There!—look a there!” sez marm all to once, a jumping up, and a stretching her arm through the winder. “I’m ready—I’m a coming!—Look a there, Deacon Zephaniah Slick—look there, my un-regenerated son—look!”

Sure as a gun, there was something all dressed out in white a standing in the orchard, right agin the winder. Par and Judy White—for the critter ran back from the out room when she see that I wasn’t a going to foller her—riz right up, and they wur about the streakedest looking critters that ever you sot eyes on. Jest then cum a loud noise—snort, snort, snort—from the orchard. “Oh gracious me!” sez marm—“the trumpet! the trumpet!”—and down she slumped on her knees agin.

“By gracious,” think sez I, “I’ll see what the

matter is, any how ;” so I gin a dive to the winder, and I hollered out, “shew—stuboy—git out !” but I kinder think I didn’t yell over loud, the words stuck like wax-eends in my throat, and afore I could git ’em untangled, out cum the noise agin, louder, and twice as sarcy as it was before.

Think sez I, “Gracious knows, I’m afeard we’re gone suckers, but I’ll try agin anyhow ;” so sez I, a clapping my hands, “git away, you varmint, tramp—scoot—stuboy—y—y—”

I guess I yelled it out like a training gun that time. The white spirit seemed to feel it tu, for it flung its arms in the dark, and gin us another blast of his consarned old trumpet. Jest then the lightning came cutting down agin, and—oh, git out!—it was only the old white horse, a snorting and a kicking up his heels, in the orchard. I sot down, and haw-hawed right out, till it was all I could du to catch my breath agin ; then I bust out agin, till par and Judy jined chorus, and we made the old house ring as if there had been a quilting frolic in it : just then the clock struck twelve.

“Hurra !” I sung out, “marm, the 23d of April has cum and gone ; come, marm, git up, the storm is blowing over, and the moon haint turned to blood yit. Hurra !”

I was jest a going to give poor old marm a buss, but par had got her in his arms a kissing her white face, and a boo-hooing, the old coot, like a spring

colt. So as the buss was all made up, and too heavy for my mouth, I gin it to Judy. And she handed over a cuff for pay, the tanterlizing little snapping turtle.

Judy was all sot to rights agin, afore the old horse had got over his double shuffle.

“ Oh dear, only to think that I should a cut up such a heap of factory cloth, and all for nothing!” sez marm, arter a good while.

We didn't say much to marm that night, but when par and she got up to go to bed, she took a slantindicular look at her robe, and then gin a sneaking squint at us. I couldn't hardly keep from busting right out agin, but choked in. And par says, — he never seems to mind it — “ you can use it for a night-gown.” When the old folks had gone, Judy and I went into the out room, and seeing as it was Sunday night, and nobody to interfere, we sot down, and hitching our chairs close together, didn't get sleepy till nigh about morning, but kept on talking, as chipper as two birds. I didn't say any thing to Judy about coming to York, she is a sneezer when her dander is once up, and I kinder think it best to come off, and then write a letter to her arter it is all done. She's allfired jealous of the York gals, and dreads them that dance like Miss Elssler as a cat hates hot soap.

I guess I shall cum any how, but not jest yit. I must git in all the onions fust, and help about the

grain some; arter that, you'll see me at the Brother Jonathan office as large as life, and twice as nat'ral. Par wont hear a word on it yit, I'm sartin, he got so allfired uneasy about me and Miss Elssler, that he sent for me right hum, when I was at the Express office; he thinks politics and dancing gals about the meanest things that a feller can hanker arter. But I'll set Captin Doolittle to arguing the matter with him, and as for marm, I guess she'll feel ruther tu streaked to make much of a fuss about any thing jest now. I meant to cum the soft sodder over her a leetle any how; so this morning I went out to my onion bed back of the barn, where the sun comes all day from morning till night, and I pulled up a harnful of young onions that would make your mouth water; they had the tenderest green tops you ever see, and when I held 'em up and shook the dirt off, they looked more like a harnful of snow drops a blowing out at the wrong eend, than any thing else. I gin these to marm, jest as she was a setting down to breakfast. She was eenamost tickled to death with them, and I reckon that is one long step towards York.

Mebby I shall be in York afore you git another letter from these parts, and mebbly not, there's no knowing when I can git away.

Yours tu command,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXVII.

JONATHAN ARRIVES IN NEW YORK.—TRAVELS ON THE DEACON'S MARE.—HAS TROUBLE WITH THE COLT.—VISITS THE JONATHAN OFFICE.—EMBARKS FROM PECK SLIP ON CAPT. DOOLITTLE'S SLOOP TO MEET THE PRESIDENT.—HIS INTRODUCTION.—JONATHAN'S IDEA OF THE COLD COLLATION.—THE RECEPTION.—LANDING AT CASTLE GARDEN.—REVIEW OF THE TROOPS.—THE PROCESSION, ETC.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

HERE I am, safe and sound, but about the tireddest critter that you ever sot eyes on. Afore I got to Bridgeport, I begun to be kinder sorry that I didn't stand my chance and come on with Captin Doolittle in the sloop, for the fust thing that I see arter I got tu cousin Smith's in Bridgeport, was the old sloop a scooting down the sound like a four-horse team, with all sails sot, and loaded down to the water with garden sarse. It seemed tu me that I could a'most see Captin Doolittle hissself, a standing on the deck and a poking fun at me for coming down on the old mare. The poor colt tu, was eenamost tuckered out, and I begun tu feel sort o' wamblecropped for fear

something would happen tu one of the poor critters afore I got tu York; but my keeping didn't cost nothing, and I got cousin Smith to put a good feed in one eend of my saddle-bags, and gin the colt a warm drink of milk afore we started in the morning, so we all three on us jogged on towards Stamford, in purty good condition, considerin. Our cousin at Stamford warn't tu hum, so I had to put the old mare and colt up to a tavern, and arter letting into a few of marm's doughnuts, that lightened one eend of my saddle-bags quite a considerable, I turned in till morning. The barkeeper made me pay three York shillins for the horse keeping. My grit riz at it, for the old mare looked as lank as a shad; but I didn't want to git into a scrape, so I shelled out, and rode along darning all the cousins to darnation. What are the varmints good for, if they can't be tu hum when a feller travels their way?

It was purty well into the morning when I got down to York, the old mare was eenamost tired out, and I begun to think she wouldn't cut much of a dash; but jest as we were turning down the Bowery, she got a sight of one of them consarned great railroad cars, and seemed to take it for a stable trying to run off; for she gin a snort, stuck her tail right straight out and her ears right up, and away she streaked it arter the cars, like a house a fire, and no engines tu be had. The colt, it come a whinpering arter, and if we didn't cut a figger, you never saw

one in the multiplication table. My coat tail was a streaming out behind, and I held on to my bell-crowned hat with one hand while I shook my bridle with t'other, and stuboyed the old critter along; for I didn't want the people to think that I was afeard to go as fast as any thing in creation took a notion to, if it was a steam engine loaded with fire and brimstun, insted of a harnsome bay mare with a nussing colt.

Jest as we got away down the Bowery, the cars stopped stock still, and the mare cum up and saw that it was only a box full of folks, she kicked up her heels till I was eenamost spilt in the street. The colt it come up and flurished its leetle spindle shanks agin the car, jest as its mother had afore, and away we went cutting dirt down Chatham Street like a streak of iled lightning, till I drew the mare up with a snort and a kick, that tapered off into a double shuffle right agin the Jonathan office.

It is a smashing consarn, that are Brother Jonathan building, five stories high, and chuck full of winders to the ruff. When they heard me holler out, whoa to the old mare, a grist of heads come a popping out of every winder, and a hull swarm of news-boys come a pouring out of the newspaper offices all around, with their mouths wide open, so that the hurras that they gin me, should come out round and hull, like a clap of human thunder — one on 'em took hold of my bridle. I jumped off, and

streaked it into the office, and right up stairs, three steps at a time. I found one room running over with harnsome gals a folding the paper; three more, chuck full of men hard to work; and turights, I walked right into the editor's room, with my hand out, and sez I,

“ How do you du ? ”

There was two or three chaps in the room, bright looking shotes, every one on 'em; they jumped right on eend; a tallish chap, with lightish kind of hair and blue eyes, that ketched fire every other word, like a loco-foco match, he jumped right up as suttel as a green walnut gad, and sez he,

“ Mr. Slick, how are you? Glad to see you in town. We'd about given you up — sit down, take off your hat, and let the wind winnow your hair — beautiful trees those in the Park — glorious day isn't it? That's right, jest git a good view of the fountain, magnificent, isn't it? — like a battalion of white war horses — winged horses mounting to the sky, with manes streaming in the breeze, and hoofs a trembling in the air — now watch it while it changes — there it goes, shooting up among the trees like a column of diamonds, branching off, and blossoming all over, with seed pearls, and — and,”

“ Hellow — hellow, I say, Mr. Neal — slack tackle a minit, du now ! ” sez I; that's you all over.

“ How do you du? As for that consarn out there, it looks about as much like a team of horses, as I do

like a nussing baby. Now, to my notion," sez I, a settling both hands in my trousers' pocket, "tu my notion, it looks like a crazy snow drift, let loose among the trees, or an ambitious mill dam a trying to run the wrong way; the trees are no great shakes nuther, we have got things a darned site greener than them to hum."

"When you're there, ha!" sez he, a larfing.

"Oh, you git out now," sez I.

Jest then, a clock out on the City Hall steeple struck. Mr. Neal, he jumped up, and sez he,

"We're tu late, the boat is off. There's your ticket, Mr. Slick, but it's of no use now."

I took the paper that he gin me, it was an invite to meet the President, and the boat was off.

"Darn me, if I don't ketch up with him!" sez I, and out I went, right ahead down stairs, without another word.

"Look a here," sez I, to the boy, that held the mare, "when the President comes in, you jest lead my horse down to the landing, and I'll give you a four-pence-ha'penny, clear silver, won't you now?"

"I'll du it," sez the little chap.

"You'll be a man before your marm," sez I, jest as I was a turning the corner, to go the shortest cut to Peck Slip.

Captin Doolittle was jest a hauling in, but I gin the old-bell crown a swing, and sez I, "Hold on, you

consarned old coot, hold on, and hist sail arter the President."

With that I jumped aboard a boat, and afore I reached the sloop she had worked about and was ready for a chase. The wind was coming right up the East River — and the minit I jumped aboard, Captin Doolittle, he and the black boy gin a hurra, and the way we cut water was a caution to small craft. We ploughed right ahead, full chisel, down the harbor, till by-am-by we saw two steamboats a coming towards us, brim full, and a running over with people, — with banners a flying, and colors a streaming — toot horns a blowing, and fifes a letting off Yankee Doodle — drums a rattling out "Hail Columbia," and the big paddles a playing the water up, till it seemed tu kinder ketch fire in the hot sun, and drop into the waves to get cool again.

"Captin," sez I, "hist another flag."

The captin, he put his chaw of terbacco into t'other cheek, and sez he, "I haint got none."

"I guess I have," sez the leetle nigger, a running down into the cabin.

In a minit he cum back with one of the captin's red woollen shirts, fastened to the eend of a bean pole, and he stuck it up on the stern of the sloop, jest as we cum bearing right down on the two steam boats.

A tall chap with a sort of good-natered face, but the darndest fish-hawk nose that you ever sot eyes

on, stood with a lot of fellers on the deck of the boat that had the most music in it — an old codger, with a blue coat lined and faced all over with yaller, and a cocked hat right on his head, with one eend curling up, jest over his nose, like a hen hawk ready to pick his eyes out, and with his two legs swallered up in a pair of black and yaller boots, stood close by the man with the nose.

“Captin Doolittle,” sez I, “get out the gun, there’s the President.”

“What, that old chap with the yaller legs and breast,” sez he, “that looks like an overgrown grasshopper a skipping out of the last century into this?”

“Jest so,” sez I, “that’s the President of the United States, I haint no doubt — so three cheers, and then blaze away!”

The nigger, he went down and brought up the old gun; Captain Doolittle, he loaded her down purty tight, pushed the charge hum with his ramrod, shook down the powder in the pan, and arter trying it tu his shoulder, sez he,

“Jonathan, go ahead!”

“I took a squint at the leetle nigger, tu see if all was ready, and then I off with my old bell-crown,” and sez I, “now!” — with that I gin it a flurrish, — “Hurra!!!” I yelled out like the burst of a cannon, — “Hurra!!!” sung out Captin Doolittle on the

taper eend of my yell, — “ Hurra ! ” squeaked the leetle nigger. With that the old gun, he banged away, and the tall man with the nose, he bowed and flurried his hand at us, and with that I saw Alderman Purdy, a chap that used tu cum to the Express office when I was there, and the minit he saw that it was me, the boat stopped all tu once, and begun tu snort and roll on the water like a sick porpoise, and some one sung out, “ Cum aboard.”

Captin Doolittle and the nigger, they let down the boat, and afore I knew it, there I was standing in the steamboat. The minit I stepped aboard, the swad of fellers on deck with toot-horns and fifes and drums, let out a hull thunder storm of music. Captin Doolittle, he banged off the old gun agin ; the leetle nigger, he got up an extra shirt, and gin another leetle hurra ; and Mr. Purdy, sez he,

“ Mr. Slick, the President wants to see you.”

“ Wal,” sez I, “ I haint no objection, only give me time to slick up a mite.”

With that I took out my hankercher and kinder dusted off my new coat and trousers, and slicked down my hair a leetle, and I followed Mr. Purdy right up tu where the President was a standing, in his yaller clothes and his cocked hat.

“ Mr Tyler, how do you du ? ” sez I, a taking one hand from my trousers’ pocket, and a holding it out.

The yaller chap, he stepped back a leetle, and the

tall coon, with the nose, he gin my hand a tarnal grip, and sez he,

“ Mr. Slick, I’m glad tu see you.”

“ You’re kinder got the advantage of me, I reckon,” sez I,—but that minit Alderman Purdy whispered to me,

“ Why, it’s the President,” sez he.

“ Gauly oppilus!” sez I, “ you don’t say so!”

“ Mr. President, how do you du, and how are all the folks tu hum, about these times, all purty smart I s’pose?” With that I worked away at the old chap’s hand, with both mine, as if I’d made up my mind tu pump an office out of him, afore I let go.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ Captin, I hope you mean to stay in York, a spell, now you’ve got here; some consarned harnsome gals about these diggings jest now, rale sneezers in the way of beauty, you hain’t no idee of that sort, nor nothing, have you?” sez I, a giving him a slantindicular squint from one eye, and a leetle punch in the ribs with the tip eend of my finger, “ no you hain’t now.”

The captin he larfed, and sez he, “ Oh no, I’m only making a little unpremeditated tour a — ”

“ Jest so,” sez I, “ an *accidental* visit.”

The captin gin me a squint across his nose, and then I made him a low bow, and sez I, “ Jest so; but the folks seem tu be rather tickled with sich accidents, don’t they?”

This seemed to kinder mollify the captin, and jest

as I was a spreading myself for a new speech, a feller cum up with a great red and green and white rosy, pinned on to his coat, and he whispered tu the President, and the President looked round tu me, and sez he,

“ Mr. Slick, they tell me that the collation is ready — will you go with me into the ladies’ cabin, and lead down one of my fair friends ? ”

I made him a prime bow — a rale darnsing school smasher — and, sez I,

“ Wal now, I don’t know what kind of horned cattle a collation is ; but seeing as it’s you, I’ll tackle in, if it’s only tu git acquainted with a downright genuine fair friend of your’n, captin ; for folks say that your friends are purty darned *unfair* in a gineral way.”

“ Folks don’t du me justice,” sez he, a turning red in the gills ; “ No man ever had better or more devoted friends on arth.”

“ What there is on ’em,” sez I.

The captin didn’t seem tu hear me, but he took out his chaw of terbacco and pitched it over the side of the boat. I dug both hands into my trousers’ pockets, and sez I tu the man with the silk rosy, sez I —

“ Come, now, I s’pose it’s about time for you and I and the President to be a movin. Where du you keep that critter of your’n ? ”

“ What critter ? ” sez he.

“ Why, the collation,” sez I.

“ Down in the cabin,” sez he.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ I hope the varmint is considerable tame ; but come on, whose afeard ! ”

With that, Captin Tyler and I and the old yaller chap, with a hull swad of fellers, some on 'em in training clothes, and some on 'em with cocked hats on, went into a leetle room fenced off from the deck, and there, jest as sartin as you live, were five or six wimmen folks, right in amongst all them men, like one clover top tu a hull hive of honey bees, a lookin as contented as git out. “ Wal,” think, sez I, “ if they ain't scared, I ain't.” The President seemed to know 'em, for he put his arm right under mine so arnest, that he eenamost lifted my right hand out of my pocket ; and, sez he, —

“ Ladies, Mr. Slick, of the New York Press.”

With that, I took off old bell-crown with one hand, and I put out my right foot, and gin a draw, kinder softly, into the holler of t'other, and I bent down like a jack-knife ; my eyes had tu kinder roll up a leetle, to look into the gals', and sez I, —

“ Ladies, I hope you're purty well ? ”

One on 'em kinder got up half way, she was a proper purty woman, and looked as good-natered and kind as a robin red breast in the spring time, and reached out that harnsome white hand, and smiled sort of softly, and sez she —

“ Mr. Slick, we're happy tu see you.”

Another harnsome critter in a checkered frock, a rale ginuine beauty, without paint or whitewash, she gin her leetle foot a twirl, and was a beginning tu reel off a curchy, so I jest stuck out my left stomper, and sot the hinge of my back a going for her; but jest as I was gittin heads up agin and my arms a swinging back tu their place, I ketched her a looking at t'other one, and a puckering up them lips of her'n, till they looked like two red rosberries jest a going to drop off from their bushes. I settled both hands back in my pockets agin, and stood right up parpendicular, as a true born American ought tu.

“Marm,” sez I, “what du you think of the weather?” and with that, I jest curled my upper lip and gin her a ginuine grin from one ear tu t'other, and sez I, “Look a here, marm, if you want to du this kinder bisness up harnsome; take a lesson from me; I ile the jints of my under jaw every morning. Them screw larfs ain't good for the mouth, you may be sure of that.”

The critter, she coloured all over, till she looked as sweet as a pine, then a lot of fun bust right into them blue eyes of her'n, and her pesky leetle mouth begun tu tremble and work itself about, like a red rosy a trying tu fold itself up into a bud agin; and then she bust right out into a leetle fined haw-haw; and two leetle teenty gals, dressed out in black, they begun to titter like two pigeons on a gutter — pesky sweet leetle varmints! — and a smasher of a woman, that

was older than any of 'em, she jined in and larfed sort of easy and nat'ral, as if she'd fed on nothing but ripe muskmellons for a hull fortnight; and then the President he jined in, and we had a fust rate haw-haw, right there in the cabin.

Jest then, a leetle chap, with an allfired swad of yaller hair a sticking out all round his head, cum in, and the good-natered lady in the gray dress, she hitched on tu the President, and a great tall chuckle-headed feller, dressed out in frock and trousers like a boy, with gold buttons a glittering all over his bosom, and a streak of gold a running across his shoulder, he made a dive at the harnsome gal in the checkered frock, the consarned overgrown coot! but I jest then sidled right up with my elbow ready crooked, and sez I, a looking as perlite as all natur, sez I —

“Arter me is manners for you.”

The feller looked mad enough tu eat me hull, without vinegar or sarse — but I didn't seem to mind it. The harnsome gal had clenched her white fingers over my coat sleeve, as loving as a young grape vine round a black elder bush; and when I git hitched on to a fust rate gal, all the fellers in creation may go to old Nick, for what I care. The old sogers, they mixed in with us and the fellers with silk rosies, and out we went, on deck and down stairs. The music, it bust out agin, and one of the fellers with a silk rose, he yelled out, “Make room for the Pre-

sident!" so the free-born Americans on deck, they crowded back and made a lane for us.

"Make room for the President and his sweet!" the feller sung out agin.

Think, sez I, "That aint fair now; the gal with the President is a nice critter as ever lived; but darn me if mine aint sweeter than his'n, a peaky sight," — so I sung out, and sez I —

"Make room for Jonathan Slick and *his* sweet!" With that I took a marching step and went down stairs heads up, and with the gal hanging on my arm, as independent as a corkscrew. Gaury! but wasn't there a feed, considering it was nothing but a cold cut — sich hunks of beef, and ham, and pork, and piles of bread, and bottles of "the critter," you never sot eyes on, without it was day arter thanksgiving. We all sot down at one eend of 'the table, and afore we'd got a single bite, the doors banged open, and down cum the freeborn citizens from on deck, helter skelter, higgle-te-pigglety, black coats, red coats, blue, green, every color on arth, and sogers, spartans, tailors, shoemakers — every sort of two-legged animals under 'em, eating away for dear life, and a drinking like so many house gutters, right afore the face and eyes of the President and me, with all the harnsome leetle sweets a setting round us, — I swan tu man! it eena-most sot me agin my victuals; and the harnsome gal by my side, she looked kinder scared, as if she hadn't ought tu be there.

“ Try, and take a bite, du now ! ” sez I, a piling some cold pork on her plate, “ it aint a mite rusty, and makes me feel a'most tu hum, it tastes so nat'ral.”

She put the leastest mite between them temptin lips, but didn't seem to eat with a relish yit. “ I swan,” sez I, a bending down to take a squint at her face, “ I only wish I could git aboard the sloop, and bring you a prime bunch of young onions. Wait a minit, and I'll try.”

“ Oh, no, no,” sez the sweet critter, “ I'd rather not — don't leave me, Mr. Slick.”

“ Darn me, if I du ! — onions or no onions,” sez I, but I felt kinder disappointed though, for a bunch of white onions, tops and all, would a ben prime with the cold pork — howsomever, I gin in as a feller ought tu, when a gal is in the case ; but I didn't feel a bit satisfied about the stomach. When the President got up tu go on deck agin, I looked into the gal's eyes, and tried not tu feel a hungry.

Oh, par, I wish you'd a ben standing on the deck, with us, when we went up ! It was a tarnation harnsome sight ; the water was a blazing with the sun, and a shining around us, all checkered over with boats, and sloops, and shipping of all sorts. Then right ahead was the hull city of York, steeples, housen, and wharves, piled together and heaped up with people a swarming down tu the shore, a hanging over the water, and a climbing up the masts all along

the East and North rivers, like bees in hiving time. Two all-fired big ships sot on the water, right agin the Battery, with a hull regiment of men, all dressed out in white, a standing up in the rigging, tu see the President and us cum in. The hills all round Brooklyn, was kivered thick with folks a hurraing and a flinging their hats up — and a leetle island that lies close up tu York, was chuck full and a running over with human live stock.

When we got agin the big ships, the men in the riggin flurried their hats and gin us a thundering loud hurra. The President he took his hat off, and I and the old yaller chap boosted him up onto a chair, that everybody might have a good squint at him. Mr. Curtis wanted tu hold on tu his coat tail, and make believe boost, but the old yaller chap and I — we shoved him off about the quickest.

“Git out,” sez I, “git out! if a President of the United States, can’t stand without the help of a pack of office-holders, he’d better fall tu once. Here’s this old revolutionary soger, and I — the army, and the people — if we can’t keep him up, he’ll have tu go tu grass, that’s all!”

But while we was talking, the two ships blazed away with every darn’d gun in their sides, and the sailors hurraed agin, and afore we knew it, a hull thunder cloud of hot smoke cum a pouring over us all — ca-smash went the chair, and the President he pitched head for’ard, right amongst the office-holders. The

old yaller chap and I shook our heads, and begun to feel a trifle streaked.

“ I’m afeard he’s a gone shote,” sez I, as the old feller put his cocked hat on agin.

“ A *unfortunate accident*,” sez a feller close by.

“ Not so unfortunate as you think for,” sez Captin Tyler, a jumping up, and a nursing his nose with one hand; “ I’ve had worse falls than this, and riz agin arter all. Give us another boost, feller citizens — I stand ready for a second boost.”

The office-holders made believe help him; but Lord a massy! they hadn’t grit enough tu hist a grasshopper out of a bog of swampgrass; but I and the yaller ginerel, though, we sot him up as good as new, afore half the smoke cleared off.

Jest as all was put tu rights agin, the brass cannon at the eend of our boat let off a blast of young thunder. We gin the ship a fust rate hurra, and the minit we were a done, Captin Doolittle and the nigger, they got up a small chance of a cheer, and let off the old gun agin, right under our starn. Arter that, we made a curlecue round both the ships, with our music a rolling out and our flags a flying, and Captin Doolittle he chased right arter with the red shirts a cutting capers from the beanpoles; and the leetle nigger, he stood on the bows a rolling his eyes, and a blowing away at Yankee Doodle on a crooked fife, like all natur. I swan tu man, it was enough to set a feller’s patriotism to working like a beer barrel! We gin

the ship another hurra, and cut for the Battery, with Captin Doolittle and the sloop a streaking it right arter; the guns on the leetle island they bellowed away at us as we cut by, and the folks on the Battery, they flung up their hats and hollered eenamost as loud as the guns that kept a roaring every minit, till by-am-by in we went ca-smash, right amongst the trees and a hull general training of sogers. The President and us, we walked ashore and went right into Castle Garden. It was stuck full of feller citizens and sogers, and the mayor was a waitin for us to cum up; he measured off a hull bilin of soft soap to the captin, and then the captin he stuck out his right arm and gin the mayor back as good as he sent, with a pint cup full over. Then we went out amongst the trees, the captin he got on tu a horse all fined off with gold and shiny leather; and then the leetle boys that hung on the trees as thick as acorns in the fall, they gin us a cheer, and jest that minit I see the newsboy a leading my mare right towards me. I forked over a fourpence-ha'penny and got ontu the critter, tickled eenamost to death tu git a chance to sit down agin.

That mare is clear grit, par, and no mistake; the music, and the guns, and the shoutin, had sot her blood a bilin, and she darnced about like a two year old colt jest off grass.

I rode through the trainers, full chisel, arter the President, and the colt, he cum a kickin up his heels

amongst the wimmen and children, as crazy as a bed bug. I pushed in close up tu the captin, and he and I and the rest on 'em rode along afore the sogers as crank as you please. But the mare, she didn't seem tu like the way they pinte them guns at her, and once in a while she'd kick up a leetle sarcy, and snort right in their faces like a tin toot-horn about dinner time. When we'd got about half way through the sogers — and it seemed as if all creation had got intu regimentals jest then — the mare she got anxious about the colt, and sot up a whinner that a'most shook me off from her back. I tried tu make her git along, but she only bust out in a new spot, dug her huffs close tu the ground and backed into the crowd till I got wrothy as all natur with her; but the more I laid the gad on, the worse she got, till by-am-by she stood stock still, a shakin her head, a stompin with her fore foot, and a yellin arter the colt like a love-sick gal.

The President he was a gitting ahead, and the darn'd coots all around begun to larf and poke fun at us, when the colt he cum a scampering through the trees, and a scattering hull squads of wimmen and boys, and babies, every jump, till he ended off in a crazy caper, all around the mare and me. This pacified the critter, and arter whimpering over the colt a leetle, she jogged on as meek as a cosset lamb, and the colt he follered close tu, till I came up with the captin agin, and then he'd stop every once in a

while, and face about, look right into the soger's eyes, so arnest, that they couldn't help but bust out a larfin if the President and I was a lookin at 'em.

It was about the greatest show that I ever sot eyes on. The Battery is one of the harnsomet spots on arth, all kivered with grass, and chuck full of trees, and a hull army of sogers, some in brown regimentals, some in green, with yaller feathers, and some in red, yaller, blue, and all sorts of colours, a wheelin round under the trees, was enough to make a feller proud of his country.

When we got to the gate, which opens at the eend of Broadway, Captin Tyler he got into a carriage, and wanted me to git in tu, but I was afeard to leave the mare, and so Robert Tyler, the chap with the yaller hair, we agreed to hitch tackle, and ride along with one another. A hull army of sogers with their drums a beating, and colours a flying, went ahead; Robert Tyler and I, and the colt, and a hull squad of other great men cum next, and then come on the President with his hat off, and a bowin to all the winders and stoops as he went along. Wasn't them winders and ruffs and stoops a sight tu behold! Every square of glass, and every railing that a critter could hold on to was kivered with folks. In my hull life, I never see so many harnsome gals. It seemed as if every man in York had hung out a sample of his family, for the fellers to pick and choose from. I

swan tu man, if it didn't seem to me as if all the gals in creation was a swarming round the President and I, like yaller butterflies round a mud hole, all on 'em anxious for a smile at one or t'other on us. It made the blood kinder tingle all over me to feel that hull battery of bright eyes a pouring fire down on us. I raly don't see how the President stood it! He couldn't, if the crowds of free-born citizens that swarmed every step of the way, layer on layer, hadn't kept him a shakin hands out of the carriage a'most every step, till he was clear tuckered out, and a'most wilted down in the carriage, long afore we got up by the Jonathan office. When the news boys see me and the colt, they sot up a hurra that outdid any thing I'd heard since we come away from the Battery, all the purty folding gals waved their hankers out of the second story, and every winder was jammed full, and all on 'em a lookin straight at me and Bob Tyler and the colt. So I lifted my right hand kinder slow, and took off the old bell-crown—I drew in the bridle so as to make the mare caper about right, and made six bows one arter t'other, till my forred near about touched the old mare's neck.

They gin me three more cheers of the tallest kind, as they say in York, but when I looked round, there was Bob Tyler with his hat off, and a shaking that swad of yaller hair about, jest as if *our* news boys would cheer him, or any body else, when *I* was a goin by!

“That’s right, Mr. Slick,” sez he, when he see my bell-crown off.

“*Par the President* must be a’most tired to death, a bowin and a shakin hands so much, it’s quite proper that you and I should do a little on it for him.”

“Wal,” think, sez I, “if you aint a self-conceited critter, I don’t know who is!” but the feller looked as innocent as a lamb, and I was afear’d he’d feel about as sheepish if I let out on him—so I put my bell-crown on agin, with a leetle knock at the top, for I had to settle the grit somehow, and sez I,

“Wal, Mr. Tyler—to git on a new subject—how’ll you swap horses?—say my mare and colt agin that harnsome critter of your’n, saddle and bridle thrown in?”

The feller kinder smiled, but didn’t answer right off, so I jest turned about and leaned one hand on the old mare’s cropper, while I whistled the colt up tu us, and pintoed out his harnsome head and chist, and the clean notion that he has got of flingin out his legs.

“He’s a smart critter, I can tell you,” sez I; “and as for the old mare here, she’s worth her weight in silver dollars. Haint got but one fault on arth.”

“And what’s that?” sez Mr. Robert Tyler, sez he.

“Why, she’s troubled with the *botts* a leetle, once in a while, but it aint nothin worth mentionin.

Mr. Robert Tyler he gave a start, and he turned as white as skim milk in the face. Sez he, all in a twitter, sez he, “Don’t mention it, Mr. Slick. My

par, the President, wouldn't let a horse go into his stable that had ever gin symptoms of the botts. It's an awful disease. Don't mention it tu him, for he'd never git over it, if you did!"

"Wal, then, I s'pose we can't trade?" sez I. "Think on it agin. Mebby you'll change your mind to-morrow."

"Hello!" sez I agin. "What's that!—Captin Tyler's druv his carriage right out of the ranks, and is gone full split down Broome-street."

Mr. Robert Tyler he turned his horse, and he and I and the colt took arter the President full chisel. We cum up with him jest as he was a gittin out before the Howard Hotel. He was so beat out and tuckered down that I raly felt sorry for him; for arter all that folks say, I believe that he's a good-hearted old chap, and wants to du the thing that's about right, if he could only be sartin what it was. He couldn't but jest hold up his head, and had tu go to the Theatre yit. As I was a looking at him, a notion cum intu my head, and sez I—

"Captin, jest put on your hat a minit, and drive down to the sloop—I've got somethin there that'll make your nose tingle, and chirk you right up, till you'll be as chipper as a squirrel in the fall time."

Captin Tyler he got right up, and sez he—"I'll do any thing on arth that'll make me feel better."

"Mr. Robert," sez I, "tell the gals that we'll come back right off"—so down we went. I helped the

President into the carriage, and in less than no time we got out and went aboard the sloop.

Captain Doolittle had gone ashore, and there wasn't nobody aboard but the leetle nigger. I sent him to the wharf for a pitcher of cold Croton water, and then I asked the President down into the cabin. It was cleared out, and swept as neat as a new pin. The table that stood in the middle of the cabin was scoured off as white as milk, and Captin Doolittle he'd hung up the the checkered curtins that marm made for him, right over the highest berth, till it looked as temptin as our spare bed. I gin the captin a chair, and he sot his hat down on the table, close by old bell-crown, while I opened a locker and took out a hull dishfull of the doughnuts that marm biled up for me afore I cum away. Just as I'd sot them on the table, the nigger cum with the cold water. I took it up to the locker, and filled in with vinegar and 'lasses enough to make it prime switchel, such as marm mixes up for the workin hands since you took the pledge, par. When I stirred it up well, and took a swig, to see if it was the rale critter, I got a tumbler, and arter fillin one for the President, I sot down, and sez I —

“ Now, captin, make yourself to hum, and take hold.”

He didn't need much urgin, for the switchel was genuine stuff, sweety and yet sort of tart, and cool as a cucumber, and the doughnuts beat all natur.

The President hadn't eat more than half a dozen, and had his tumbler filled about as often afore he begun to chirk up and look as good as new agin.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, "this is what I call livin';" but my mouth was half full of a middling-sized doughnut, and I had to wash it down afore I could answer.

"Help yourself, captin; don't be afeard — there's enough more where these come from," sez I, a swol-lering the last mouthful.

"Wal, I think I've done purty well," sez he, a stretching hissself up and putting his hands in his pockets, "I raly begin to feel like myself agin; that's excellent drink of yourn, ain't it, Mr. Slick?"

"Coolin'," sez I, "and ruther toothsome; shall I mix another pitcher, captin?"

"No, not now," sez he, "but I wish you'd write me out a receipt."

"I'll do it," sez I, "and glad of the chance, for darn me if I haint took a sort of a notion to you, captin; my opinion is that you're a rale genuine feller, if them consarned politicians would only let you be; all you want is a downright honest chap that'll tell you the truth right out, and that you can trust; he'd be worth a hull bilin of Whigs, or Loco-focos either."

"But where is he to be found?" sez the captin, sort of melancholy.

"Look a here!" sez I, a flinging one arm over the

chair and a leaning t'other elbow on the table; "look a here!"

The President he sot with both hands in his pockets a looking right in my face for ever so long, and sez he at last, sez he —

"Mr. Slick, will you go back with me to the hotel, and sleep with me to-night? I want to have some talk with you: of course you'll go with us to the Park Theatre?"

"With all the pleasure in natur," sez I, "and we'd better be a goin; take another swig of the pitcher, captin, and stow away some of the doughnuts in your pockets, they'll be prime at the Theatre."

The President said he'd eat enough, so as I was a follering up my own advice, he got up and was a puttin on his gloves, when he see his own pictur a hanging by Captin Doolittle's berth, and I could see that he was kinder tickled with it.

"The captin aint much of a politician," sed I, "but he bought that pictur because he parsists that it proves you to be the most consistent President that ever lived, when you veto so many bills."

"How does my face prove that?" sez he, looking sort of puzzled.

"Why," sez I, "he sez that a man that runs so ginerally to *nose* can't be expected to say *yes* when he don't want to."

The President he bust right out a larfin, and with that I took old bell-crown, and arter sending the

nigger to put up the mare and colt, I follered on to the hotel. — But its gittin late and I can't write any more till next week ; but mebby you'll hear from me then, for the President and I went to the Theatre, and slept together, and are as thick as three in a bed jest now, and if he haint no objections I shall write all about it, but 'twill be jest as it takes my notion whether I send it right on or print it in the Brother Jonathan.

I send you my pictur and the captin's tu, but it was engraved in a hurry, and aint nigh on so harnsome as either on us ; by-am-by, I'll set for another, and then you'll see a chap worth while a figgering in the Brother Jonathan.

Your dutiful son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXVIII.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN ATTENDS THE PRESIDENT AT THE HOWARD HOUSE. — VISITS THE PARK THEATRE WITH THE PRESIDENT AND HIS HANDSOME GIRL. — GOES WITH MR. ROBERT TYLER TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT AT CLAIRHUGH'S. — TAKES REFRESHMENTS WITH THE LADIES AT THE HOWARD HOUSE. — BED-CHAMBER SCENE WITH THE PRESIDENT. — SERENADE, ETC.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

I BEGIN tu feel a leetle sort of better, but nothing to brag on yit. I raly believe that I'd a been a gone sucker, if it hadn't been for the mustard plasters and the onions that Captin Doolittle kept a filling into me, outside and in, till I can a'most feel myself sprouting out greener than ever, and twice as strong. My gracious! when this ere influenza does git hold of a feller, it aint a critter that you can scare off in a hurry. It's the worst kind of a down-east cold, doubled and twisted strong; and if you don't humour it like a cosset lamb, jest as like as not, it ups and goes off, stuboy! into a galloping consumption; and

the worst on it is, it carries you off with it, whether you will or no.

Wal, let me see; I was a telling you about the President, and how he seemed tu enjoy the doughnuts and switchel aboard the sloop. The old chap took tu it like a nursin baby, and if he wasn't clear grit, and no mistake, arter it, I don't know the symptoms of prime living.

Wal, we went back to the Howard Hotel, and the President he jumped out of the carriage as spry as a kitten, and both on us run up the steps that open out of Maiden Lane, to git rid of a hull swad of office-holders that was a hurraing at the front door in Broadway.

The President he took off his hat, and slicked down his hair a leetle in the entry-way, and I pulled up my dickey a trifle, and hauled out a corner of my yaller hankercher, and sez I—

“Captin, go ahead, I'm all ready.”

Captin Tyler, he shook out his white hankercher a leetle easy, and arter nursin his nose in it a minit, he gin a snorter of a blow, and in he went, right intu the harnsomet room that I ever sot eyes on in my hull life. Nothing that I ever see at the Astor House was a primin to it. The carpeting was all fined off, and curlecued with posies, and green leaves, and morning-glory vines went a twistifying all over it as nat'ral as life, and all on 'em seemed kinder tangled up and trying to unsnarl all over the

floor, till it raly seemed like treading on a patch of wild posies, with the moonshine a streamin over it; you would a'most smell the roses when a feller sot his foot on a bunch on 'em, they were pictered out so nat'ral and temptin.

A great round table stood in the room like an all-fired big toad-stool, cut out of a solid tree, and fancified over with the heaviest kind of mahogany work; and a great big kind of a brass consarn stood on it, with a glass wash bowl on the top, all figgered off and chuck full and a drippin over with fire, that made the hull room look as light as day. You couldn't see the winders, for a hull dry-good store of the finest sort of white shiny muslin fell all over 'em, tied up and streaked down with blue silk and tossels, and with great sticks of solid gold pinte'd off at the eends, stuck through the top on 'em and a shining in the light. All the harnsome gals that I told you of aboard the boat, sot round so thick that you couldn't but jest see the way that the settees and benches were curlecued off; the cushions were all tосseled out with silk and kivered with velvet, as soft as a young gal's heart, and as blue as an old maid with tu much larnin. Golly oppolus! didn't they shine and glisten, and sink down like a posey bed in a hot sun, when them gals they sidled along and slid into 'em, so kinder smooth and lazy with their silk frocks on, them long shiny curls of their'n a streamin down their necks, and them consarned——

I swan, it makes me ketch my breath ony jest tu think on 'em! I wont say no more, par, or it'll set your old blood a bilin, tho' you be a squire and a deacon of the church. As for the captin, I swan tu man, I don't know how he stood it! He and I was jest like two stray shotes a running loose in somebody else's pun'kin vines, eenamost starved, but afeard tu take a bite, for fear the owners would yell out, "Shew! stuboy!"

The President, he sidled off to one of the cushioned benches, and sot down right in a swad of the harnsomest of the gals. They squeezed together tu make room for him, and larfed so good natered, and looked all in a twitter, they was so tickled tu git him among 'em; and there I was, eenamost alone, a standin up parpendicular, and a feelin as streaked as a pair of old cotton trousers in washing time. That pesky harnsome critter that wore the checkered frock aboard the boat, she got nigh agin the door, so when she see me a standin there, she pintered with that leetle white hand of her'n, and sez she —

"Why don't you take a seat, Mr. Slick?"

"Wal," sez I, a bowin, "I don't care if I du, jest to oblige you;" so down I sot, but the cushion give so, that I sprung right up on eend agin, and when I see it rise up as shiny and smooth as ever, I looked at her, and sez I—

"Did you ever!"

"It's elastic," sez she, a puckering up her mouth.

“I don’t know the name on it,” sez I, “but it gives like an old friend, so I’ll try it agin.”

“These cushions are very beautiful and pleasant,” sez she.

“Yes,” sez I, a spreadin my hankercher over the cushion and a settin down, “they’re as soft and blue as them tarnal sweet eyes of your’n, but not half so bright.”

She kinder larfed a leetle cozy, and begun tu play with a tossel that hung to a corner of her seat, and then she went to talkin with the fat woman that sot t’other side, like all possessed — the darned tanterlizin varmint!

The captin he was as chipper as a blackbird, with the gals around him a smiling and a twitterin as tickled as so many trout round a bait. It raly made my dander rise tu see it, and me a settin there as lonesome as git-out. There, jest afore me on the wall, was a great smashin pictur,—a rale pen of gold, with a man and a woman a huggin and kissin, and a lookin into each other’s eyes, right in the middle on it,—as if there wasn’t enough rale live temptin critters to rile a feller up without tanterlizin him with picturs tu.

There I sot, with old bell-crown atween my knees, fust a lookin at the President, then at the pictur, and agin at that consarned harnsome critter that I took sich a shine to in the morning, till it seemed as if I should go off the handle, all I could du. There

she sot, all dressed out in white, with them brown shinin curls of her'n a hangin kinder loose down her neck, and them round plump white shoulders a shinin through the muslin, that lay all in white shiny ridges over her bosom; and them blue eyes a looking at everybody but me. By Golly! it was enough to drive any human critter into a conniption-fit!—human natur couldn't stand it! But yet I choked in, and tried to feel tu hum, anyway. I didn't want them to think that I felt bad, nor nothing, so I jest slanted the old bell-crown a leetle downwards, and begun to drum out Yankee Doodle on the crown, with my thumb and fingers; and there I took it cool and easy, movin my head a trifle to keep time, and once in a while takin a kind of slantindiclar squint at the purty gal in white, to see how she'd act. The critter took to music as if she'd ben born a trainer—she gin up the fat woman about the quickest,—and I could see that leetle foot of her'n beatin time on the carpet, till the bottom of her frock that lay in winrows all around the chair, begun to kinder heave and flutter about like a bed of seed-onions all in flower, when it's a blowin ruther strong. Think, sez I, “If this ere leetle chance of music sets her feet a goin so, there's no knowing but a trifle more on it may git into her heart, and set that a jumpin arter the same fashion;” so I jest gin my fingers an extra snap, and let of into Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle alternately, till you couldn't but jest tell

which was which; and all the while I kept my head turned kinder one side, and a lookin right in them tarnal soft blue eyes of her'n, till I saw the blood a risin up into her cheeks, and them rosy lips begin to flutter agin, and she kinder looked towards me as if she felt a hankerin to creep along, and git close up to where I sot, like the gal in the pictur. I say, par, did you ever see a checkered adder a charmin a bird, with his head stuck up in the sun, and kinder slanted a one side, — his mouth wide open, and that are leetle forked tongue a tremblin in the middle on it, as if it was sot to dancin by that lazy 'hum, hum, hum,' that comes etarnally a bilin up from the pison critter's throat? Haint you never obsarved the purty bird, half scared tu death, and yit a flutterin closer and closer to the varmint, till by-am-by, she lights right in his jaw, and lies a twitterin there while he's a swallerin it hull? Wal, par, jest take away the pison, and you've some idee how I and old bell-crown come the soft sodder round that gal; but I didn't want to git her to hankering arter me tu much, for nothin on arth is so likely to cure a chap of a love-sick fit, as to see the gal a gittin tu strong a notion arter him; so I gin my fingers another snap, to change the tune, and tapered of into Old Hundred with a touch of Greenbank, and that froze her down, eyes, feet and all, in less than no time.

By-am-by, the chaps with the rosies in their coats, hev cum into t'other room, and so the President he

got up and said it was time for us to go to the Theatre. With that, the gals all huddled together, and follered the President and I into the great harnsome room, where the free-born citizens had cum, and it seemed as if they'd never git away; jest as I was a crookin my elbow for the harnsome gal, Robert Tyler, he cum in, all dressed out, and a looking as sharp as a two-bladed pen-knife; but his hair, it stuck out every which way, yaller, and a streamin clear down his back, till it raly made me crawl all over to look at him; I had kinder took a shine to the critter, and it made me feel awfully to see him make sich a shote of himself, so I left the gal to cut her own fodder; and I went right up to him, and sez I, in a sort o' whisper, sez I—

“Look a here, Mr. Bob Tyler, s'posin you and I go and take a walk?”

He turned round, as good natered as a pussy-cat, and follered me right intu the street.

“Mr. Tyler,” sez I, the minit I got onto the door step, a leanin agin the railin, and a settlin both hands sort of easy in my trousers' pocket, “Mr. Tyler, between you and I and the post, I don't like that hair of your'n, it makes you look tu much like a manglewozzle-beet a runnin to seed. A son of the President of these United States ought to be noticed for what's inside of his head, and not for such an eternal swad of swinglin-tow as that are,” sez I.

At fust, the feller seemed tu rile up a leetle, but

he raly has got a gинуine head and heart tu, and sich fellers may kick in the traces when you goad 'em a leetle with the truth, but they allers give in at the eend.

“ Mr. Slick,” sez he, by-am-by, “ Mr. Slick, you may be right, but some how, these freeborn feller citizens of mine seem detarmined to find fault with me every way; some are jest as much sot agin my idees as my hair.”

“ Wal,” sez I, “ tu tell you the truth, and no soft sodder, they can't be expected to believe much more in one than t'other. A man that runs so ginerally to hair, must be a smasher if he produce much else; sich a crop as that, would wear out the richest sile on arth in two years. Now, the only wonderment tu me is, that sich a bog of swamp hay as that are, and sich poetry as that critter with the long name that you did up in varse, could a come out of the same premises.”

“ I hope you don't mean to abuse Ahasuerus tu,” sez he, all in a twitter.

“ Darn me, if I du!” sez I. “ In the fust place, I haint got a jaw strong enough to grind out sich a consarned saxafax-root of a word; and then, agin, some of that poetry was prime, fust rate, and no mistake. There is one page there, about all creation a lying in a sort of a sick, sleepy, darksome state, that no man, with a soul in his body, ought to turn up his nose at. And then, agin, when you tell about

scorn settin like a sarpent on the lips of that long named chap. That is poetry, rale downright poetry. **I** don't think I could write better myself."

"Mr. Slick," sez he, a reachin out his hand, "is **this** your rale opinion?"

"I aint a feller to say what I don't think," sez I; "I don't look like none of your consarned office-seekers, du I? Is there any ile on my tongue when I speak, or soft soap about my jints when I make a bow? As a ginerall thing, I take a shine to that poetry of your'n; there's a leetle too much on it, and you haint hitched one part onto t'other, jest accordin to gunter; but if there's a trifle of chaff, it aint without some plump ripe grain tu, and I'll stick up for it as long as I live; but now du go and have that hair cut off—it aint harnsome nor democratic, and you can't afford it."

"Why, Mr. Dickens kept his'n jest about as thick and long," sez he.

"Dickens be darn'd!" sez I, "he's no great shakes arter all; besides, what on arth have we to du with the notions of these English chaps? That little fat queen of their'n can afford to have as many heirs as she's a mind tu, she don't have to grub down tu the hard work and support 'em—though if the Scripters say true, and 'they are all numbered' above, it seems to me that the recordin' angel must be purty quick at figgers to keep the accounts reckoned up straight; but in this free land of liberty, the heirs of

the President, or his children, don't count for nothin', so it's tu much for you to find keepin' for so many. Come along now, du. It raly makes me mad to see the leetle boys a pokin' fun at a fine chap like you, jest because you will make sich a darn'd coot of yourself in the way of hair."

Mr. Tyler he put his arm through mine, and sez he—

"Mr. Slick, come along, I'll du it!"

"Come on," sez I, "jest up here is a place that I went to once; the man that keeps it is a fust rate critter, and sings—oh, gracious, how he sings! there's more music in his throat than a hundred mockin birds would let off in a month of Sundays, and he'll cut your hair as easy as he can sing 'Green grows the Rushes O.'"

"What's his name?" sez Mr. Tyler.

"Wal," sez I, "I've eenamost forgot, but it's a downright jaw-cracker—as long as a sarmon and as crooked as a cork-screw: wait a minit and I'll tell you." With that I hauled in by a street lamp, and arter takin that bottle of hair wash that I bought for you, par, out of my coat pocket, I tried to cypher out the name. "*Clairehugh's Tricopherous*," sez I, a spel-lin out the words, letter arter letter, but arter all I couldn't twist my tongue into speakin it out, and I felt streaked enough. "I swow," sez I, jest a coughin a leetle, "this ere influenza chokes me so, I can't pronounce a bit."

“Let me see,” sez Mr. Tyler, a holdin out his hand for the bottle.

“Be careful now, and don’t take out the cork,” sez I, “it’s the clear critter, and eenajest the smell on it will set your hair a growin till a four ox team couldn’t hold it back. Oh, gracious!” sez I, “now du keep your glove on, or the palm of your hand will be all kivered afore mornin.” But he’d got the bottle close up to his nose, and was a readin away like all natur.

“Clairehugh, that’s the name,” sez he.

“Wal, didn’t I tell you so?” sez I; “cum along.”

With that I ketched hold of the feller’s arm, and in less than no time we were a goin up a pair of stairs out of Broadway into one of the purtyest places that ever you sot eyes on. It was a long room, all carpeted off, and sot round with benches kivered with shiny silk, and in the middle on it was a great round heap of silk pillars and cushions, one on ’em as big round as a cheese tub, and about as high, but all kivered and sot off with streaked silk. All one eend of the room, and all around the walls was squared off in checkers, and more than fifty lookin-glasses was let right into the sides of the room, sot around with white, and with gold sprigs a curlin all around ’em. One eend was all winders, and t’other was all lookin-glasses, and one took a pictur of t’other, till the hull seemed to be one consarned long room that

would take a half hour to walk over, though it warn't so dreadful large arter all.

We hadn't more than got into the room when one of the biggest lookin-glasses swung open, and Mr. Clairehugh walked in and made us a bow that I couldn't a beat myself. He's a proper nice feller, I can tell you ; there ain't a member of our State Legislatur that's got better manners, or speaks more like a gentleman. He seemed tu know what we wanted on him the minit he sot eyes on Mr. Tyler ; he jest gin his shears a twirl, and sez he —

“ The last fashion, I s'pose ? ”

“ Jest so,” sez I.

I hadn't scarcely got the word out when down cum a great hunk of yaller hair ca-swash on the floor. Mr. Tyler kinder gin a start, and rolled up his eyes, so sort a pitiful, that I eenamost felt sorry for him ; but afore I could say so, down cum another bilin, and in less than no time the critter was transmogrified till you wouldn't a known him. Mr. Clairehugh he rubbed somethin, that smelt as sweet as a gal's breath, all over his head ; and when he got up, his face didn't seem more than half so much like a gun-lock as it did afore, and there raly did seem tu be some shape to his head. Let me tell you, that Bob Tyler aih't to be sneezed at in the way of good looks, when his head is combed and his face washed ; he's a cute critter, tu, and I take to him as flies du to a 'lasses cup.

I wish you'd a seen the folks stare when we got

back to Howard's Hotel ; but they hadn't time tu say nothin, for the harnsome gals and chaps with the rosies, and the President and all, was jest a gittin into the coaches to go tu the Theatre, so we follered suit and cut intu the fust carriage that had any room in it.

They've ben a fixin up that Park Theatre quite a considerable, since I was there. The smashin great curtain that I writ about once, is pulled down, and a pesky sight harnsomer one hung up insted ; but I hadn't much time to obsarve it, for the Theatre was chuck full of folks, and the minit we went in, the hull bilin on 'em got up and begun to fling their hats about and yell agin, like all possessed. I tell you what, par, these ere Yorkers are nigh about tickled tu death to think that I've cum back agin. The President and I, we both got up and laid our hands agin our vest pockets on the left side, and then we begun tu grin like two whip-por-wills in a black alder bush, and sot tu bowin and rollin up our eyes, till they went at it a consarned sight more fearce than ever. Arter they begun to cool down a trifle, the President and I, we sot down on one of the front benches ; so I jest gin the harnsome gal a wink to set down close tu t'other side, and then the hull on 'em begun tu pile in, till we cut about as harnsome a dash as a'most anybody need tu see.

The mayor, he was a goin tu set down by the captin, but when he see me, of course he gin way, and sot on t'other seat. I swan tu man, par, that

are mayor is a prime chap, a rale downright gentleman, and no soft solder. I ain't jest sartin whether he's a Loco-foco or a Whig; but darn me if he isn't a fine feller, and numbers one in the scale of human natur. They say he's one of the cleverest critters to poor folks that ever lived. And I believe every word on't.

Oh, par, it was enough to bust a feller's heart to see the play that they was a acting out in the Theatre. There was a poor old critter that they called Grandpa' Whitehead, so infarm that he couldn't but jest walk, and he lived with a son of his'n, and he used to play all the time with his leetle grandson, and spent all his money tu git leetle wooden horses and sich things for the shaver to play with — the old grand-sire had been rich once, and an ungrateful shote that he'd kinder adopted, cheated him out of all he had on arth, and then scrimped out a leetle money back agin, twice a year, jest to buy back his etarnal small chance of a soul from Old Nick. Wal, old grandpa's son got in debt, and he hadn't nothin tu depend on but the old man's money, and then the clever old coon up and spent the hull on it the minit it cum, for play-things and sugar hobbies for his leetle grandson — for the good-hearted critter didn't know that his son wanted the money. Oh, dear, what mean critters this runnin in debt does make on us! When old grandpa's son found out that the money was gone, he bust rite out a swearin as mad as could be, and said he'd

turn poor old grandsire out a doors: the old chap heard it, and it nigh about killed him; the poor old critter took his hat, and kissed the leetle shaver his grandson, as if his poor heart was a bustin right there, and then he went straight off in a cold snow storm, a cryin like a baby without a house or hum to kiver him.

Oh, dear, suz! I couldn't hold in any longer, but boo-ho-o-o-ed right out afore 'em all. I couldn't a helped it if every critter there had ben a pokin fun at me for a great calf. The gals and wimmen folks all around sniggered out tu, and you never heerd sich a sighin and sobbin in all your life. The harnsome gal that sot by me, she gin clear out, and cried as if she raly would go into a conniption-fit. If I'd never took a shine tu the tender-hearted varmint afore, I should a melted down tu see her take on so. Arter all, a gal may be as harnsome as a pictur, but, if she haint got no feelin for others, she never gits tu the core of a feller's heart that's got one worth havin. I shouldn't a dared tu tuch that leetle hand of her'n with the tip eend of my onion grapple any other time, but when she bust right out agin so, I took hold of her hand afore I knew it, and sez I, a boo-hoo-ing all the time, sez I—

“Don't take on so, now don't.”

But she only bust out in a new spot; and, like a great bossy calf, I had to jine in agin.

Wal, by-am-by, a chap that lived with the scamp

that had cheated old Grandpa' Whitehead out of his money, he found the poor soul a lyin on the door eenamost froze to death. So he took him in all shiverin and shakin with cold, and his gray hair and coat all kivered with snow flakes, and he sot him down by the fire and gin him a hunk of short cake and a glass of currant wine tu drink, and that seemed to chirk the old critter up quite a considerable ; by-am-by his grand'arter, she was a lookin arter him, and cum in, but when the old critter found out that his son had ben sent tu jail and the family hadn't no hum, he flung up his wrinkled hands and his white hair flew about, and he was as crazy as a wild bear.

Wal, while he was a knockin away at the doors and hollering all sorts of things, the scamp that had cheated him, he come into the room, a poor, sick, peaked lookin varmint he was, and he couldn't stand the sight of the crazy old man, but went right down on his knees and owned that he was the darndest, consarndest, eternal scoundrel on the face of the arth, which was the ginuine truth and no mistake. Wal, the scamp he paid over all the chink, and there was a hull grist of huggin and kissin goin on, and the old grandsire seemed tu be about as near runnin crazy with joy as he had ben with trouble.

Didn't that gal's face look harnsomer while all this was a goin on ! Fust it was wet with cryin, and then a smile would bust through that mouth and all over her face, till it put you in mind of the sun when it cums

a steerin over a bunch of wild rosies arter a shower. But the old white-headed chap and the rest on 'em was a bowing to us from the stage; so as the President was tu lazy, I got up and made them a prime bow, for if he didn't know what good manners was, I did, and reeled it off without scrimpin.

Jest as I got up, the curtain cum down ca-chunk, and the folks all riz and gin me three cheers that made the blood bile in my heart like maple sap in a sugar kittle. Then a leetle, lank, office-seekin chap sticks hisself up in the back seats, and yelled out, "Three cheers for the President!"

But lord a marcy, cheers aint to be hauled out of a crowd of free-born citizens like fish from a mill pond. Two or three mean lookin shotes like him squealed out "Hurra!" but that bait wasn't temptin enough for knowin fish. I didn't want to make the President feel bad, nor jealous, nor nothin, so I jest gin old bell-crown a whirl, and hollered out, "Three cheers for *my* friend, the captin."

Gaury, didn't they let into it then! the ruff with all its picturs and curlecues seemed a liftin right up from the walls, hats and hankerchers streamed out, and sich a blast of human thunder aint heerd every night at the Park Theatre.

"That'll du," sez I, a sinkin old bell-crown, and lettin myself off in a bow like an iled jack-knife. "That'll du. Now, captin, I guess we'd better go hum."

“ But I’ve got to go the Chatham Theatre yit,” sez the captin, a takin up his hat. “ The Democracy, the Democracy, you know, Mr. Slick, that must be our fust consideration.”

“ You aint a goin, Mr. Slick ? ” sez the harnsome gal, a lookin with them two eyes right into mine, and a clinchin them ere white fingers over the edge of old bell-crown.

“ I ruther guess not,” sez I, a droppin my yaller hankercher over that pesky white hand, for it looked so temptin that I was afeard the President would want to git hold on it, and somehow a President al’ers does purty much as he’s a mind to with the gals, except now and then one that’s got a right idee of her place.

“ Wal,” sez I, “ captin, if you’re detarmined to tackle in with that arrimal that you jest mentioned, make up your mind to cut your own fodder. I go for human natur in gineral—the best part of human natur I take to be the wimmen folks—so, if you’d jest as livs, I’ll stay and go hum with the gals.”

With that, Captin Tyler and the mayor, and the chaps with the silk rosies went off; but Robert Tyler and I jest hitched on tu the wimmen critters, and took them hum tu the Howard Hotel. The landlord, he sent us some drink that was enough to make your eyes water; besides a great dish of pine-apples sliced up, sugared off and with wine poured all over ’em, that he sot right under the glass dish full of

fire, where they lay yaller and shiny enough to tempt a tee-totaler to break his pledge. The wimmen, they all drawed up round the table, and while they were layin into the eatables and drinkables, I jest sidled round to the harnsome gal and took one of marm's dough-nuts out of my pocket, and I slid it into her hand. I gin her a wink, and, sez I —

“Keep dark! I don't want tu be mean, nor nothin; I haint got enough to go all round.”

She was so tickled that she turned red all over, and eenamost larfed out; but she took the hint and rolled the dough-nut up in her hankercher, not to make the rest jealous.

Jest then, I slipped out and run down tu the sloop, for I felt a dry agin, and them pine-apples made me feel sort of womblecropped about the stomach.

When I got back, the captin he was there, jest a fixin for bed; the gals looked wilted and a'most tuckered out, but I hope I may be kicked tu death with grasshoppers, if Captin Tyler didn't up and buss 'em all — every darned one — afore he went. With that, I got up, and sez I, a wipin my lips, sez I —

“Captin, arter you is manners for me.”

The wimmen they huddled together like pullets under an old cart, some on 'em gin a leetle scream, and all on 'em was in a tarnal twitter. Poor critters! I s'pose they raly were afeard that I shouldn't kiss any but the harnsomest — but lord a marcy, they

didn't know me! I al'rs du the fair thing — so, like the old wimmen with their winter taters, I tackled the least temptin among 'em fust, and gin 'em all a rale ginuine Weathersfield smack that they seemed tu relish, for the onions I'd fed on a hull week gin a flavor to it, that must a ben prime, arter the captin's tobaccer lips. Besides, the captin's nose was so powerful long that he had to kiss sideways, which was rather awk'ard.

Wal, when I'd gone round, straight ahead, and no flinchin, I tapered off with the harnsomet gal; but I couldn't kiss them lips of her'n, for when a feller raly takes a notion to a gal, he's as skeery as a year old colt. I on'y jest touched them red cheeks with my pouters, but — ah, git away! — that one leetle touch made me tremble all over, and sot my blood a tingling more than all the other kisses I give that night, and some on 'em were prime, right on the lips and considerable lengthy.

Wal, jest as we got through, the landlord of the Howard Hotel — a nice harnsome chap — he cum in with a great candlestick of solid silver in his hand, and sez he, a bowin, sez he —

“ Does your excellency wish to retire? ”

Now my opinion is, that he ought tu have spoken to the captin, but as I've been called an excellent feller, ever since I can remember, in course it meant me, so sez I —

“ Wal, it's my natur to be ruther retirin, so I

don't care if I du; come along, captin, you might as well begin to practice now."

The captin didn't seem to hear me, so we follered the landlord into a room sot off as harnsome as any we'd seen yit, with a great high bed pillared off and curtined over till it raly made one sleepy to look at it. There was another glass bowl on a stem that seemed chuck full of moonshine, and great chairs, all cushioned off, and a slab of solid marble that seemed as cold as a tomb stone, sot in wood; and on that was a great white Chiny bowl and pitchers, as big as all out doors, and brim full of Croton water; and every thing else on arth that a critter could think on.

The captin, he offs coat and boots and gin a dive at the wash bowl, and if he didn't sudze his face and hands, I never see one that did.

"There, now, I begin to feel better," sez he, a wipin off with a towel that looked as fine as a gal's hankercher.

I was a pullin away at them consarned new boots of mine, but the contrary critters wouldn't give an inch, heel nor toe. I was eenajest out of breath, so I jumped into a great harnsome chair and histed my leg over the arm, and sez I, "Captin, give us a pull."

"That's it," sez he, a larfin, "everybody wants me to give 'em a pull, but none on 'em think to boost back agin."

But he took hold, and pulled away like a good feller. I hung onto the chair and worked my face

round like a gun-lock, for he hurt consarnedly, but tu rights off cum the boot, and over went the captin right on eend with the stomper in his hand, and keeled up a'most under the table. I jumped out of the chair and helped him up, and sez I —

“ Dear suz, you aint hurt now, are you ? ”

“ Not a bit,” sez he; “ I'm used to hard knocks in the sarvice of my friends.”

“ Darn me, if I don't believe that's the truth,” sez I; “ them friends of your'n will be the death of you yit. But never seem tu mind it; chirk up, and jest look a here.”

With that, I went up to old bell-crown, that I'd sot on the table, and I took out a bottle of switchel that I'd brought from the sloop and put handy; I shook it up, and arter takin a swig, I handed it over to the President. He gin an allfired pull — then he took a long sigh and went at it agin, till you could hear the drink gurgle in his throat as it went down. I swan, it did me good tu see him.

Arter the captin had purty well satisfied himself, he sot the bottle down and went to the marble table; he took up a leetle white brush that lay there and begun to scrub away at his teeth. I kept a purty good look out to see what he did, for I didn't want the captin to think that I'd ben brought up in the woods; and so the minit he'd done, I walked up, and sez I —

“ I reckon mine won't be hurt by a leetle scrubbin.”

He kinder held on a minit, and then he handed over.

“ You’re a true democrat, Mr. Slick,” sez he.

“ Jest so,” sez I, a scowerin away at my grinders.

“ Jest hand over that are towel, if you’ve got through, wont you?”

With that, I dived into the wash bowl and made the water fly about right, while the captin was a skinning off, and by the time I’d wiped the water out of my peepers, he was a standin there, all undressed, with a kind of a silk pudden-bag drawn on his head, and a great heavy tossel a hangin down to the bindin of his shirt. Between you and I and the post, par, Captin Tyler aint to be sneezed at, in the way of good looks, when he’s got his coat off— he’s a prime lookin old feller, and no mistake.

Wal, the captin he took another swig at the switchel, and turned in; so I peeled off as fast as I could, and follered arter.

I will say this for the captin, — he gives a feller a good half of the bed and don’t crowd. When I fust turned in, the bed was so soft and sunk down so, that I ketched hold of the captin to keep from fallin through. But insted of bein mad, as some stuck-up critters would be, he thought I wanted to lie spoon-fashion, and turned over as nat’ral as could be. But the tossel of that silk consarn on his head begun to tickle my nose so that it sot my influenza a workin, and I had a purty severe coughin spell.

When I got over it, the captin he begun to ask my opinion of things in general. I talked right up to him, as a free-born American ought tu, and he and I had a purty considerable confab — I'd tell you all about it, but don't think it jest the thing to get all a feller's secrets out on him, and then shell them out to the world. We talked purty nigh on to midnight, and jest as a ginuine snore had lost its way a trying to git through the President's nose, a hull storm of music bust out right under the winder. The President and I, we jumped right on eend, and dived head for'ard to the winder. There was a hull squad of fellers a rollin out the music, and a singin like so many good natured pussy cats shut out o' doors. When they see the President and I stick our heads out, they bust off into Yankee Doodle, and reeled it off till the President and I couldn't stand it; but we took in our heads and broke down into a double shuffle, right on the spot. Oh gracious! didn't we put it down! It raly was a sight to behold, — the louder they let off the music, the harder we put it down, till by and by they tapered off into another tune, and we broke right off short as pie crust, and each took a swig of the switchel. Then we stuck our heads out agin, and I took off the captin's silk consarn by the tossel, and gin it a swing, while he waved his hand about, and I yelled "Hurra!"

Oh, Lord a marcy! if there wasn't that fust rate critter, the mayor, cum all the way down to see if we'd

got to bed safe. Par, don't forget to send him a hull barrel of red onions by Captin Doolittle the next trip. I've took a shine to that man.

The muzisioners cleared out, and the President and I went to bed agin. But let me tell you one thing, par — Captin Tyler ain't a man to be sneezed at — he balks at your consarned tangled up half for'ener music; but give him the ginuine Yankee Doodle, and no demisemiquavers, and he'll go through it heel and toe like a good feller. But if you once put him out, he'll cut in with a double shuffle, and as like as not smash the fiddlers. I can't right no more to-night, but remain,

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXIX.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN GOES TO SEE MR. MACREADY.—DESCRIPTION OF THE THEATRE.—INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO A HANDSOME GIRL AT THE THEATRE.—ENTERS INTO A FLIRTATION.—PROMISES TO VISIT HER.—JONATHAN TAKES A NOVEL METHOD OF PROVIDING HIMSELF WITH A FASHIONABLE DRESS.—QUARRELS WITH CAPTAIN DOOLITTLE.—IS RECONCILED, AND STARTS OFF TO MAKE A MORNING CALL ON THE HANDSOME GIRL.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over to Wethersfield, State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

HERE I am agin, safe and sound, large as life, and chipper as a grasshopper on a high rock in a sunshiny day. I tell you what, — a few ginuine huskings to hum, with purty gals to put the music in a feller's elbows, as he strips the husks off from the corn, is jest the sort of occasions to put the grit into a feller from top to toe, — jest top them off with an apple cut or so, sich as we had to our house when you and marm cut about amongst the gals and the young chaps, like two spring colts jest let out to grass; and taper the hull off with a week sich as I had a ropin onions with Judy White, with her pesky red pouters

a one side, and two or three prim Weathersfield gals on 'tother, a turning their good natured eyes at a feller every string, till his heart is a cuttin pigeon wings agin his ribs to the music of their larf — jest let a chap get used to that sort o' pastur, and consarn me, if it don't du more towards making a ginuine man of him than a hull etarnity of York life, where every other man and gal you meet have got their hearts so tarnally used up, that they have to lean agin their back bones to rest more than half the time, and likely as not git sound to sleep at that.

The old sloop jest hit the nail on the head, and hauled in to Peck Slip the night arter Mr. Macready, a smashin actor from the old country, got to the Park Theatre, where he's been a acting out things that'd make your hair stand right up an eend, eenajest to see it. I tell you what, he's a hull team, and a horse to let — no mistake in that.

Wal, the minit I got in and found out what was goin on, think, sez I, "I'll go and take a squint at this chap, — he seems to be kickin up an allfired dust, and I should like to know what it's all about." So I up and put on a clean dicky, and slicked down my hair with the eend of a taller candle. Captain Doolittle, the mean snipe, wouldn't unhead a cag of that lard, so as to let me put on the extra shine, consarn him! — and arter brushin down with a harnful of straw that I took from an onion barrel, I jumped on deck as neat as a new pin. It was

eenajest dark, so I pulled foot right to the theatre, and went straight ahead up the steps, jest a stoppin to take a squint at the buildin, that looked kinder like an old friend with a new coat on, or a young gal jest fixed up for a sabberday. It's all slicked up and smoothed down, and painted over so consarned handsome, I wish you could see it. The man at the leetle green flannel door, he didn't seem to know me at fust, but I jest took off my hat and gin him a look that did the business for him in no time.

"Mr. Slick," sez he, "how du you du? walk in."

I put on my hat agin and went in, — but, lord a marcy! the hull house was chuck full and runnin over with folks. You couldn't a hung up a flaxseed edge-ways, they were so allfired thick; but the chap in the entry way, sez he, "Seein it's you, I'll try and pinch out a corner;" and sez I, "Jest so."

Gauly oppilus! but aint they fixed up that Park Theatre in the inside! The ruff is all curlecued over with leetle naked babies a cuttin about among the pictur clouds, — and gals as large as life, and eenamost as nat'ral, a playin up there like all possessed, and a flingin down posies that some how never fall, or get only jest so fur down, night in and night out. Then there's the great golden dishes a hangin up all round, and a drippin over with light, and chunks of gold a shinin every which way, and picturs, and red curtains, and red cushions on the benches, all branfired new and shinin like a gal's face when she's a fixin to be

married. I swow, it eenamost dazzled my eyes when I went in.

Wal, I sot down on a bench runnin over with harnsome gals, that squoze close together and squinched themselves up to make room for me. I hadn't room to put both arms down to once, so one on 'em kinder fell over back of the bench, and, afore I knew it, was eenajest round the harnsomest critter that I ever sot eyes on in my hull life. Did you ever see a race horse up on eend for a run, with his neck curled over like an ox bow, and his skin shinin like a junk bottle? Did you ever look into the critter's eyes, and see the fire dancing through the black? — arnimal lightning, every darned spark on it. If you've seen that are, then you've got some idee of the allfired smashin critter that my arm was eenamost girting afore I took a squint at her face.

Wal, she squinched a trifle and gin a leetle start, and then gin me a look with them eternal long big eyes that made me a'most jump on eend, and yit I sot like a great gawk a staring right intu her face, jest as if I hadn't no marners. Quill wheels and cheese presses! wasn't that critter something worth while! sich lips — red as a blood beet, and shiny as a harmful of wintergreen berries! Consarn it, if ther'd been a honey bee in the theatre, he couldn't a keep from lighting right between 'em; and if he didn't find the breath as sweet agin as all the honey he ever stole from a clover top, I must a been darndly cheated by

the looks on 'em — that's jest it! Her neck, and that great broad forred of her'n, looked sort a brown and slick, alike a hazlenut jest afore it rattles from the shuck; and I never see a crow a flying in the hot sun so black and shiny, as the thick swad of hair that hung braided and twistified up with gold chains, rale gинуine gold, all round that harnsome head of her'n. I swan tu man, she was the fust gal that ever^r made Jonathan Slick feel as if he wasn't tu hum in good company. Our black colt, with his taperin limbs, that soft shiny mane, and them eyes that seemed to ketch fire when the sun strikes 'em — is about as much like a common cider-mill horse, as she is like the generality of wimmen folks. She was eenajest as tall as I be, and big enough every way to match — a rale downright sneezer of a gal, that a'most took away my breath every time my eye ketched her'n; and consarn me, if that wasn't every two seconds while I sot there.

If somebody had knocked me into the middle of next week, I couldn't a kept my eyes off from the proud lookin varmint; and arter the fust dive she seemed to take about as much of a shine to me as I did to her; and when she did kinder start up, it was jest to scrouch a leetle closer to me than she was afore; and it was all I could du to keep from tightenin my arm a trifle, right there afore 'em all. I didn't see any more of the acting that night, I can tell you, but sot there kinder scared, and then agin

sort a tickled, without knowin for sartin which eend my head was on.

By-am-by, she looked up as soft as a mealy potater, and sez she, eenamost a whisperin, sez she, "You don't see well—will you take a glass?"

"I'm obleeged to you," sez I, a straightenin up as parpidiclar as a man that's signed the pledge ought to, when he's led head over heels intu temptation. "I'm jest as much obleeged as if I'd drunk a quart. But I'm a teetotaller tu the back bone, as temperate as a watercress; straight up and down in that are purticler as a streak of lightnin keeled eend up."

By gosh, didn't them whoppin black eyes of her'n open and grow larger while I was a sayin that! Her cheeks, tu, got redder and redder, like a winter apple in the fall time. Think, sez I, "Jonathan Slick, you've done it now! jest kicked over your own milk pail, you tarnal fool you; you're jest like all the other coots that can't keep from makin hogs o' themselves, without raisin a touse about it, and yellin out for the hull arth to see how much better they are than other folks." With that I jest bent over a trifle, and grinned jest enough to show my corn-grinders; and sez I—

"Them eyes of your'n, marm, are enough to intoxicate fifty jest such chaps as I am, without the help of licker. I'm ready tu mix spirits at them kind o' wells tu all etarnity, and a day arter; so jest put that shiny leetle bottle up."

The critter had been holdin up a leetle bottle, sort o' long, and sprigged over with gold, with a handle of solid gold, that kinder slid about on it. It was a darned harnsome consarn, and wouldn't hold more than half a pint, at the most. But when I said *this*, she dropped it in her lap, like a hot potater; and there it lay, sort a buried in the ridges of shiny black velvet that her dress was made on; and that all-fired harnsome face of her'n was kinder turned up tu mine, chuck full of wonderment; and then a larf bust right out, all over it, till her eyes and her mouth, and every purty spot in her head seemed to be a talkin to each other, like a nest of young robbins a tryin to sing, and yit the critter didn't make a mite o' noise.

I could feel the larf a streakin it over my face tu, for, think, sez I, "Jonathan, you've made one convart a'ready." So, jest tu keep the good cause a goin, I took the gal's hankercher, all made out o' stitch-work and shiny lace, out of her hand, and laid it over the bottle; and sez I—

"There, cover the varmint up, that's a good gal, and don't use it agin—there now—will you?"

She kinder gin a leetle start, and dropped her hand, as if to pick the hankercher up agin; and some how afore I knew it, that pesky little soft hand was tangled all up in mine, and both on 'em kinder crept under the hankercher, like two mice in a pan o' meal.

Oh, git out! but wasn't I skeered! At fust, I wouldn't a looked in her face for fifty cents; but sot right up, parpendicular as a cro-bar, a lookin at the stage afore me, with all my might; for I expected every minit that she'd cuff my ears right there, afore all the folks.

But I needn't a got into a fit of the dreadful suz, on that account. Her hand took tu mine as a kitten does tu warm milk. It lay as contented as a humming bird gone tu sleep under a seed onion top.

By-am-by I took a squint at her, and there she sot, lookin right straight ahead, jest as if butter wouldn't melt between them tanterlizing red lips of her'n. I never see a cosset lamb cropping white clover look half so innocent.

Somehow I didn't seem to be much skeered arter that, nor yet quite satisfied. I'm one of them sort o' chaps that likes to club down my pears and peaches. When they get so ripe as to tumble down round my ears, they al'ers seem too meller for hearty eating. Gals don't know which side their bread is buttered on, when they let a feller come the soft sodder over 'em tu easy. But yet, think, sez I, "who keeres?" It aint every chap that finds such a leetle white plump hand a droppin into his the fust night he comes tu York, let alone sich a face to back it up.

Wal, there we sot and sot, till the curtin right afore us came down ca-chunk agin the floor, and all the folks riz up as if it was time tu be a goin.

The gal got up, took the bottle and hankercher in one hand, and seemed tu be kinder lookin around for something. I was jest a crookin my elbow, and had eenamost said, "Shall I have the pleasure to see you hum, marm?" as we do at singin school, when a feller that had been settin right behind us riz up, and stuck out his hand as nat'ral as git out.

The gal kinder gin a turn, and while she made bleeve pin her shawl, chucked a piece o' paper into my hand, and put the consarned little hand that I'd been a nussing in mine, right through that tall chap's arm, and went off as if nothing was the matter. I turned round like a great gawk, and took arter 'em. I jest ketched one squint at them tarnal black eyes and at a swad o' hair that stuck out on his upper lip, like a gray cat's whiskers, and then I found myself standing, like any other darned coot, all alone under a street lamp, a tryin to cypher out the leetle fined words writ out on that piece o' paper. Arter a good deal of extra spellin I found out the meanin, and that was an invite to come and see that gal in the morning, at a house in —.

Wal, I did the paper up, put both hands in my trousers pockets, and arter lookin at myself from top to toe, sez I—

"Jonathan Slick, you must be a consarned sight harnsomer chap than ever I took you to be, that's my ginuine opinion!"

Wal, I couldn't ketch a wink of sleep all night,

but kept up a tarnal thinkin about that gal; and there lay Captin Doolittle a snorin away in the berth right above me, like a tin peddler's toot-horn run crazy. I swan, it was as much as I could du to keep from gettin up and chokin the varmint. Tu-rights the daylight cum a sneakin intu the cabin as lazy as ever you see daybreak come on; and jest arter the sun got up, Captin Doolittle begun to stir his stumps about breakfast. He and I and the little nigger sot down, but I felt kinder peaked and couldn't hoe my row a bit; so the Captin and the nigger did extra duty, and stowed away for me.

By-am-by I got the varmint out o' the sloop cabin and begun to slick up. Fust, I pried open a cag o' that are lard, and arter rubbin a chunk on it in my hand, I jest gin my hair the darndest slikin down that it ever got on arth. And then I got Captin Doolittle's pipe and stuck the handle eend into the stove, and when it was about hot enough to sizzel the lard, I sot down and twistified my hair round it, one lock arter tother, till it hung down my neck like ten thousand dandelion stocks, arter they've been curld up by the school gals. Arter I'd got it purty well fixed off behind, I took one lock jest over my forred, and gin it a slantindicler twist, till it fell with the curley eend a'most to the roots of my nose, and then it quirled a sort o' accidentally-done-a purpose, that made me seem more like one of these

ere new-fangled poets, than half a thousand fust rate varses would a done.

Oh dear suz! I wish marm hadn't made them new checkered trousers of mine so allfired tight. The rale tip top chaps down here, have theirs puckered up around the hips like a gal's petticoat, with pockets sot into each leg, and without a mite of galuses to keep 'em up. I snuggers, it made me feel streaked all over, to think of goin to see a harnsome gal with my legs a stickin tight to my trousers like two tallow candles in a tin mould.

"Gauly oppalus! that's jest the thing," sez I all to once, a jumpin up and cuttin a pigeon wing on the locker; "I'll make it du, or there's no snakes!"

With that, I jest went to Captin Doolittle's chist, and took out a branfired new pair of trousers that he'd jest got made sailor fashion, and checkered off to kill. When the Captin stands up parpindicler he's about my height, and more'n as pussy agin. So I jest put on his new trousers, and pleated over the wazebands with a row of big pins, till they stuck out every which way, like a sunflower jest beginin to open. There was no findin fault with that sort o' fixin, it was the ginuine critter, and no mistake. The pockets warn't jest in the right place, but I ripped up the sides a leetle, stuck my yaller hankercher in, and pinned it tight to the pletes to be sartin, and not lose it, with one corner jest a sticking out. I tell you what, it was the clear chalk, the ginuine

thing. And when I got on my figgered vest and my blue bob-tailed coat, I guess you haint seen a better lookin chap in a hull month of Sundays.

Wal, I brushed old bell-crown up a trifle with my coatsleeve, and arter shakin a winrow or two of the captin's trousers down over my cowhide boots, out I went on deck, as large as life, but feeling like a streaked snake that's jest lost his old skin and haint got used to his new one yit.

Captin Doolittle and the little nigger were a standin on deck. The nigger he snorted right out a lafin when he see me, but I made him shet up about the quickest, the varmint. The last I see on him, he was a goin down stairs like a streak of greased lightnin, with both fists in his mouth, to keep from haw-hawin out agin.

I couldn't help but feel a leetle streaked when Captin Doolittle turned round to take an obsarvation; for I was sartin that the old fox would peel me, as he would peel bark for a willow whistle, if he knew the trousers agin; for he's a mean old shote about lendin things, and al'ers was.

The old feller let out his knees a little, and kinder cruched down, while he dug his hands intu both his pockets, and eyed me from top to toe, fierce as a turkey gobbler at a red blanket.

"Hello there!" sez he; "hello, you! Jonathan Slick, what on arth are you doin with my new trousers?"

I jest turned round so as to bring his eye agin the pocket in the leg, with my yaller hankercher a stickin through, and sez I, "Why, how you talk! You don't say so, now, du you?"

"Oh, you get out!" sez he, a puckerin up his lips as if he wanted to whistle. "If you were in the woods now, the screech owls would die a larfin to see you in that fix up."

"Per'aps you aint the best judge in all creation of what a gentleman ought to put on," sez I, a rilin up; for there the varmint stood a eyeing me kinder slantindiclar, whilst he whittled off a cud of tobaccer and tucked it away in his darned lantern jaws.

"Now don't get mad nor nothin," sez he, a doublin up his jack knife, and droppin that and his plug of tobaccer down into his trousers' pocket. "I wasn't born in the brush to be scared of garter snakes, you ought to know — and to tell you a downright honest truth, Mr. Slick, you look more like a young rooster feathered down to his claws, than a human critter, let alone the son of a deacon of the church."

"Captin Doolittle!" sez I, eenamost out o' breath, for my dander riz up so fast that it rolled together in chunks and stuck in my throat, "If you don't jest leave off poking fun at my clothes, and mind your own business, I'll—I'll—"

"Wal, what on it?" sez he, a digging his hands

down deeper yit into his old pockets; "don't stop your sled for jumpers, — what on it?"

"I'll settle your hash for you, you mean old shote!" sez I, a doublin up my fist, for I was gittin savage as a meat-axe.

"Du it," sez he, "du it, if you've got pluck enough; who's afeard? — I aint."

Par, you'll bust right out cryin here, I know you will; for as true as you live, I up and I hit the old critter a lick that sent him right back'ards agin the boofn. I didn't mean to — I was so wrathy I didn't think what I was a doin, till he jumped up and ketched me by the neck hankercher with both hands, as if he meant to shake me. He gin the hankercher a twist with one hand, and I felt his breath a pourin into my face like the steam from a biling kittle — but all to once he let go, his hands dropped down, and his face turned as white as any curd. He kinder settled back a trifle and sot down on a cag of apple sarse, kivered his face with both his hands, and there he sot.

I never felt so in my born days. I could a crept through a knot hole, I felt so dreadful mean. I looked at the poor old feller a sittin on the cag of apple sarse, with his face kivered up, and a lookin as if his heart would bust. I could see it a heavin agin his red shirt, till by-am-by his hands got onsteady, and then the tears cum a pourin right from between his old wrinkled fingers, jest as you've seen the rain

a beatin through the dry leaves that hang to the tree after winter comes on.

Oh, par! don't say nothin to me when I git hum. I felt bad enough for what I'd done, without bein twitted on it. At fust, it seemed to me as if that poor old critter had twisted my neck hankercher around my throat, I choked so. But when I put my hand to tear it off, it hung there all untied; and I couldn't think what it was a stranglin me so, till the tears took to streakin it one arter t'other down my cheeks, and I felt my legs sort or shakin in Captin Doolittle's trousers, as if somethin dreadful was the matter with me.

The leetle nigger stuck his head up through the gangway, and kept a turnin his great sarser eyes, fust at me and then agin at the Captin, as if he didn't know what tu make on it. I swow, Par, I was ashamed to look right straight at the black varmint. If you or marm had been by, I'm sartin I should a wilted right down. It seems to me as if every thing that Captin Doolittle had done for me in my hull life, cum to my mind when I was a lookin at him. I seemed to see him a bringin hum figs and raisins for me, when I was a leetle shaver in frock and trousers. I thought of the times when he made my sleds, and drew 'em up hill for me when I tired out; when he'd roped my onions arter his own day's work was done up, and ciphered out sums arter ten o'clock at night, to keep the master from lickin me the next day.

Only tu think that he'd slept at the old humsted, and helped you along afore I was born ; and then, that I should be left to lift a hand agin him ! I tell you what, par, I felt like Judas Iscariot with the thirty pieces o' silver a burning into his hand, jest as he made up his mind to hang himself. But yit, I didn't want tu say so while the nigger stood there a gawkin at us. But the longer the old chap sot, the more oneasy I begun to feel, till I couldn't stand it no longer ; but I went right up tu him, and sez I, as plain as I could git the words out, sez I —

“ Captin, don't take on so like all natur ; I wish tu goodness my mud-grappler had been cut off close up to the wrist, afore it hit you that way. Gracious knows, I'm sorry enough for it ! ”

The old chap clinched his fingers together, and dropped his hands atween his knees, then he kinder winked his eyes, and gin his head a shake till the tears flew, to make believe he hadn't been a cryin, and sez he —

“ Jonathan,” sez he, “ du you raly feel sorry ? ”

“ Captin,” sez I, — and it was all I could du to keep from boohooing right out loud, — “ Captin,” sez I, “ if you'd been my own par, I couldn't feel worse ! You can't tell any thing about it how streaked and wamblecropped I'm a gittin every minit.”

The old feller kinder shook his head and winked away the tears agin, harder than ever ; then sez he —

“ Never seem tu mind it, Jonathan. I was a

consarned sight more to blame than you was. I hadn't no bisness to aggevate you so."

That made me feel worse agin than ever. "Not by a jug full," sez I. "A fellow of my size that can lift his fist agin an old friend like you, with gray hair a blowin about his forred, ought tu be kicked tu death by grasshoppers, and have his buryin hymn sung by tree-toads. Hangin is tu good for him."

"You hadn't ought to talk agin yourself in that way," sez the captin. And when he looked up to me he kinder smiled, till his face looked jest like a frost-bitten russet apple when its beginin to thaw out. "I was a darned old chucklehead to stump you to strike me. I might a known you couldn't keep from bilin over. Your own par wouldn't a stood it, if he is a deacon."

I wish to gracious the old shote had got up and keeled me over with both fists tu once, instead of turnin round that way, and blamin hissself, and then I shouldn't a felt so allfired wrathy with myself. I'd a gin the nigger fifty cents if he'd a lent me a kick; but insted o' that, there the cuffy stood, eenamost cryin, and lookin as sober as a meetin-house clock. And there stood Captin Doolittle with the good natur a lookin out all over his wet face, and the tobaccer a lyin still inside his cheek, for the old critter had forgot tu chaw it, he was so kinder hurt. There he stood, with one hand held out and t'other a wipin his eyes; and sez he —

“Come, Jonathan, now let’s make up.”

I gin his hand a grip that made the tears start agin, and with that we shook hands up and down, as if each on us had detarmined to pump the other dry, so that he needn’t take to boohooing agin.

“Look a here,” sez I, — for I begun to feel streaked consarnin the trousers, — “I didn’t mean to wear em off without tellin you all about it.”

“Wear what off?” sez he, a giving my arm another tug.

“Why the trousers,” sez I.

“Darn the trousers tu darnation,” sez he; “go to grass with em for what I care.”

“I shall al’ers hate em like pison,” sez I, “for makin us quarrel and bringin the tears into them old eyes.”

“Tears!” sez the old critter, a starting up and drawin the back of his hand over his peepers, “now Jonathan, take care, and don’t git my grit up agin; I haint cried a mite this twenty years, and you know it.”

“Jest so,” sez I; then we shook hands once more, like all natur, and jest that minit I begun to think about the harnsome gal agin.

“Wal, I must be goin now,” sez I; “but look a here captin, you don’t raly mean what you said jest now, about the fit of these ere trousers? Jest take a squint and see if they don’t look prime.”

“Wal, I aint much of a judge, but I reckon they

du set purty slick, considerin," sez he; "and I say, Jonathan, mebbly we'd better make a trade; I'll sell 'em cheap, seein its you."

"Wal," sez I, "wait till I cum back, and we'll see about it." With that, we shook hands agin, and I pulled foot up Beekman street and acrost the Park down to the street where the gal lived.

I haint got time to write you all about her and the house she lives in, and what she said to me; but look out for the next week's Brother Jonathan, I'll write it all out there; but don't for goodness sake let Judy White see it! She'd go into a conniption fit the fust minit.

One thing is sartin: this gal is a rale genuine sneezer, and all the wimmen folks, that ever I sot eyes on, can't hold a candle tu her in the way of beauty and harnsome manners. But some how it puts me in a twitteration jest to think on her and what I see at that are house; but I'll tell you all about it next week, for sartin. The captin and I are as thick as three in a bed now, so don't let what I've writ about him make you and marm feel bad nor nothin.

From your dutiful son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXX.

JONATHAN VISITS THE HANDSOME GIRL. — DESCRIBES A GAMBLING-HOUSE IN THE MORNING BEFORE IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS. — VISITS THE LADY'S BOUDOIR. — DESCRIBES THE FURNITURE, THE LADY, HER DRESS, AND CONVERSATION. — IS INTERRUPTED BY THE GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE. — AND LEAVES WITH A PROMISE TO RETURN AND ESCORT MISS SNEERS TO MAD. CASTELLAN'S CONCERT.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

WAL, as I was sayin, I pulled foot down one of them streets that run off kinder catecornered by the Park, till I cum right agin the house pinte out in the paper which that harnsome gal had gin me. I kinder cut across the street and stood over agin the house, detarmined tu take a sort o' observation afore I sot my foot inside the doorway. It was an allfired harnsome consarn, with one story piled atop of t'other till you could count four rows of winders, besides a row of young ones, stuck right in tu the edge of the ruff. A lot of stone steps run up tu the front door, and an iron fence twistified and curlecued round the edges run along each eend. The winders all on em had green slats shut over em, the door follered the

fashion, and the hull consarn seemed tu be shut up agin winter.

Wal, I cut across the street and went straight up the steps. There was a great chunk o' silver sot intu a kind of a silver sarser nailed agin the door post, and with a name writ round the edge on it. Arter giving the chunk a sneakin pull, to be sartin it would give and meant somethin, I gin it an allfired jerk, — and turights there was a tinklin and ringin inside, as if an old weather, with a fust rate bell on, had took to scootin over the house.

I hadn't more'n got my hand off the chunk, when the green slats swung open jest easy, and a yaller nigger stood inside a eyeing me from top tu toe, as if he had a sort of hankerin arter some human arnimal, but didn't think me jest good enough tu eat hull without considerable sarse.

“How do you du,” sez I, as mealy as a pink eyed potater jest out o' the pot, — “How are all the folks this mornin? — purty smart I reckon?”

The coot stared and kinder shook the two great swads o' curly hair that stuck out over each side of his head; and arter lookin back intu the house, then up the street, and then agin at me, sez he, “What du you want?” sez he.

“Wal,” sez I, a divin both hands down to where my pockets ought to a'been, but eenamost keelin head over heels with the dive I gin without finding bottom, — “I seem tu surmise that I want tu see

some body a trifle more like folks than you seem to be — so I guess I'll walk in."

With that I gin the chap a shove with one of my mud-grapplers, and walked right intu the long entry-way, as crank as a militia trainer with his regimentals on.

"What's your name and who do you want?" sez the yaller nigger kinder wrathy, and a shakin that wud o' curly hair at me like a darned great sun flower in a foggy storm.

"Wal," sez I, "you ought tu go down East and learn to ask questions. If your tongue was only half as greasy as your face now, you could a done it as slick agin. I aint got no name tu speak on, and all I want o' you is jest tu tell the harnsome critter that lives here, that I'm on hand, a waitin down here as spry as a cricket, and about as arnest tu see her agin as ever a chap was."

The chap he kinder eyed me askew. Fust he took a squint at my puffy trousers, then at old bell crown, and then at me all over.

"You can't be the gentleman that she told me to let in," sez he; "does Miss Sneers expect you?"

"Wal, I kinder reckon she does," sez I.

"Wal," sez the feller, looking sort o' unsartin, "jest step intu this room, and I'll go and see."

"That's a leetle more like folks," sez I, a followin the chap intu a room at one eend of the entry-way, where I sot down with old bell crown over my knees,

and took a squint round. It was kinder dark, for them between slats shut out the light; but I could see that the room hadn't been fixed up since over night. Two of the chairs lay keeled up on the carpet — the kiver was a slidin off from the table a'most tu the carpet, and slopped over with wine that wasn't dry yit — a decanter with a trifle o' wine, or per'aps brandy, stood on the table where the cloth had left it bare, and an allfired purty wine glass lay on the harnsome carpet broke to smash; and round under the table and close around my chair was a hull squad of playin cards, a'most new, as if somebody had got beat a playin high-low-jack and the game, and flung the hull bilin down in a huff. I'd jest picked up two or three of the cards, when the yaller nigger turned back and sez he, —

“It aint of no use, — I can't tell my mistress who wants tu see her, if you wont give me your name, or a card.”

“Wal,” sez I, “if you must have one or t'other, there's a card — now git out, and don't let me see that consarned yaller face agin till it's wanted.”

With that I handed over the jack-o'-spades; he turned his great sarser eyes, fust on the leetle feller that sot stuck up on the card, and then agin at me, as if he didn't know what tu make on't. There was no satisfyin him, I could see that, but I'd begun to get tired o' waitin, and sez I,

“Wal, there's the card, and a harnsome one tu, —

my name is Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield, — my father is a Squire and a Deacon of the Church, — my mother was Jerusha Pettebone, — my — but darn me, if you aint satisfied now, you consarned pryin shote, you may go tu grass, and the harnsome gal with you.”

The feller cut stick afore I'd half done, and cum back a bowin and a scrapin, as if he'd got a set of new jintz while he was agoin up stairs.

“ My mistress wants tu know if you'r the gentleman that she saw at the theatre last night.”

“ Jest so,” sez I, a fligin down the ten spot o' clubs and the ace-o' diamonds, for somehow I didn't jest like the touch of the varmintz, — “ jest so ! ”

“ Walk up stairs,” sez he, a bowin eenamost tu the ground.

“ Wal, I don't care if I du,” sez I, follerin the chap.

I took off old bell crown, and riled up my curls with a leetle flourish o' fingers amongst the thickest on em, as I went up stairs, — then I kinder shook up the pletes of my trousers, and pulled out the eend of my yaller hankercher, as I went along behind the buff colored nigger.

I swan tu man, Par, it was like walkin through a footpath kivered over with meadow grass and wild posies, as I went up the stairs, all carpeted off and a shinin with bars of gold. Jest at the top stood a black figger, a'most as large as life and all but naked,

a holdin one finger tu his lips and with a lamp in t'other hand, that seemed as if it had burnt itself out, for there wasn't any ile in it, and the wick was sooty as a nigger's eye lashes.

Wal, I follered on intu another entry-way, where another figger stood, as white as if it had been cut out of a fust rate cheese curd. It had one foot up, as if it was a darncin, one arm was flung over its own head, and both its peaky leetle hands was chuck full of posies, that looked as if they'd been planted in a snow bank and watered with new milk, afore that harnsome half dressed, indecent figger had found em. She looked like a ginuine purty gal froze tu death for the want of kiverin.

Wal, while I was a lookin at the poor critter, that yaller nigger he opened the door and stood a flurishin his hand about, jest as our minister does when he dismisses meetin, and is tu allfired lazy tu use both hands tu once.

I went by the varmint and there I stood stock still in the door way a starin about like a stuck calf. I swan, Par, I never sot eyes on any thing that could shake a stick at that are room in my born days. The floor was all spread off with a carpet, like a meadow that slants tu the fust spring sun when the grass is a springin up, and sot off thick with dandelions, buttercups and clovertops; and I swan tu man, there was something in the room that smelt just about as sweet.

The room wasn't over large, and a whoppin winder eenamost took up one eend on't. Yet it was kinder dark for all that, for a hull harvest of shiny silk, — as thin as a locust's wing, and sort a rosy colored, like a gal's cheek jest arter a chap has kissed it — was kinder tumblin down the winder in winrows turned lengthwise, one arter t'other, till the hull was grabbed up in one alfred swad, and ketched back in a great hook all of solid gold, that glistened like a lookin glass frame when the fire light ketches it fair.

There wasn't but two chairs in the room, and they seemed tu be made out o' solid gold tu, stuffed down with shining silk figered off with posies redder than the winder silk, and yet kinder like it. There was a bench agin the winder, standin on chunks o' gold cut out like a lion's paw, and that tu was all cushioned off with shiny silk like the chairs, and on the back on it, right agin the wall, two pillars were stuck up, all kivered over with posies that looked good enough tu smell on. Right agin the door was the harnsomet consarn that I ever sot eyes on. It was a kind of a round table cut in tew in the middle, dressed up in white and ruffled off with harnsome lace, like a gal when she means tu cut a dash. A lookin glass stood on it sot in a gold frame work, curlecued off like a great vine, with the golden grapes a bustin out all over it, and sort a droppin down over the glass. I snum! if it wasn't a sight tu behold! There was a fined gold watch, about as big as a ninepence, a

lyin on the table, and some leetle red morocco boxes, with a new fangled pitcher pictured off tu kill, chuck full of ginuine roses and green leaves, that looked as if they'd that minit cum off from the bushes.

There was one thing more, a standin up in the corner, that beat all I ever did see. It was an alfred overgrown candlestick a standin on legs, and eenamost as tall as I be. That, tu, seemed to be of solid gold, curlecued off with little picters. On the top was a great golden sarser; and what chawed me up was a stream o' smoke that ris from the sarser, and kinder spread all over the room, jest enough to let a chap know that there was a fire somewhere about. Jest behind the whoppin candlestick was the figger of a critter, sort o' half bird and t'other half baby, the cunninest varmint that I ever did see. The wings grew out of his chubby shoulders, and the pesky little scamp seemed tu be a larfin at me through the smoke all the while that he made believe that he was a droppin somethin down intu the gold sarser. The critter was as white as a tomb stun; but if it hadn't kept still, I should eenamost thought it was alive. There I stood bendin forrard, with my mouth kinder open and old bell crown between both hands, a lookin at that little varmint, and there he was a'most winkin at me, when somebody said,—

“Walk in, Mr. Slick,—pray walk in!”

I gin a jump and dropped old bell crown, for it seemed tu me as if the flyin baby had spoke; but in

stoopin tu pick up old bell crown agin, I kinder turned round; and there, on a bench cushioned off with silk, like the one I've told you on, sot the gal I'd seen at the theatre last night; but oh, get out! more than as harnsome agin. She was all dressed out in a white gown, that hung kinder slimsy from that purty neck, till it eenajest kivered the pesky leetle feet that lay on a footstool like two black squirrels asleep together. The cloth that her dress was made on, was so thin that I could have seen her arms through clean tu the wrist, if the sleeves hadn't been made so full, that every time she moved the hull arm got more than half unkivered. I swan, it made me ketch my breath, when she kinder half ris and reached out that are soft hand, a smilin all the time as if she was tickled eenajest tu death tu see me.

I gin her hand a leetle mechin shake, and turned round tu set down in one of the chairs, for I couldn't help but feel a trifle streaked amongst all that heap o' silk and gold. But before I was quite sot down she settled back against the pillar, and whilst she let one foot drop from the stool, she fixed t'other pillar agin the wall; and while she was a pattin the posies on it with her hand, she lifted them tarnal black eyes and gin me a smile that had more than the sweetness of a hull bilin of sugar in it; and there she sot with that hand kinder stuck intu the pillar yet.

Now, Par, you don't think I was shote enough tu set down in the big chair arter that, du you? I

guess I wheeled round, about the quickest, and sot down so close by that harnsome critter, that I could feel her breath on my hair; and yit, I sot as fur off as I could, and close on the edge of the bench, but it was orful short, and I had tu set close any how; but oh, gauly! didn't my fingers tingle. There was that leetle hand, as soft and white as a snowball, a lyin among the posies worked on that pillar right behind me, and I hadn't but jest tu lean back, and that are arm would a been a'most round me. But there I sot, close on the edge, all in a flusterfication, fust a lookin at that are hand, then at her smilin face, and then agin at old bell crown, and so over agin. Arter I'd sot about a minit, I hitched back a trifle, and gin a kind o' skeery squint at her—she was eenajest larfin. With that, I gin another hitch, and looked right straight at old bell crown, as if I wanted tu eat it. The harnsome critter didn't seem tu rile up any, so I jest dropped bell crown, dived tu pick it up agin, and riz right up parpendicler agin the pillar. I could feel the leetle hand a movin on the pillar agin my back, like a chip squirrel in its nest; but think, sez I, you'r ketched this time, any how, and I guess you may as well lie still. With that, I turned my head sort a slow, and larfed a leetle, jest enough tu show my teeth round the edges, and sez I,

“How do you du, marm?”

Did you ever see a spring begin tu gurgle and shine up all tu once, when you've parted the pepper-

mint that grows over it, and let in the broad daylight on the water? If you have, per'aps you've some idea how consarned harnsome the smile was that cum bustin all over that gal's face, a dimplin up them pesky red lips, and a dancin through them great black eyes. I could see the tantelizin critter a bitin them plump lips of hern, to keep from snickerin out in my face; so I put on a leetle extra grin myself, for I'm a hull team at larfin, and a hoss tu let, when I once begin. By-am-by, sez she, as well as she could git it out, sez she,—

“I hope you enjoy yourself in town, Mr. Slick.”

“I reckon I du jest now,” sez I, “quite a considerable deal, and upwards.”

With that she sort a smiled agin, and somehow that other leetle hand in her lap kinder crept along under the loose slimsey sleeve, as if it wanted tu get better acquainted with mine. My mud-grappler didn't object tu be introduced.

“It's orful pleasant weather, for this time o' year,” sez I, and my hand kinder crept along towards hern a mite.

“Very,” sez she, a looking at the tall candlestick as soft as summer butter; “very.”

“I also kinder like tu go into the woods in the fall, and see the trees a turnin all sorts o' colors, red and blue and yaller; and see the chesnuts, jest ripe enough tu drop from their prickly shucks, and

hear the but'nuts a ratlin down tu the dry leaves. Oh, gauly! I wish you and I was there now, if it was ony jest tu watch the chip-munks and gray squirrels a carryin off the nuts in their mouths and fore paws. Did you ever see a harnsome black squirrel, with a shagbark between his whiskers, a hoppin among the trees, arter they're stript more'rn half naked by the frost?"

Then my fingers begun to travel agin like any thing.

"Yes," sez she, "I love a pet squirrel dearly."

By this time my hand had got tu the eend of its journey and put up.

"Harnsome critters, aint they," sez I, a'most out o' breath, I was so skeared. "Captin Doolittle has got a rale sneezer down at the vessel, as black as git out, his tail curls up over his side like the feather in a gal's bonnet, and he's got an eye as bright and sharp as if it had been cut out o' yourn. I'll hook it from the old coot, cage and all, and bring it up tu you, if you've a notion tu it, consarn me if I don't!"

By this time her hand and mine had got about as intimate as tew young robins in a nest, but I seemed tu feel her fingers tangle tighter and tighter round mine, as I was tellin about the squirrel, and when I broke off, she kinder turned them eyes tu mine, and gin me a look that made my heart flounder like a duck in a mudpuddle.

“You’re very kind,” sez she.

“Oh, you git out!” sez I; “that aint a primin tu what I mean tu du, if you and I can only agree tu draw in the same tacklin. I aint mean as some chaps that I know on — nobody ever ketched me a halving a long nine, or asking a gal tu pay her own shot when she went a slayin with me — ask Captin Doolittle, if you don’t believe *me*.”

The critter looked up and kinder smiled agin so darned winnin, that I histed her hand tu my lips, and gin it a nibble afore I knew what I was about. She seemed tu try tu pull it away, and turned her head so that I couldn’t see her face.

“You aint mad nor nothin?” sez I, a lettin go her hand. “I swan tu man, you looked so darned sweet I couldn’t help it.”

She got up and went tu the table that was dressed off so, and smelt of the posies on it, and then she cum back agin and sot down as good natured as a pussy cat; but she’d put me in such a tantrum, for fear I’d made her mad, that I didn’t know what tu say next; so there I sot, a feelin streakeder and streakeder every minit; but arter a while I bust out agin —

“Speakin of the woods,” sez I, “aint the maple trees harnsome? Did you ever see the leaves when they’re jest a turnin red, a kinder tremblin on the limbs, as if every one on ’em was kinder afraid of fallin off? I’ve seen ’em over night as green as some

of these country chaps when they fust come tu York ; and then agin in the mornin, as red as your lips, and a'most as bright when the sun shines on 'em."

I could see them lips begin tu pucker up agin, as if they wanted to give me a chance of judgin. So I kept on —

" I swan," sez I, " sometimes it seems tu me as if the sugar had stuck up through the leaves and turned 'em red, they look so pesky sweet. Speakin o' that, du you love maple sugar ? "

" Very much," sez she.

" Wal," sez I, " next time I cum I'll bring you an allfired hunk, see if I don't."

Jest then, the chap that I'd seen at the theatre with her the night afore, opened the door, and cum straight in. I eenamost jumped on eend, and dropped her hand, that some how or other had got intu mine agin, as if it had been a hot chesnut.

But the chap only looked around, and made a sort of a slidin bow, and shet the door agin.

" Wal," sez I, all in a twitter, for my heart had riz right up intu my mouth ; " I guess I'll be goin."

" So soon ? " sez she, a liftin them eyes sort o' mournful.

I wilted right down agin, like a cabbage plant in the sun.

" And who may that chap be ? " sez I, for I begun tu feel ugly about the heart.

“ Oh, he’s only my brother,” sez she, “ never mind him. Are you fond of music, Mr. Slick ? ”

“ I guess I be,” sez I. “ When the chorister is gone, I al’ers lead the singin at meetin tu hum.”

“ Have you ever heard Castellan ? ” sez she.

“ No,” sez I, “ I don’t know as ever I’ve heard that instrument, but I’m great on the bas-viol, and could beat all natur on the toot-horn when I was a leetle shaver, not more than knee high to a toad.”

Consarn the critter, I couldn’t speak but what that pesky mouth of hern would brighten and pucker up.

“ Would you like to go with me and hear her this evening ? ” sez she. “ We shall hear some fine music.”

“ If you’ll only talk tu me, there can’t be a dout on it,” sez I a bowin.

“ Then you will go ? ” sez she.

“ I reckon I will,” sez I, “ twice over if you want me tu, and tickled to death with the chance.”

“ Wal,” sez she, “ I’ll be ready at half past seven.”

“ You’ll find me on hand,” sez I; “ and now I guess I must be a goin. I haint been round tu the Brother Jonathan office yit.”

With that I took up old bell crown, and arter makin a prime bow, was a goin out; but I happened tu think what a coot I’d been, and turned back.

“ I swan,” sez I, “ I’d a’most forgot tu ask what you wanted tu see me for.”

I snum! it seemed as if the maple leaves I'd been a talkin of had been flung, a hull swad on 'em, into her face, she turned so red; but afore she could speak I heard that chap a comin agin; so I made her a low bow, but sudden, like a jack-knife opened and shet in a hurry, and I cut for the sloop agin.

From your dutiful son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

LETTER XXXI.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

JONATHAN SELLS OUT HIS CARGO.—VISITS MISS SNEERS.—FINDS HER AT HER TOILET.—FRIGHTENS HER HALF TO DEATH AND HIMSELF ALSO.—DESCRIPTION OF HER DRESS AND MANNER OF DRESSING.—WALK UP BROADWAY.—A DESCRIPTION OF THE CONCERT ROOM, CASTELLAN, HER SINGING AND THE AUDIENCE.

To Mr. Zepheniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over in Wethersfield, State of Connecticut.

WAL, Par, as I was a sayin, the minit I sot my foot on the stun pavement agin, I dug right into tradin like a good feller. Captin Doolittle and I flew about and bartered off some of the sloop load about the quickest. The garden sarse and the onions cum right up tu the chalk, cash down; the hog's lard, apple-sarse and beehives did purty well, and the buckwheat flour went like a house afire. The folks are gittin their stoves up now, and arter that they al'ers do a heavy business in hot cakes.

Speakin of stoves, Par, I got the harnsomest consarn you ever see for my room this winter, if I stay in York. It's what they call an air tight, and a little teenty tointy handful of wood keeps 'em warm as blazes a hull day and night tu; they don't want no

tendin hardly, and eenajest burn up their own ashes. I wanted the ginuine article, and so went up tu Mr. Thompson's, in Laurens Street, that made the fust one that was ever thought on in York, and got him tu manufacturer mine. I tell you what, it's a sneezer—draws like a yoke of oxen, when you want it tu, and kinder goes to sleep like a nussin baby, when you'd ruther it wouldn't go it quite so strong. They're as cheap as dirt tu, and I wouldn't take a winter apple for mine, if I couldn't git another.

But, darn the air tight stoves! what's the use of writin about them, when the gals are handy? By the time we'd sold out all but the mare and young hoss, it was arter dark; so we hurried like every thing, and arter slickin up in the cabin, about an hour, I come up dressed off as neat as a new pin, and a smellin of the essence of peppermint so strong that I cured Captin Doolittle of a pain in the stomach, ony jest passin by with the corner of my hankercher stickin out.

Wal, I pulled foot for the house where Miss Sneers lived, purty swift, I tell you, and got there jest about the right time, I reckon. The buff colored nigger begun a bowin and scrapin the minit he sot eyes on me.

"Please tu walk up stairs," sez he, a wavin his hand.

"Jes so," sez I, and up I streaked it, a'most tew steps at a jump, for I felt orful springy about the jint.

The leetle black figger at the top o' the stairs had a lamp stuck in his hand, and the white figger at t'other eend the entry was kinder half hid in the dark, and lookin kinder scroochy, as if she felt ashamed of standin there all unknivered. I on'y gin it one squint, as I was takin off old bell crown, and a pokin up my hair with t'other hand — for the buff nigger opened the room door, and there stood that harnsome varmint right afore me, dressed out till she eenamost dazzled my eyes. She was a standin right afore the lookin-glass, that I told you was sot on the white table. Two great tall candles was stuck in each side o' the gold frame, and there, right in the glass, I could see the critter's face a smilin at itself, and them pesky white arms a lifted up, while she was a twistin a leetle gold chain around amongst that eternal swad o' shiny hair. Oh, didn't it look harnsome tho'! — there it was, braided like five hundred big whip lashes, and all wove together clear down the back of her neck in an alfired hank, that was all held up with two smashing great gold pins, with heads to 'em as big as a robin's egg, and jest about as blue. Then that gold chain was kinder twistified up with the braids, till it put me in mind of heat lightnin in a thunder cloud — and from there it gin one sweep right round her head, and jest girt in the top of her forred, and dropped in a pint where a sort o' star shone out, that seemed to be made of five or six drops of water froze together, and left there tu make twenty

rainbows in the candle-light. Oh, gauly! Par, I wish you could a seen how the light came a pourin down on those shiny braids, and how they glistened a'most as much as the gold. I swow, it seemed tu me as if every hair gin out a spark o' fire every time the critter moved. She had on a gound, tu, that was enough to make a feller's eyes snap; it was kinder blue, and then agin yaller, jest as the light happened to hit it, like the top eend of a cloud when the sun is goin to roost. The shiny silk lay in win'ows all over her bosom, and kivered a considerable deal higher up than I thought it ought tu. Jest where that neck kinder bent forred, like a pigeon's, there was a black ribbon, wove out of velvet, and hitched together with a golden buckle, and that was sot over with some kind of stones, that glistened like drops o' rain on an onion top. That black ribbon kinder made her neck look whiter than ever; and when she sort a smiled I could see the edges of her teeth in that are looking-glass, and it seemed as if she'd got her mouth half full of cocoanut meat, and might swaller it while you was a looking.

I stood stock still while she was a smoothin them silk sleeves tight down tu her arm, and a girdin them at the bottom with a golden handcuff, and then she took up one teenty glove, put it up tu them pesky smilin lips, and gin a blow that puffed it up like a snow ball; then she stuck one leetle hand in it kinder slow and cozy, till it sot to it like the down

tu a goslin's breast. When she'd sarved t'other the same sarse, I begun tu git in a twitter for fear she'd ketch me a peakin at her when she didn't know it; so jest as she was a takin up a slimpsy white hankercher, mor'n half lace-work, I teetered up tu her a tiptoe, and puttin my mouth a most agin her ear, I bust right out—"Boo!" sez I.

Quillwheels and cheesepresses! didn't she jump and squeal! I thought she'd go into a conniption fit, all I could du.

"Oh, git out! don't be skeared nor nothin, its nobody but me," sez I all in a twitteration.

I raly believe the harnsome varmint would a keeled over if I hadn't a ketched her right round the waist. Oh, consarn it! there her head fell right on my shoulder, and them plump lips lay a' most agin my cheek, and I darsen't no more touch 'em than if they'd been made of sole leather. I swan, it was tu darned tough;—a little chap with his hands tied behind him and a basket of ripe strawberries right under his nose—a pussy cat lookin at a pan of warm milk through the winder slats of a cheese room, might understand somethin of my feelings. I swan, I du believe my mouth would a lit on the temptin plump critter's, like a bumblebee on a onion top, if she hadn't kinder turned her head and a sort a pushed me away, with a little finedied larf, as much as tu say—"Shew! git out!" as Marm would tu our gray cat, if she'd ketched her hankerin arter the cream. I let go

on her, and stood there feelin as streaked as a tiger in the show, for I was afeared that she'd be mad at me for skarin her so.

"Now don't git wrathy nor nothin," sez I, a fingerin the rim of old bell crown sort of uneasy; "I didn't mean tu, I swan I didn't! You won't git intu a tantrum now, will you?"

The critter had took off her glove and was a slickin over her hair, for my coat sleeve had tusseled it up a trifle. She didn't answer me all tu once, but tu rights she turned round as smilin as a basket of chips, and sez she —

"Oh, its no matter; you only startled me a little." And with that she held out that pesky hand, with the glove half on, so darned winnin, I gin it a grip, and shook it as our cat would a mouse that he wanted to tantelize, afore he chawed it up.

"Won't you button it?" sez she, a turnin that white wrist, till it bent round to me like a goose's neck.

"Wal, I ruther guess I will," sez I, a settin old bell crown, on the floor. Arter takin off my yaller gloves, I laid them in the crown, and turnin up the cuffs of my coat, sort o' deliberate, not to let her know how tickled I was; then I gripped that bent wrest between my thumb and finger, and sot tu work in arnest.

But a feller needn't eat a biled onion at a swaller, you know, if he does love 'em; and it wasn't tu be

expected that I should get through with that job, while that hand was a layin in mine, as contented as a dove settin on its eggs. But there must al'ers be an eend tu every thing that's sweeter than common, that's the darndest of it. Arter I'd fumbled over the button, as awk'ard as git out—for I made believe as arnest as a minister—the button got ketched jest tu spite me, and I had tu let go. Con-sarn it, why can't sich things hang on for ever.

While I was puttin on my gloves and takin up bell crown agin, she went out a minit and cum right back, with a kind of red and black yarn cap tied on her head, all rolled up round her face, and a hangin in ruffles and strings and tossles all over her shoulders. It was kinder stuck on one side, and looked *so* cunnin I couldn't but jest keep my hands off from it. She'd put an al-fired big cape, made out of shiney velvet, and all edged about with fur, over her silk gound, and the hull on it looked so scrumptious that I bust right out—

“I swow, Miss Sneers,” sez I, “you look good enough tu eat — darn me if you don't.”

She gin me one of them soft smiles, and kinder sot her head a one side, as roguish as a chip squirrel, while she went up tu the table and tied a bunch of flowers with a ribbon. Then she took a little horn, all wove out of curlecued gold, out of one of the morocco boxes, and arter stickin the stems in, she held it up, and sez she—

“ Aint it sweet ! ”

“ I ruther think it is,” sez I, a bendin for’ard, and a lookin right intu her face; “ sweeter than all the posies on earth.”

She took up the teenty watch, and arter layin it down agin, snuggled herself up, a hull heap of beauty, in the velvet cap.

“ It’s about time tu be a joggin, I s’pose,” sez I, a puttin on old bell crown; but I kinder felt awk’ard about lockin arms, for I wasn’t sartain whether it was the fashion tu link elbows in the house, or wait till we got out doors, as we do tu hum. While I was makin up my mind, she slid through the door and down stairs, and I arter her full chisel. When we got on the stun side walk, I crooked my elbow, and sez I, jest as I used tu to hum, sez I—

“ Will you accept my arm, marm ? ”

She didn’t say “ If you please, sir,” and clinch in, as one of our gals tu hum would a done; but jest laid her hand on my coat sleeve, with the fingers layin agin the edge of my yaller glove, till the leetlest one touched my wrist, kinder cozy, as if it was her property — coat, puffy, trousers, old bell crown and all.

We turned intu Broadway, and mixed in a hull stream of human natur, that was a runnin up town, and then we cut along, a talkin together and a smilin in each other’s faces, as chipper as two birds teeterin on an appletree limb in spring time. I kinder let my head drop a one side, as if old bell crown was a

trifle top-heavy, and that brought my face kinder intimate with hern; and there she hung on my coat-sleeve, as lovin as a grape vine round an oak limb, with them soft eyes lifted up tu mine, and that are consarned mouth now shet, and then agin open, jest like a red rozy a tryin to blow, but hindered from the heft of tu much moisture on the leaves. Then agin, when she spoke it was eenajest in a whisper, and I had tu bend down, or some of them consarned sweet words would a got lost on their way tu my ear.

Wal, we went intu a great harnsome house, up a long entry way, and there sot a chap with a hull heap of little square pieces of paper a lyin on a table: he reached out tew, and I took 'em jest tu satisfy him—he looked so arnest—and I was a going along, when the chap he spoke up, and sez he—

“It's tew dollars.”

“What's tew dollars?” sez I.

“The tickets,” sez he, a pintin tu the papers.

“What! these leetle queer chunks of bunnet paper?” sez I; “they aint worth tew coppers.”

“You won't git in without 'em,” sez he.

“You git out, now,” sez I, “you're only pokin fun at a feller. Say three and ninepence—cash down—can't you?”

“Nothin less 'an tew dollars,” sez he as stiff as a crow bar.

“Take it, and be darned!” sez I, a shellin out tew hard silver dollars; “but if it wasn't for disappointin

this harnsome critter a lockin arms with me, I'd larn you tu impose on a feller this way."

With that, I riz right up parpendicular, and went on with a stiff upper lip, jest about as mad as a feller ought tu be, that's gin tew dollars for tew squares of paper.

I swow, I couldn't help but feel a trifle womblecroped all the way up stairs, till we cum tu a great room all pictered off agin the walls with fire red trees and bushes and houses, all as red as blazes; a lot of great whoppin lookin-glasses was sot in all amongst the red picturs, and I guess there was a blazin and a glitterin amongst 'em all, that was enough to dazzle a feller's eyes. Right in the middle of the room was three or four great golden hoops, strung together with golden chains, and hung all over with long chunks of glass, that looked like a hull grist of icicles a droppin from the roof, with a squad of lamps set a blazin right in the heap, tu see how soon the consarn would be melted down. Anóther great heap of blazin lamps and glistenin glass, hung at either eend of the room, and the benches under was chuck full of harnsome women a'most all on 'em bareheaded, and some on 'em tar-nal good lookin, but no more tu be sot up agin my gal, than chalk's like cheese. There was a purty genuine sprinklin of men scattered amongst them, some on 'em whiskered off on the upper lip like a black cat, and some on 'em lookin like awk'ard gals, all but the coat and trousers, they were curled off so.

I swan, Par, it seemed like goin in tu a flower garden, jest a passin through so many purty faces, all first rate without paint or white-wash. I ruther guess a chap about my size, with his hair all a hangin in dandalion stem curls, his coat square at the tail, puffy trousers, and the harnsomest critter on his arm that ever trod shoe leather, wasn't a feller tu be sneezed at in a hurry. There he went right through 'em all, with a stiff upper lip, and takin step like a trainer, till he cum tu a settee agin the wall. Then he jest took the tip eend of that leetle hand that lay on his coat cuff so dreadful lovin, between the fingers of his yaller glove, and steppin back a trifle, jest tu git a fair sweep, he stuck out his right foot, cut a half pigeon wing, that was broken off short in the hollow of t'other foot, and bent for'ard till the crown of his hat a'most touched that harnsome critter's face. Gauly oppolus, didn't the folks stare at us! I guess they didn't see tew such good lookin critters every night; fust they looked at me and then at the harnsome gal; the women folks all took tu whisperin, and the men they stared like so many shotes; I didn't seem tu mind it, but sot there as independent as a cork screw, with old bell crown between my knees, and my yaller glove kinder clinched in my lap, and both thumbs a playin together, jest tu let 'em see that I could feel as easy as all out doors, if folks did gawk at me so.

By-am-by, one eend of the room began tu run over

with fiddlers and toot-horn players; then they sot out a great chist on legs, with a row of teeth in one edge, and a feller he cum out and begun to poke about with both hands on the white consarns in the edge, that looked like a row of hoss's teeth new sot; and they let out a stream of fust rate music every time he touched 'em; then the toot-horns and the fiddles they sot up. The chap's fingers begun tu hop over the rows of teeth, and danced about from one tu t'other like hot chesnuds in a fire; and turights a hull storm of music cum swellin and pourin through the room, swellin and risin like a thunder clap dyin for love.

They gin up at last, and whilst the lamps was a flarin, and the glass chunks a tremblin over head, the man at the chist he got up and opene'd a door, and then agin out he cum, a leadin a proper purty gal, that looked as mealy mouthed as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, right in amongst the squad of fiddlers.

I snuggers! Par, she looked like a water lily arly in the mornin, when it's eenajest scared by the sunshine. Her dress was jest the color of the sky, when white clouds are a creepin over it; her hair was all twisted up in a squad behind, jest like my gal's, and some white roses seemed to be a blowin right amongst the thickest on it. She had a wide gold shackle on one arm, but oh, git out! that round arm beat the gold all tu nothin. The chaps all begun tu clap and stamp,

as if they was determined tu split all their white gloves when she cum out.

I never did see fellers make such an alfired touse. But she on'y jest curchied a trifle, gin one look round with them soft black eyes, kinder like a scared bird; then she took up a sheet of paper, the feller he sot down to the chist agin, and she opened her mouth, kinder as a mocking bird parts his bill when he's bustin with music. Oh, gauly! I eenajest jumped on eend the minit she let off the fust breath. It seemed as if tew thousand yaller birds were a singing down her throat; she was all over music—eyes, lips, cheeks, and every part of her. It bust out through her eyes in flashes, and poured from her pesky sweet mouth, like maple molasses from our sugar kittle. It made the lights dance afore my eyes, and every drop of blood in my body begun to cut capers and fire up all over me, as if somebody had ducked me in a wine barrel and let the spirits all soak in. I didn't know how she got through, for that music had sent me intu the middle of next week without my knowin it; but the folks they begun to stamp agin: then the toot-horns and fiddles they sot up anew, and the feller with the chist cut in. By-am-by in she slid agin, and poured out the sweetness louder and more killin than ever. I snuggers! the critter must live on new honey and mellow peaches.

I du believe if they'd kept on much longer I should a gone off intu a conniption fit, or went intu a double

shuffle right on the spot, that music riled me up so. But arter a while the whole consarn broke up, and I started off agin with that purty critter on my arm, and went down Broadway as large as life, and with that music a working in my blood yet, like yeast in a bakin of bread. Miss Sneers was as soft and as sweet as a critter could be, and she seemed to think so much of every thing I did—as true as you live, she seemed tu be jest about as much interested in what I told her about the cargo and horses and other things, as if she'd been my own sister. Aint it a purty good sign, Par, when a gal begins to talk in arnest about your bargains?

I went in up stairs and sot a while with Miss Sneers. That tall candlestick was a spoutin out a grist of smoky sweetness that raly made me feel sleepy and kinder wilted me down like a posy in the sun. Miss Sneers she took off her cap and cape, and cum and sot down by me so sociable, and kept on talkin about the vessel and cargo and your farm, till, I swan tu man! I could a kissed her for it, if I dared; for a York gal, she has a sneakin turn for business that tickles me considerably.

It was considerable late when I got up tu go, but she kinder hung on to have me stay longer, and wouldn't give up till I promised to cum agin the night arter, and eat supper with her brother, and some chaps that he'd asked a purpose to get acquainted with me. She gin me her hand as I was

ago in out, and I took a considerable of a nibble at the fingers, consarn em! She didn't git mad, but kissed the same hand arter I dropped it, and kept a wavin it tu me till I lost sight on her a goin down stairs. There seemed tu be a good many lights and considerable talkin in the rooms below, but that wasn't my business, so I cut stick for the sloop.

Par, I hope you don't let Judy White see these ere letters; it will nigh about set her inter fits, if you du. When I've been tu see this temptin critter, I feel dreadful uneasy about Judy. She's a good gal, Par, and if I should take a notion tu hitch tackle to this takin York gal, I'm afeared it would eenamost kill her. Don't let her see these letters, I beg on you—it makes me feel melancholy, ony jest to think on it. 'Poor critter! I kept a thinkin on her almost all night.

I'll tell you about the supper next week, per'aps.

Your dutiful son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JONATHAN SLICK IN NEW YORK.

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR,

I've tried tu write tu you agin and agin since my t'other letter, but I felt so dreadful bad, there was no makin it out, all I could du. I've been dreadful sick, and about the darndest melancholy critter that ever sot up an eend in bed.

I own it eenamost kills me to begin, but the truth will out some time or other; and a feller that aint ashamed tu du wrong, must be a sneakin shote if he can't pick up courage tu own up tu the truth, like a man. It's a tough job, though, to own that you've been made a darn'd coot, and a leetle wus than that—but all I've got to du is to grin and bear it. I was a tellin you, that Miss Sneers gin me an invite to supper. I slicked up and went, nigh about dark, a feelin sort a steaked, I couldn't tell why, and a thinkin of Judy White all the way; that pesky harnsome critter had riled up my feelins so desperately that I raly hadn't known which eend my head was on — but, somehow, as I went along, Judy scemed close by me, with her hand on my arm,

kinder holdin me back; and once I was eenamost tempted tu turn back, and never think o' this York gal agin on arth. I swow, I raly believe the tears stood in my eyes when I went up the steps—for I couldn't keep from thinkin of hum all I could du, and it seemed jest as if you and marm were a holdin family prayers, and all for my sake, jest then. I do believe, Par, that the spirits of live folks that love you are as likely agin to haunt a feller when he's in danger as them of dead people. Wal, I rung the door-bell kinder loth, for I hadn't felt very chipper all day, and, somehow, thinkin of hum and sich things gin me a kind of timersome feelin. The buff nigger was on hand in no time. He swung open the door, and stood a bowin and a shakin that eternal swad of hair till I got clear into the entry-way. I was a goin right up stairs, but the nigger he opened a side door, and says he, "walk in."

"Jest so," sez I, and I went through the door inter a room that was sot off tu kill with all sorts o' notions and foreign fixins. The winders were shet up close, and kivered from top tu bottom with a hull Niagara of red silk. The benches and settees and chairs shone and glistened all around, and overhead was one of them concerns of fire and chink glass, a blazin and flashing round us till it seemed as if the ruff overhead was made of solid gold. The walls were kivered all over with picters—them golden frames was all curlicued off, and shone out dreadful

harnsome, I can tell you. Right under that heap of swingin glass, and jest where the fire felt strongest, there was a table about as large round as marm's cheese tub, and kivered over with a red cloth, all figured off, that fell clear to the carpet, and looked sort o' rich, like a pile of winter apples heaped afore a cider-mill.

Two or three chaps sot afore the table, larfin and a talkin together, while they kinder tilted back the chairs they sot in, and seemed to make themselves tu hum all over.

I looked around for Miss Sneers, but she wasn't there yit, and the chaps by the table didn't seem tu know that I was standin there, and a lettin off my prime bows all for nothin. But jest as I was a goin to back out, a feller that lay on one of these new-fangled settees that have an arm chair at each eend, and a bench in the middle all cushioned off with red silk, he kinder riz up, and I see it was the chap that waited on Miss Sneers at the theatre the first time I ever saw her. He cum for'ard on seein me, and a lookin eenamost tickled tu death tu think I'd cum. He told the chaps by the table who I was, and they got up tu, and was in a mighty takin about my bein there. I sot down on a chair and histed one leg top of t'other, and begun tu teeter my right foot sort of independent, and looked about for Miss Sneers. She wasn't there jest then, and I begun to feel rather awkward. But the man that I'd seen with her at the theatre, he sot

down close by me, and begun to talk as chipper as if he'd known me a hundred years. I hadn't had a good chance tu look at the feller before in arnest, but now as he sot agin me, I gin him considerable observation. He was a tall, harnsome chap, with hair as thick and black as midnight. His eyes were black tu, and as sharp as darning-needles, but you never could ketch them a lookin at you more'n a minute at a time—they al'ers shied when a feller looked right straight into them. His voice was as soft as a mealy potater, and he kinder slid up tu you across the room liké a gray cat, and seemed tu be jest about as innocent. He begun tu talk about farmin, and the Brother Jonathan, and the price of produce in York, jest as cozey as git out, and seemed tu be right tu hum on any subject that cum up. The other chaps they jined in, and laid on a considerable soft sodder about my letters in the Jonathan—but they did it slick, I can tell you, smoothed it down nice and ily, till you couldn't jest tell exactly whether it was soft sodder or not.

Arter a few minutes, Miss Sneers she cum in—I felt my heart jump intu my mouth, and the blood bile up over my face, like hot flip when the iron is put in. It seemed tu me, as if she never did look so harnsome afore—her frock was all blue shiny velvet, as bright as a damson plum—that are round neck so pesky white, hadn't no kiverin on, but a leetle fined gold chain, and another gold chain was

tangled up with the great swad of hair that was twistified up on the nap of her neck. She kinder slid into the room sort of easy, jest like a trout sailin along the bottom of a brook—her cheeks looked as fresh as a full blown rosy, and her mouth, the darned provokin thing, looked jest like a bunch of ripe strawberries, jest ready tu drop from the stems.

She kinder bowed tu the chaps that sot by the table, and then cum right up tu where I stood with both her hands out tu once, as if she was tickled all over tu see me agin.

Both them little white hands wasn't more than one handful for me, and I wasn't in no very great hurry tu let go, when I once got a good grip at em—she didn't seem tu mind my havin em, but sot down right between me and her brother, and there she sot a smilin right intu my eyes and a askin so arnest arter my helth, that I couldn't but jest speak, my heart riz so. The critter really seemed tu have took a notion tu you, and marm. She was dreadful arnest tu know if I'd hearn from you, and how you stood the cold weather; and then consarn me! if she didn't ask how Captin Doolittle did, jest as if the old coot had a ben her own Par. By-am-by, she bent over, and kinder whispered tu me, and sez she—

“I must go and speak tu the gentlemen there—you make me forget every thing but yourself.”

With that she gin my fingers a leetle grip and went up tu the table.

“You seem dull,” sez she; “supposin you take a game at cards till supper is ready?”

“If Mr. Slick hain’t no objection” sez her brother, a lookin at me, kinder anxious. “His father’s a Deacon you know.”

They all turned on their chairs, and looked at me, as if a man that didn’t like cards must a have been brought up in the woods. It made me feel kinder streaked—so sez I, “Oh never seem tu mind me, I aint a skeered at a pack of cards, if my Par is.”

“Du you ever play,” sez Miss Sneers, a smilin on me like a June sun.

“Wal,” sez I, speakin up crank, “I haint done much at it, since I was a little shaver, and used tu play high, low, jack, and the game, with one of our workmen in Par’s barn tu hum, but I was a considerable of a sneezer at it in them days, I reckon.”

Miss Sneers’s brother, sez he, “Wal then, supposin you take a hand here?”

I felt kinder bad at the idea of touching cards, arter promisin you not tu, Par, when you ketched me at it and gin me that all-fired lickin in the barn;—but Miss Sneers stood right afore me, shuffling a bran new pack o’ cards in them little white hands, and a lookin at me so cunnin that I couldn’t stand it—yet I felt sort o’ loth, and held back.

“I’m afeared I’ve eenajest forgot how,” sez I; a loungin back.

“Oh, never mind,” sez one of the chaps in a red

and green vest, and with checkered trousers on, "Miss Sneers will show you how."

"Certainly," says the harnsome critter—a smilin right in my face again; "Shall I be your teacher, Mr. Slick?"

"Jest so," sez I,— "I'd jump down my own throat, if you on'y told me tu."

With that I sot down by the table—crossed one leg a top of t'other and wiped my nose. Miss Sneers, she leaned her arm on my chair, and the rest sot down.

"Wal, what shall we play?" sez the chap in checkered trousers.

"Oh, high, low, jack, and the game—Mr. Slick understands that"—sez the rest, sort a larfin. I begun tu rile a trifle—"I guess Mr. Slick knows a thing or two besides that," sez I; "he wasn't born in the woods tu be skared at owls," sez I.

They all choked in at that—one feller shuffled the cards, I cut, and the checkered trousers took the deal. I got an allfired good hand the first dive—ace, jack and the two spot of trumps, besides a ten. Miss Sneers she bent over till I could feel her breath agin my cheek, as warm and sweet as the steam from an apple-sarse cag when the sarse is sot off to cool. I swow, it made me feel so kinder unsettled, that the cards danced afore my eyes, like picters run crazy. We begun to play. Miss Sneers kept a pokin that pesky little finger of hern amongst

my cards every minute, puttin out them that I ought to play, one by one—and afore I knew it myself, I'd beat the hull biling on em—three games without stoppin. Miss Sneers she seemed to be eenamost tickled to death to think I'd done em up so slick, and the men they looked streaked enough, I tell you—that one in the checkered trousers above all. Jest as we was cuttin in for a new deal, the doors right afore me slid back inter the wall, and there was another room spread out afore us like a picter. It was as light as day from one eend of the room tu t'other—and it was enough to dazzle one's eyes to see the shiney silk tumblin down from the golden poles over the winders—the great whoppin lookin glasses a blazin all over that eend of the room—the carpet kivered over and trod down with posies—the picters agin the walls and leetle marble babies a standing round, with the candle light a pourin down over em. Oh, gosh! it was enough to make a feller loose his breath, and never ketch it agin. There right in the midst of the room, was a table a shinin and a glistenin, like a heap of ice-chunks and new half dollars piled up together in the hot sun. The plates and the knives and forks, spoons and all, was solid silver—every thing else was silver but the glasses, and they were all pinted and pictered off, and cut down in lines, till there was nothing but flash, flash, flash! wherever the light fell, and that was strong enough; for right

overhead was another of them great gold spangles branching out every which way, and runnin over with fire.

Miss Sneers she put her hand on my arm, jest so as tu let the tip eend of her little finger lie agin my wrist. I swan! it made the blood tingle up my arm. We went intu the room with the rest a folerin arter, Indian file. A great strappin nigger stood at each side of the door-place, when we went, with white gloves on, and towels in their hands—they bowed a'most tu the carpet as we went by, and when we sot down, then they stood right up on eend behind our chairs, like militia trainers jist tryin tu drill. They lifted up the kivers from a lot of dishes, and up ris the steam amongst the glasses and silver, till it seemed as if they hung in a cloud. O gracious, I can't begin to tell you all that them dishes had in 'em. There was leetle teinty tonty birds cooked hull, claws and all—partridges with their stomachs stuffed till they looked as pussey as cousin Jason—squirrels a lyn there, like human babies, jest baked over a trifle, and all sorts of wild varmints that a feller ever thought of killin.

The niggers they dodged about, fillin plates and a handin em round like lightnin. They gin Miss Sneers and I each on us a leetle bird—darn me if I know what it was, without it was a woodpecker stewed hull. It raly seemed tu be a shame tu stick a fork intu the teinty varmint. I kinder diddled

my knife and fork about, till Miss Sneers got purty intimate with her bird, for I wanted tu see if it was the fashion tu swaller em down, inards and all. She'd used her little chap purty well up, when I sot my jaws a workin in arnest. The bird went down my throat about the quickest. It was awful sweet tastin; and the leg bones scratched a trifle as they went down, but nothin tu speak on.

Wal, we laid inter the squirrels and other wild critters rather hard, till I begun tu feel a dry. There was a leetle bottle of water stood agin each plate. I poured some out of mine, and was goin tu drink, but Miss Sneers, she laid her hand on the glass, and sez she—

“ Mr. Slick, let me help you tu wine.”

“ Not as you know on,” sez I, a bowin, and a takin the tumbler from under her hand—“ I'm a teetotaler, marm, tu the back bone!”

“ Oh, I'd forgot,” sez she, a lookin at her brother. He took up a bottle with leetle chunks of sheet lead a stickin tu the neck, and sez he—

“ You will not refuse a glass of this cider, Mr. Slick—there's no alcohol in this, I can tell you.

I was jest a goin tu say no, but Miss Sneers, she held out her glass, and all the time that cider was a gurglin out of the bottle, and a sendin up sparkles in her glass, she kept them smilin eyes a pourin their brightness right intu mine. When the glass was full, she touched it tu her mouth, and gin a leetle

sip, jest enough tu make them pesky lips look a triffe damp, and redder than ever, and sez she, a reachin the glass towards me—

“ You must drink this, Mr. Slick.”

I felt the blood bile intur my face agin. I kinder part reached out my hand—then I pulled it back, and sez I—

“ I’ve signed the pledge.”

“ Not agin this harmless cider,” sez they all together.

“ Not when a lady kisses the glass,” says Miss Sneers—a holdin out the tumbler yit, and a lookin kinder anxious, as if she’d cry right out if I didn’t give up.

“ Take it for my sake,” sez she, a bendin close tu me, and a holdin the glass right up tu my lips. They were all a lookin at me, and kinder larfin, as if they thought I darsent take it.

“ You see Mr. Slick will not give up the point, even tu you, Miss Sneers,” sez the man with checkered trousers. “ Allow me to drain the glass your sweet lips have kissed.”

“ You be darned!” sez I, a takin the cider and drinkin it down a’most at three swallows.

“ Bravo!” they all sung out tu once. “ Here’s to the ladies!” Miss Sneers, she held out my glass agin. Her brother lifted the bottle, and this time the cider splashed over that leetle white hand, and come drippin over the table all the way tu my mouth, I felt streaked about makin any more touse about a

leettle cider, and poured the glass down without squinchin. By the time I found the bottom of that glass, I didn't feel askeared of the next one, the leastest might in the world. But, somehow, the more I drank, the plates seemed to grow brighter and more unsteady. The birds that lay yet in one of the silver dishes seemed to grow smaller, but more on em, like young robins in a nest, when they jest begin tu feather out. The wine decanters blazed out redder and redder, and the cider-bottles popped and foamed like ginger-beer in the summer time. The folks, tu, sot orful oneasy, and somehow, the feller that sot agin me looked jest as if he'd found a twin with checkered trousers, and a red-and-green vest as much like his'n as two peas in a pod.

I kinder seem tu remember that Miss Sneers kept a kissin the glasses for me, till by-am-by I sot out tu do it myself, and kissed her instead. With that she went intu t'other room. We followed arter, and the two niggers arter us with the cider and wine decanters in their hands.

"Now," sez Miss Sneers's brother sez he, "let's have another game, I'll bet Mr. Slick wont beat three times runnin agin."

"I'll bet he will," sez Miss Sneers, a pintin tu a seat by the table, and a lookin good enough tu eat.

I sot down, and the chap in checkered trousers, he begun to shuffle away like a house a fire.

Miss Sneers she bent over me agin, and her brother he sot down and cut cards. I beat agin right straight

ahead; the hull swad on em begun tu grow kinder wamblecropped at that, and Miss Sneers she larfed so good natured, and bent for'ard so much that her cheek a'most lay agin mine all the next game.

By gauly, I beat agin, and by that time they all begun to look a trifle rily. The checkered trousers, he took the cards and gin em a snap along the eends that might a ben heard in the street. With that he slapped em down on the table, and sez he a noddin his head at me, sez he, "I'll bet fifty dollars you don't beat this time." With that he larfed till the hair on his upper lip curled up and showed his teeth like a dog when he snarls."

"Nonsense," sez Miss Sneers, "we can beat twenty such fellers—you and I, Mr. Slick, can't we?"

"I ruther thinks so," sez I.

"I'll bet fifty dollars," sez checkered trousers, "that we beat you all hollow."

"I'll bet you don't," sez I, a rilin up.

"Plank the money," sez he, a slappin the cards agin, "plank the chink."

I took your old wallet from the leetle pocket in my under vest, and unrolled the bills that I'd put there arter sellin out the sloop load—"I spose you think I haint got it," sez I, a shakin the harmful of bills that was left—"Hurra for old Connecticut!" The other chaps they shell'd out, and a hull heap of bills lay on the table. Miss Sneers she went away

a minute and then bent over me agin, with another glass of that white cider in her hand — she held the glass to my lips, and wouldn't take it away till I'd drunk the hull.

That was prime cider, and I was a beginin to feel dry agin, so I drunk another glass, and at it we went, shovel and tongs. As true as you live, they raly did beat that game, and when they saw how wrathy I was, they offered tu bet a hundred dollars on my luck the next time. I don't know who beat arter that, for somehow I seemed tu be sort o' dreamin, the candles seemed tu be a darncin round us, and it seemed as if the cards were leetle teenty folks, all alive and a grinnin at us as we handled em. I took out the old wallet every few minutes — I du seem tu remember that — and arter it was empty, Miss Sneers's brother sez he, "never mind my boy, we'll take your autograph."

"I don't keep any such new-fangled varmint," sez I.

"Oh, on'y jest write your name here," sez he, a handin over a strip of paper.

"Jest so," sez I, a takin the pen he held out; "jest so, but good gauly, du hold the paper still. I can't ketch up with it, if it moves about the table this way."

"It's your hand," sez he.

"My hand!" sez I — "you git out!"

I gin a dive at the paper and held it kinder still,

while I did up a long tailed J. I had tu begin agin at the S, but arter a dive or tu, I curlecued it up about right, and then we went tu playin cards agin. They seemed tu take a great shine tu my name that night, and kept a askin me for it every few minutes, till I went away. I don't jest know when Miss Sneers went away, or exactly how I got away myself; but the next morning I woke up in my bunk with the darndest head ache that I ever dreamed on; Captin Doolittle he sot in the cabin a lookin at me, and a cryin like a great baby.

"What's the matter, Captin?" sez I, a turnin over.

"Jonathan," sez he, a risin from the locker, and diggin both hands in his old trousers pocket, "Jonathan, it's time for us tu haul up stakes and go hum."

The tears run down the old chap's face, as he said this, and he turned his face away that I shouldn't see them.

I tried tu think of what had turned up tu make the captin take on so. My head beat like a drum—I partly remembered the cider, the cards and Miss Sneers. I looked at Captin Doolittle; he had the poor old empty wallet in his hands, and I could see the tears drop into it.

I lay down agin, kivered my face with the piller, and burst out a cryin.

I guess I lay still a cryin like a baby as much as ten minutes, and there sot Captin Doolittle a holdin

the empty wallet all the time. At last I sot up an eend and looked at the captin as well as I dare, and sez I,

“Captin, what shall I du?”

The Captin he looked up, and sez he,

“Jonathan, you’d better fust tell me jest what you have done a’ready.” I sot to as well I could and told him the hull story about Miss Sneers, the theatre, playing cards, the bird supper, and the cider. When I’d got through he shook his head sort of mournful, and sez he—

“Jonathan, this is a bad bisness; you’ve made a shote of yourself and gambled all your father’s money away; it’s eenamost as bad as stealin.”

“Oh, don’t say that are,” sez I, a kiverin my face with both hands, “I feel bad enough without bein twitted of what I’ve done, Gracious knows!”

“Wal, I know it aint generous tu strike a feller when he’s down,” sez the Captin.

“But what is to be done? That’s the question.”

“Wal,” sez the Captin, “supposin you put on your things, and we’ll go up tu that consarned gamblin hole, and see if any thing can be done to git the money back. I hain’t no doubt but that Miss Sneers will be tickled tu death tu see you agin.”

I got up and dressed myself as well as I could, for my head ached as if it would crack open. The Captin he was as good as any thing; he poured a hull pitcher full of cold water over my hair, and arter

making me drink a strong cup of tea, I felt kinder better about the head, but, O Lord a massy, how my heart ached!

I felt so down in the mouth that I couldn't talk; so we both started off towards that consarned house agin.

"Now, Jonathan," sez the Captin as we got agin the steps. "It goes agin the grain tu say so, but you jest make believe that I am a police officer and keep a stiff upper lip, ring the bell and walk right in; I'll come arter and we'll du their bisness for em, in less than no time."

I rung the bell.

"Is Miss Sneers tu hum?" sez I.

"No," sez he, as quick as lightning, "she went into the country this morning."

I was a going tu say that I'd seen her, when Captin Doolittle pushed right by and giving the nigger a shove on one side, sez he,

"Walk in, Jonathan, walk in and make yourself tu hum." With that he dove into the hall and I arter him—he opened the side door intu the room we were in the night before, and gin a peak round.

"Nobody there," sez he; "go up stairs, I'll settle the nigger, if he gets obstropulous, and then follow arter."

I went right up stairs, and was jest a knocking at the door of Miss Sneers's room, when I see that it was open a trifle; and as I gin a peak through,

there was the chap that she called her brother shying out through the eend door—I jest gin a knock that sent the door a flyin open and went in. Miss Sneers was settin on that silken bench dressed out in a ruffled white frock, and with her hair twisted back in a hurry and kinder tousled up with a gold chain in it, as if she hadn't touched it since the night afore. She jumped half up when she see me, and then settled down agin with her lips shet tight together and a lookin hard in my eyes as if uncertain who it was.

I walked right up tu her and held out my hand, “How do you du this morning, Miss Sneers?” sez I.

She kinder leaned back and lookin right straight in my eyes, sez she,

“You must have misteok the room, Sir, I do not usually receive company here.”

I swow, it seemed as if the critter had swallered a chunk of ice, she spoke so stiff and cold. I looked around the room a minit, and then I turned tu her agin, and sez I,

“Look a here, marm, you don't seem tu be over tickled tu see me this morning, so I'll make myself scarce the minute you'll give me a chance tu see that brother of yourn.”

“You are laborin under another mistake,” sez she, as frosty as ever. “My brother is not in the house.”

“Perhaps you'll tell me by-am-by that I mustn't

believe my own eyes," sez I a getting wrathy. "Just ask that mean shote to come out of the other room there—I saw him sneak off with my own eyes, not three minutes ago."

She turned a trifle red when I talked up to her so, and arter chokin a second, sez she, as cool as a cucumber, sez she,

"Not my brother, you did not see my brother, he is my husband, sir."

I felt the blood bile up in my veins and my face seemed afire. "Your husband, marm?" sez I, a getting up a laugh that eended off in a savage grin, "and so you're, you're——"

"His wife, sir," sez she, with a cold tarntalisin smile; "and now, as I am particularly engaged, perhaps you will leave the house."

"Not jest yet," sez Captin Doolittle, a boltin into the room. "We've got some business with that husband of your'n, marm."

"And who are you, sir?" sez the woman, a turnin white as curd and sittin down half scared tu death.

"I don't know as that is any concern of you'rn." sez he, a hauling a piece of paper folded up square from his pocket. I want that swindlin scamp that you call husband, and it's my opinion that he and I get better acquainted afore I leave these ere premises."

I never see a poor critter wilt down as she did, her face was as white as snow, so was her mouth, and I could see it begin tu tremble all she could du to help it.

“ Surely, surely, you havn’t brought a police officer here?” sez she, a lookin at me, and them soft eyes of her’n were a swimmin in tears. I begun to relent.

“ Jonathan, don’t make a coot of yourself,” sez the Captin, a givin me a sly poke in the ribs; then he went right up tu her, and sez he,

“ I don’t wonder you’re surprised, marm; it aint often that you get a decent chap like me in this nest of varmints; but when one on us du come, we generally make purty clean work of it, I can tell you that! Perhaps your husband won’t be the only one that will get hauled over the coals. I’ve seen purtyer women than you are afore the police magistrates afore now.”

The critter begun tu tremble, and looked at me as pitiful as a rabbit in a trap.

“ It ain’t of no use,” sez Captin Doolittle a pushin me back, “ salt won’t save you if that scamp of your’n don’t shell out. Mr. Slick here haint nothin tu du with the bisness now that he’s gin it up tu the law. You haint got sich a mealy hearted chap as him to deal with, I can tell you.”

“ But what du you want?” sez she, a shakin as if she was a cold.

“ I want the money you swindled out of this young feller last night,” sez he. “ The money and the notes you made him give; and by the living hokey if it aint handed over in less than ten minutes,

I'll have every darned varmint in the house marched off tu the toms."

The poor critter grew wuss and wuss; arter a minute she turned to me and sez she, a sobbin like all natur,

"So you've indicted the house, have you?"

I didn't jest know what she meant, and the Captin seemed as bad off, but he gin me a poke tu keep still, and sez he, "You'll find out, I reckon; but as that are husband of yourn seems loth tu come out, I'll jest give him a little invite." With that he went intu t'other room, and arter a little noise of scuffling cum out agin a leadin the woman's brother or husband by the ear. He had taken an orful hard grip, and the critter's souse looked as red as if it had jest been scalded.

"Are you a goin to shell out or not?" sez the Captin. The feller gin a pull, and the Captin follered suit, which stretched his ear rather more than he seemed to relish.

"Come, we're in something of a hurry," sez the Captin, "we'd jist as lieve have you as the money."

The feller gin his head a jerk, but the Captin's fingers made a fust rate vice, and the old feller put on the screws tight enough.

"Jake, Jake!" the feller yelled out.

"If your nigger's name is Jake, I'm afeared he won't hear," sez the Captin a puttin a chaw of tobaccer intu his mouth with one hand, while he gin the ear an extra pinch with the other. "I locked

him up in a pantry down stairs,—plenty of wine bottles there, he's comfortable enough, don't disturb the poor nigger now, don't."

The feller gin the Captin's side a dig with his fist; with that the Captin jest gin him a jerk towards the door and sez he, a turning tu me as cool as get out, sez he, "call the rest on em up, Mr. Slick, I can du this feller's business; but the lady there may want two beaus agin—call em up."

I really felt sorry for the poor woman, she jumped up and flung her arms around the chap, and sez she,

"Du give it up, du! I cannot bear this, they will do it, you see they will."

"Tell him to let go my ear," sez the feller a turning his tarnal white face tu mine, "and I'll give you the money, provided you don't molest us agin."

"Jest so," sez the Captin, undoing his grip, "shell out, shell out."

The feller put his hand in his pocket and hauled out a swad of bills and five slips of paper with my name on em, all rumped up together.

"Jest see tu him," sez the Captin a nodden his head towards the chap, "while I see if it's all right." So he sot down on the silk settee close by that poor woman, and histing one leg over t'other, spit on his fingers and counted over the money. It was all fair, so he rolled it up in a swad, put it intu the old wallet and handed it over to me.

“ There,” sez he, “ Mr. Slick, I spose we may as well be a joggin.

With that he told the chap that he’d find the key in the closet door and the nigger safe, and we went down.

“ There, Jonathan,” sez the Captin, “ I rather guess we’ve done it! But what makes you look so womblecropped?

“ I don’t know,” sez I, a brushin my hands across my eyes, “ but it seems tu me that I’ve lost something more than all that money’s worth.”

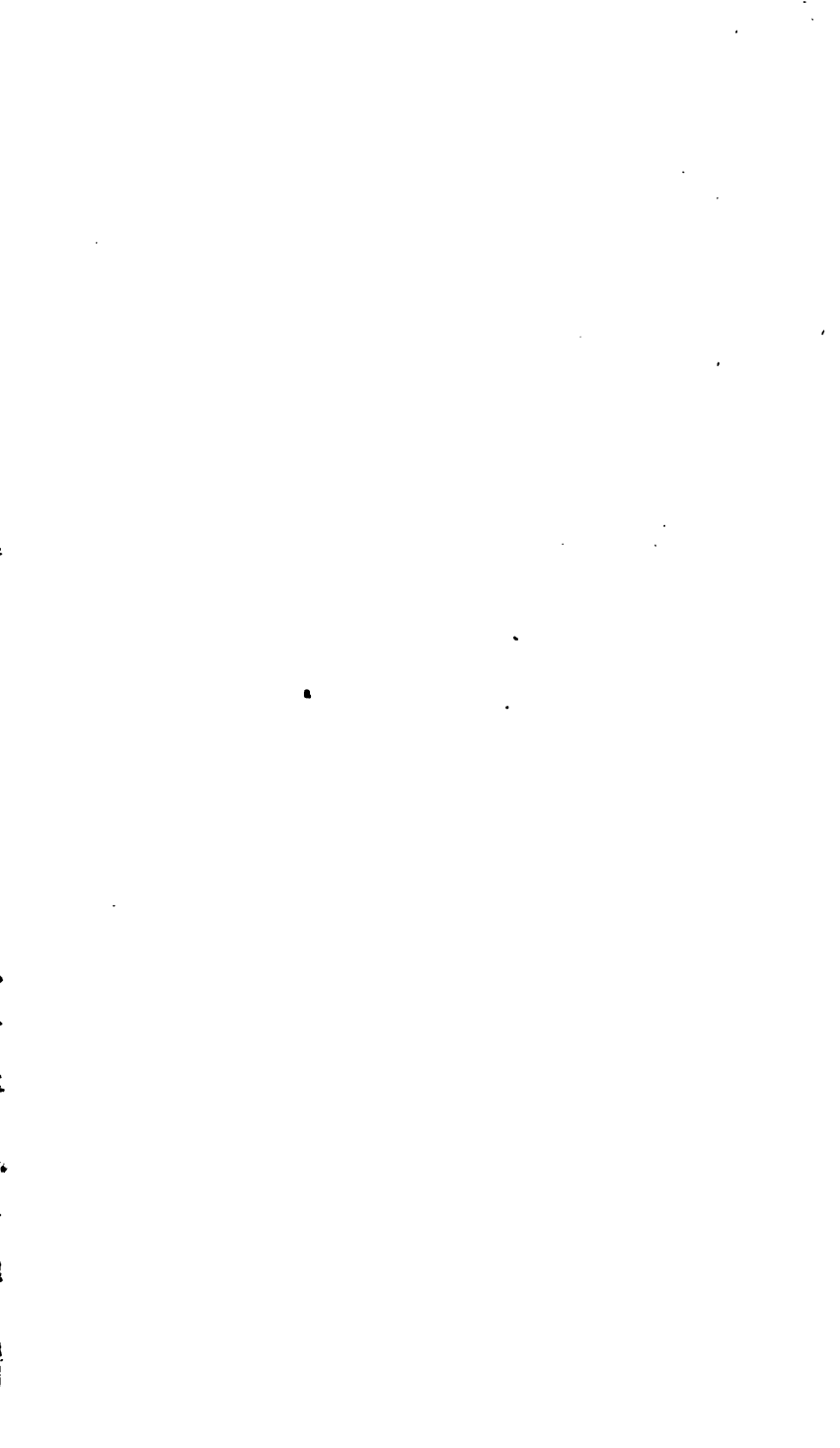
“ And what is that?” sez he.

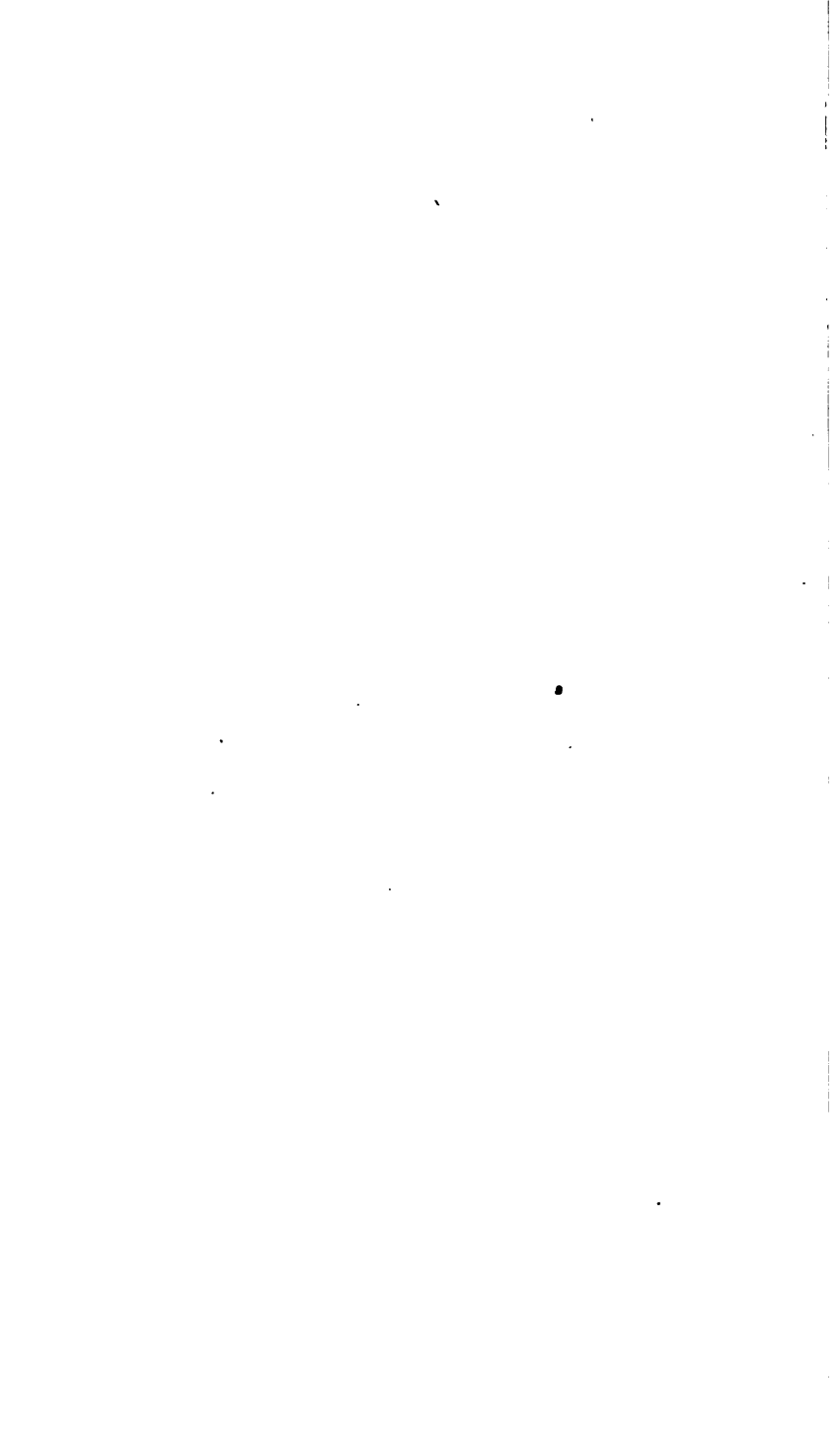
“ It’s the fust time on arth that I could believe that women could raly be so deceitful and bad. I feel as though I never should think so well of them agin—as if a part of my own heart had dried up all tu once. Captin! Captin! I’d rather work night and day for the money than feel so lonesome about the heart as I do now; I’d as lives stay in a world without sun, as to have no sartinty in the truth of women folks.”

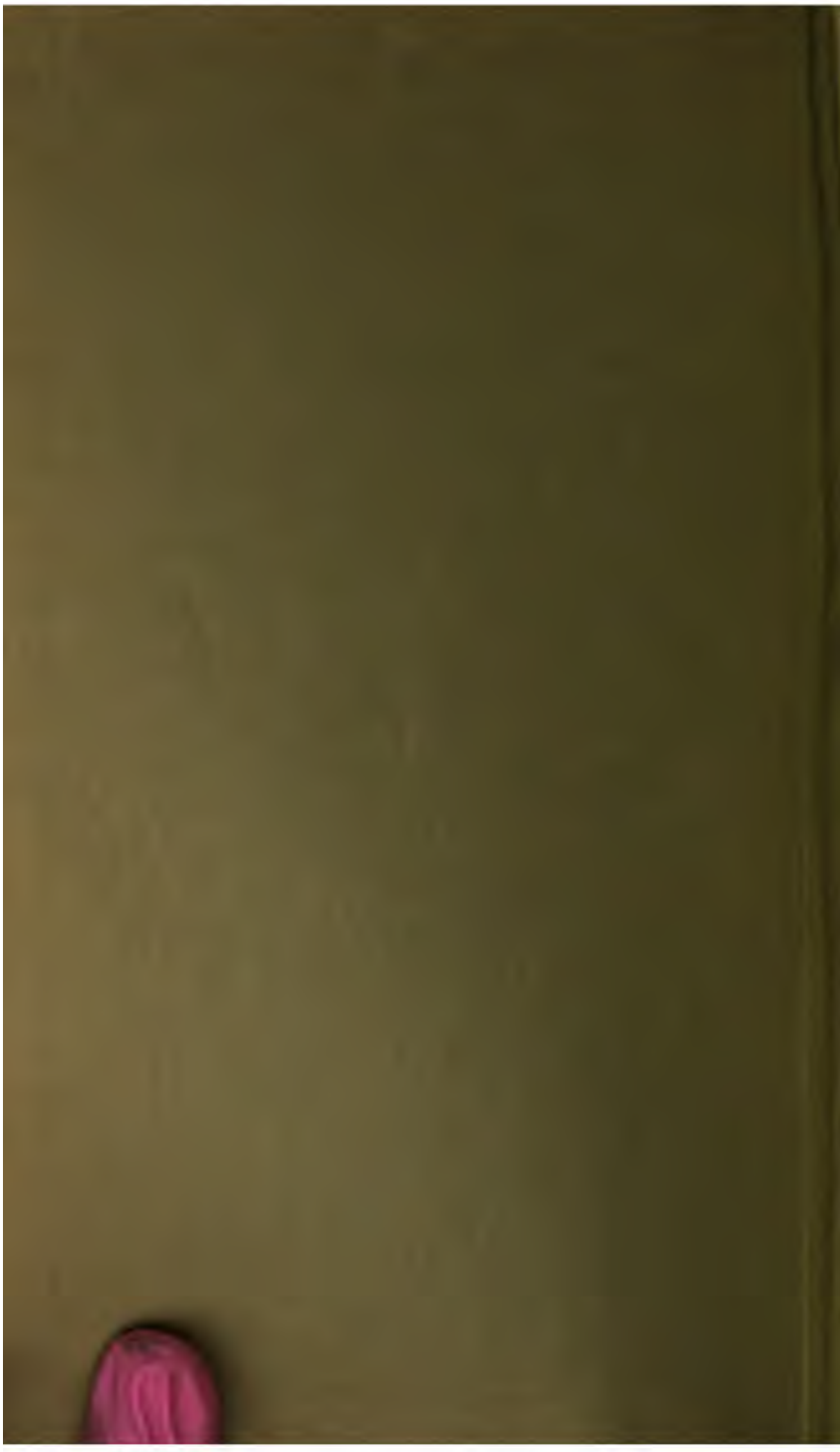
I remain your humble but
loving Son,
JONATHAN SLICK.

THE END.

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